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PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN
OCTOBER 1982 $2.95*

PET OF THE YEAR: YOUR VOTE

WHO OWNS AUSTRALIA? · THE COCAINE STING · SHOOTING THE STARS · UNLOCKING CANBERRA'S SECRETS · BLOW-UP DOLLS: WE KISS AND TELL · MINIMUM FLYING · ALLAN MOFFAT INTERVIEW ·

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The International Magazine for Australian Men/Vol 4 No 1/October 1982

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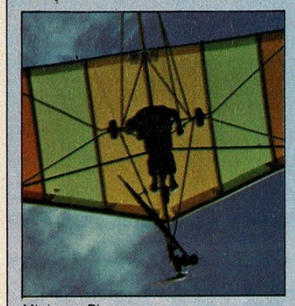
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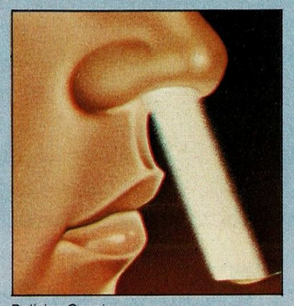
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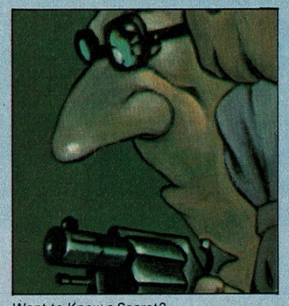
Want to Know a Secret?

Guys and Dolls

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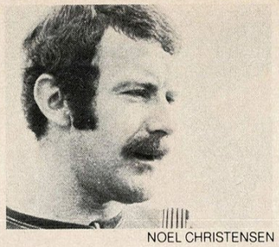

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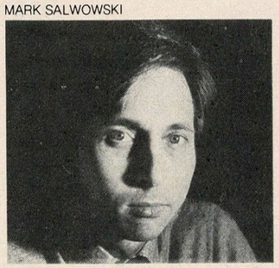

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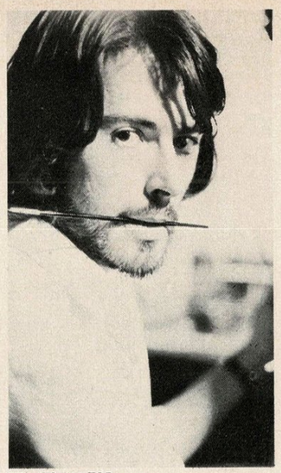

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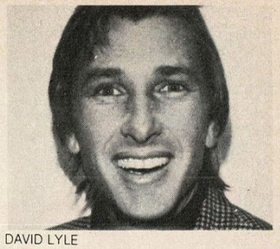

DAVID LYLE

YVONNE SUTHERLAND

HOUSECALL

There has been plenty of talk lately about the likelihood of an early Federal election. But while the politicians are prevaricating, *Penthouse* is offering you a chance to cast your vote on an issue of real national importance — the 1982 Pet Of The Year competition. Which of our four finalists, Amanda, Marilyn, Carla and Lea, will win the richest glamor prize on the planet? Turn to page 43, pick your favorite Pet, then fill in the voting coupon and take the opportunity to win a quality Craig car stereo system. As well as offering a glimpse at our Pet Of The Year competition finalists, October *Penthouse* presents the voluptuous **Donna Barnes** and Pet Of The Month, Queenslander **Bernadette Bryant,** who fills this month's centre pages with some outrageous statements and a body to match.

Who Owns Australia? Nobody knows. Maybe you thought some benevolent bureaucrat in Canberra was keeping tabs on where the influx of foreign capital which has poured into the country during the last five years has been going. There is no such person. On page 35, **Colin Hinton** considers the implications of the flood of foreign takeovers of Australian assets and businesses. Airbrush expert **Mark Salwowski** created the illustration.

The black market cocaine trade in the United States is estimated to be worth a staggering $25 billion annually, and a hefty proportion of the snowy crystals smuggled into the US every year originate in the Bolivian Andes. Bolivia runs on cocaine. Production of the drug is the country's largest single economic enterprise. This month, **Jonathan Kandell** reports on an unsuccessful attempt by the US Drug Enforcement Agency to halt the flow of Bolivian coke in what turned into the biggest covert operation ever conducted by US narcotics agents. The agency's move on its unsuspecting victims reads like a movie script. But as The Great Bolivian Cocaine Scam on page 53 reveals, the plot developed some rather unusual twists.

Are you ready for the passing of the Federal Government's Freedom Of Information Act? When the act is declared later this year, the Federal bureaucracy will be open to public scrutiny as never before. But what's in it for you? Access to plenty of government-held information will be open to everybody. Private citizens will be able to obtain their personal files — and that's just the start. In Pssst . . . Want To Know A Secret? on page 82, **Robbie Swan** looks at the likely effects of this legislation on the Australian public. **Frants Kantor** illustrated the story.

Paparazzi, the men who follow the celebrity circuit photographing the stars at their worst, have been called many names by those they harass. But the name-calling, the writs and the occasional physical confrontations fail to hold back these candid cameramen. They'll suffer all sorts of abuse and deprivation to get that exclusive shot. In Shooting Stars on page 59, America's top paparazzi describe their methods and tactics for stalking celebrities, and present a glimpse at some of their most revealing shots.

Blow-up dolls are a bad joke. With that thought in mind, *Penthouse* staff writers this month shoved their mates and their morals aside and climbed aboard a variety of inflatable friends to conduct a consumer survey on plastic pudenda. Could a blow-up babe be better than the real thing? Turn to Guys and Dolls on page 65 to find out. On the subject of humor: if there's one situation that's no laughing matter, it's being unemployed. However, attempting to return to the workforce via the classified pages of the dailies can present the prospective employee with some ridiculous propositions. Just ask **David Lyle** about it. His story, A Hard Day's Bludging, complemented by **Paul Stanish's** illustration, is on page 91.

There are plenty of ways to get high, and many of them are a health hazard . . . even the natural ones like ultra-light flight. Flying flimsy aircraft is undeniably a dangerous experience, but as **Jeff Brown** points out on page 94, minimum planes provide a maximum buzz for the pioneering pilots who take to the air on a wing and a prayer every weekend. **Voytek Eymont's** photos present a bird's-eye view of this hair-raising sport.

Back on the ground, motoring editor **Peter McKay** has been making his mark on the booming production car racing circuit, with a recent win at Sydney's Amaroo Park. You win some and you lose some: *Penthouse*'s off-road efforts were not so successful, as McKay reports this month on page 138. In his spare moments away from the wheel, McKay has been interviewing Allan Moffat, a man for whom the chequered flag has became a familiar sight since he began his career in the local racing scene in 1968. Moffat proves to be both enigmatic and outspoken in this interview, which starts on page 129.

Penthouse's two-wheel test pilot **Noel Christensen** has been investigating the pros and cons of the turbocharged motorbike. Turn to page 102 for The Turbo Turn-Off. The *Penthouse* History Of Crime series continues this month with a report on The Bookies' Boom, illustrated by **Yvonne Sutherland. Denis Whitburn** looks at the rise of the SP bookie, a character who has risen to almost legendary status in Australian folklore. In the fiction department, *Penthouse* presents another episode in the adventures of **George Beare's** character, private investigator Larry Hackett. This month Hackett, the one-legged Vietnam veteran, meets another old soldier from Saigon, but it's not a joyous reunion. **Ian Ruffin** illustrated Diamondback on page 106. The charge to buy video equipment has left a lot of confused consumers in its wake. This month **Richard Morgan** clears some of the major dilemmas confronting those with the cash to invest in the video revolution. What's Your Format is on page 142.

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PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mungo-jumbo

You describe Mungo MacCallum as a "political pundit", and well he might be. The dictionary defines "pundit" as "a learned Hindu", and Mungo displays all the knowledge of Australian politics that a naive Nepalese might be expected to have, and less.

His analysis ("Is The Liberal Party Over," July *Penthouse*) neglects the election result in Tasmania, where the Liberal Party achieved government for the first time in its history; and the Drummoyne bi-election, where the party gained a swing of 14 percent against the Wran government; and the Brisbane City Council election, where an electorate more populous than some States increased the Liberal vote by four percent; and the latest Morgan Gallup poll showing the Federal Government with the same percentage of the vote as the ALP at a time in their term when you might expect them to be most unpopular. Hardly the work of a party that is "ratshit".

He picks an isolated and out of context incident from a Young Liberal convention which he did not attend, and then proceeds to smear the liberal "grass roots organisation . . . as a social club", and makes the fashionable accusation that "if the Liberal Party in fact had a policy, it was one so bland as to defy logical analysis." In fact, the Liberal Party's electoral record shows that it is, and has been, in tune with grass roots Australians. The 63 years that the ALP has not been in government since 1901 are surely proof enough that any party which relies on the politics of "the warm inner glow", as Paul Keating would put it, or "naked ambition of the kind which often breaks people's legs", as Mungo might, is never going to succeed in an electorate that wants results.

I trust that in a future edition you will give equal time to an answer to the self-opinionated undergraduate scribblings of a man whose style is summed up by one word: "mungo-jumbo". — *Graham Young, Brisbane*

Some of your criticism of MacCallum's analysis is unfair. Although it was published after the Tasmanian and Drummoyne elections, "Is The Liberal Party Over" was written prior to these events. The Liberal swing in Drummoyne was hardly relevant to the party's performance in the Federal arena, and as for the Tasmanian result — the State is notorious for going against the grain of political trends on the mainland. In reply to your final statement: equal time has been given to the promotion of the Liberal cause. I refer you to the interview with Young Liberal leader Mark Birrell in September Australian Penthouse. — Ed

Savage flashback

I saw the flag on the cover of the June, 1982 issue of *Penthouse* and read the words beside it many times. Having become more and more sickened over the years by the bleating of those sheep who advocate the abandonment and replacement of our flag, I hesitated for quite a while at subjecting myself to further nausea by reading the article itself.

As this letter testifies, I finally succumbed and was not unduly surprised. There were the same old ingredients, mixed a little differently, spiced a little differently and served up by a different chef, but still basically the same old swill.

I can almost sense some of the comments and thoughts as these lines are read, so let me make it clear now that I was born of second and third generation Australians. My forebears were principally continental European and Gaelic, so I am not necessarily beating the British drum. I couldn't guess at the origin of the author of the article and I don't really care. It wouldn't surprise me if I learnt that a nom-de-plume was used anyway. When someone chooses to deny the origin of our nation, isn't it logical to assume that he would also deny his own origin? After all, he is himself, not his parents, so why should he be expected to suffer the "ridiculous anachronism" of bearing his parents' name?

The old argument that a large percentage of our population is of non-British origin was there, of course. Are we to believe that those who migrated to our shores did so without ever having seen the Australian flag? Did they arrive here to find that they were unwitting colonials? Bulldust!

If some group of dickheads (be they even an elected government of this country) ever tries to force another flag on me, I'll burn every one of the bastards I ever lay my hands on, and I hope that every other real Australian will do the same. And if perchance it should happen to be one of the abortions put forward as "impressions of a replacement", in association with your article, I shall probably vomit over it first. — *K. Allen, Brisbane*

Your assumptions about the use of a pseudonym for the "Raising The Standard" story are as misguided as your views on the retention of the Australian flag. The writer of that story, Harold Scruby, is a real person. He has made numerous appearances on television to promote his cause and his photo appears on the Housecall page of the June 1982 issue. — Ed

Hip hooray

Just a note to say "happy third birthday". You produce a great magazine with great pictorials, stories and interviews. Keep up the great work. — *Michael Hayes, Salisbury, SA*

Motor man

When are we going to get another look at the delightful Tracey Wallace? She bobs up in television commercials, but how about a *Penthouse* pictorial encore, please?

And a pat on the back to *Penthouse* for doing its own thing on the racetrack with motoring editor Peter McKay and the Datsun 280.

Other magazines make a lot of noise about running their names on the side of a racing car, but it's not the same as actually getting out on the track. Peter McKay is one motoring writer who's not afraid to place his driving under public scrutiny and he's certainly not doing his reputation any harm.

A few years ago it was commonplace for the leading motoring journalists to compete in motor sport. Evan Green, Bill Tuckey, David McKay (any relation?) and James Laing-Peach are four that spring to mind.

When I read an appraisal of a motor vehicle I'd like to think the writer also knows how to drive. — *Graeme McTaggart, Maroubra, NSW*

Peter McKay points out that a number of his contemporaries also compete . . . Bob Jennings (Adelaide Advertiser), *Paul Gover* (Canberra Times), *Barry Lake* (Motor), *Colin Young* (Courier Mail) *and Robin Luck* (Playboy) *have raced or rallied within the last 12 months or so. David McKay is not related to the* Penthouse *motoring editor.* — Ed

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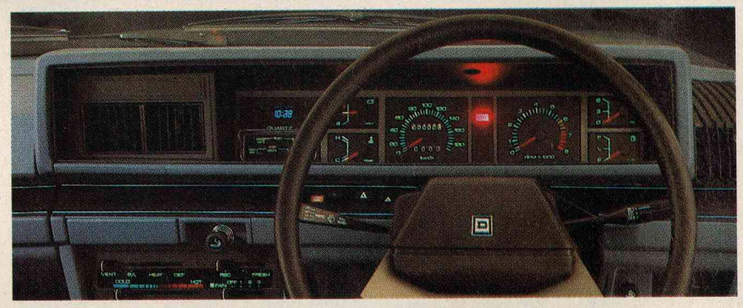

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PENTHOUSE FORUM

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Over-sexed

I have been reading Forum for about six months now and I have become very informed on the subject of sex. Also, thanks to your article on premature ejaculation, I have "learned to last".

My problem is, I am highly sexed — too highly sexed. I am very much in love and I am going to be married in about six months. I seem to be getting hornier by the day and this has practically turned my "old lady" off completely. I masturbate two to three times daily and still I am not quite satisfied. I love to make love to my wife-to-be and she loves sex as much as I do. I have tried everything dreamable in bed, only I can't get enough of it, whatever it is. If my girl says no to me I feel very rejected even if we had just made love an hour before. So I go and secretly masturbate only to find I'm horny again in about half an hour. I am so horny that there will be a large, very hard bulge in my pants. This is sheer hell for me. Is there any drug or any other treatment for my problem? I've asked my doctor and he says it will pass but I've been this way since I was 14. I am now 20 and I don't want to have this problem for the rest of my life. I trust you more than anyone, so please answer my question. — *G.F., Queensland*

Each of us has a slightly different sexual rhythm; some of us feel more sexual at different times and others feel more sexual all the time. It will be important for you in your forthcoming marriage to accept your own sexual rhythm, and not try to force your partner to adjust to your rhythm. You need not feel rejected when she refuses to make love every half hour. Her own sexual rhythms will determine what she will want sexually from you. It is important to feel good about masturbating as often as you need to in order to satisfy your own rhythm. This is not abnormal or a substitute for sex with your partner. This is just your body telling you its present sexual needs. I suspect that you have created a problem for yourself by first labelling yourself "over-sexed" and then trying to repress your own sexual desires. The thing about sex is that the more you try to ignore whatever sexual feelings you are having, the more these sexual feelings become prominent in your mind. Hence your sense of always feeling turned on.

The solution is to accept yourself sexually just the way you are and not to pressure your partner to do what she's not ready to do. Enjoy what you are feeling and go with it. You'll find that in accepting your feelings, everything will balance out in due time. Ask your partner to co-operate with you in accepting your feelings and you will win her support rather than alienating her by hassling her all the time.

Spanish Fly

I am very curious about a mysterious substance called Spanish Fly. I would like to know what it does and whether it's harmful. I have heard about Spanish Fly since I was in high school and now I am determined to find out all about it to satisfy my curiosity. — *D.B., New South Wales*

Spanish Fly is the name given to a chemical material that is obtained from a bright green beetle that is found in the southern part of Europe. The beetles are caught in June and July by first beating the trees where they grow and then catching them in vats of diluted vinegar. Then the beetles are dried and ground. The principal chemical that is found within this ground material is known as cantharidin. It is not an aphrodisiac but rather an irritant to the intestinal and urinary tract. The irritation is so severe that blisters develop in the intestine and the urinary canal.

Originally Spanish Fly was believed to be an aphrodisiac because the irritation in the urinary canal caused the penis to become erect. This was not sexual in origin but purely a result of irritation. Similarly in the female, Spanish Fly causes the urethra to become inflamed, swollen, painful, and itchy. These symptoms were believed to be sexual in origin. It was assumed that Spanish Fly encouraged sexual activity. However, it does not arouse sexual desires in any way. In effect the material is a poison. In the past few years there have been a number of medical reports that describe death as a result of Spanish fly. It should never be used.

Sex talk

I have been divorced for the past two years and have done my share of "bouncing" around. A year ago I met and fell in love with a man. His divorce will be final next month and we anticipate marrying within a few months.

We consider ourselves to be sexually liberated and have a fantastic time in and

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OCTOBER

out of bed. We both agree that in almost all respects we are perfectly suited to one another, and we cherish our wonderful relationship.

There is, however, one problem. It's my "hang-up" — I just can't verbalise in bed. I can write pornographic stories to excite him, I can and do think about what I'd like to say to him but I just can't get the words past my lips when I'm in bed with him.

It turns him on to hear me say things to him while we're making love and he's asked me to try but outside of asking him to screw me and saying things like, "It feels so good", I can't say anything.

I'm 33 and I enjoy my sex life. I really like it when my man talks to me in bed but I can't respond. I have various erotic items at my disposal, films, books, dildos, vibrators, French ticklers — nothing turns me off sexually.

Please help. I'd like to be able to surprise him. Everything else is so perfect. I might add that I've spoken to a few girl friends and we agree that rather than heightening the excitement of love making, talk brings us back to reality and detracts from our enjoyment. The only other item I've heard about talk being distracting was while I was in labor. The nurses told me that talking made it easier for women to get their minds off the contractions and as a result, the contractions slowed down a bit. Could this be the same process?

Can you suggest how I can get over my hang-up about telling my lover sexy things when we are making love? Any suggestions would at least get me moving in the right direction. — *Mrs M.S.R., address withheld*

Sex at its best is play, and the nature of play is that it is spontaneous. That means doing or saying whatever feels good at the moment. Each of us has our own way of being spontaneous, of being playful, of being sexy. The degree of our playfulness increases the more we feel at home with our partner and feel safe letting ourselves go. For now it is sufficient for you to be aware that you want to be more verbal with your sexual partner without putting pressure on yourself to perform verbally. This relationship is relatively new. Give it time and allow yourself to go along with what comes naturally to you, and do not get into a bind over whether or not you can say sexy things while making love.

You mention that you can already say that you want your partner to make love to you, and that "it feels good." Perhaps you can build on what already comes easily by adding qualifying adjectives or phrases when you say you want your boyfriend to make love to you. How do you want to be loved? Specifically what do you want your partner to do to you? Tell him. Spell out the "it" when you say what feels good; his chest, his eyes, his penis, his buttocks, etc. Just begin by adding a simple phrase or adjective to what you already can say; then go from there.

A lot of words are not necessary; what is exciting is to say what you feel as you feel it. This is not conversation, but exclamation often. Yells, moans, sighs, screams, tears, laughter — whatever comes to you, let it all happen and don't hide your feelings.

Be patient with yourself; it takes time to change. Perhaps in your first marriage you were the silent partner and now you want to be the opposite. No-one becomes comfortable making sounds and saying words if it is a totally new experience. Trust the process, and know that you will let go as you are able.

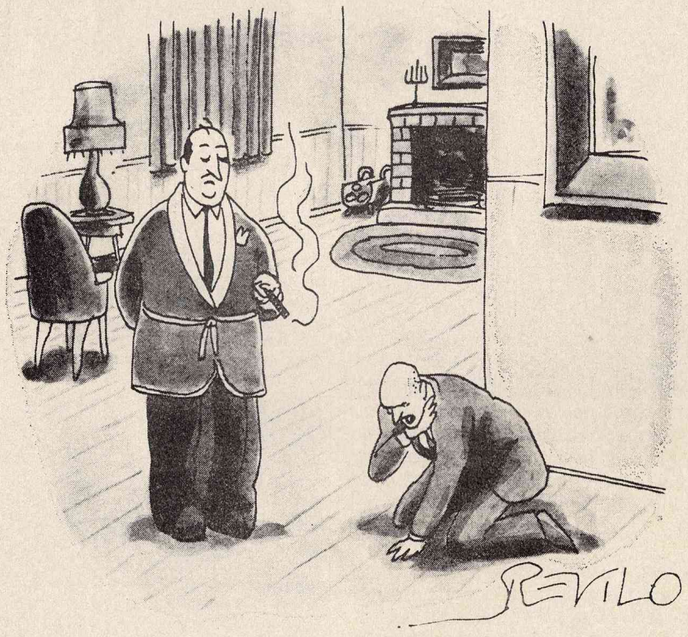
Getting into the swing of things

I am writing about a particular sexual fantasy which has obsessed me for nearly a year. I am married and in my mid-twenties and my wife and I have a satisfying sex life although neither of us has ever done any swinging.

My fantasy, which has had numerous variations, always deals with troilism involving my wife, myself and another man. The three of us meet somewhere, have a few drinks, and begin to rap. Slowly the topic shifts to a more sexual nature, after which we decide to depart to our bedroom. Once in the room, we have another drink and my wife starts to make some unmistakable passes at the other man, after which she retires to put on something "more comfortable". She returns scantily clad, sits next to the other man and gives him a definite sign that she is willing and ready to make love.

When I've discussed this fantasy with my wife she has admitted that she also gets excited by my fantasy and she has indicated that she is game to try it. Our problem is that we are frightened by the possibility that the experience might be a disaster. What is a reasonably safe way that we could try a threesome? — *Name and address withheld*

Since both you and your wife are turned on by your fantasy and both of you are willing to try it out, I see no reason why you shouldn't do it together. However, my advice to you is to find another married couple with whom you could share your fantasy, and invite them to participate. Preferably this couple would come from among your close friends, but since this is often impossible, you might consider placing an ad in some local swingers' paper. You could then screen the responses and arrange a meeting with prospective couples. It is generally understood that you don't swing the first time you meet, but rather you get to know one another and share your fantasies. You can then ar-



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range to meet at another time, if both parties are willing.

I suggest meeting with a couple rather than a single man, because often threesomes develop into triangle relationships. In swinging with another couple, you can arrange the circumstances in such a way that your fantasy is realised without in any way endangering your primary relationship. For instance, the wife of the other couple might be willing to join you in watching, or she might allow you to watch by yourself while she remains at home or in another room. In exchange for this, she in turn would get the opportunity to set up the circumstances in order to fulfil one of her favorite fantasies. This way, everyone would get into the game and have his or her chance to live out a fantasy with the co-operation of the others. Most importantly, be careful in the selection process. Don't jump at the first opportunity, but meet several couples before deciding.

Small penis anxiety

I am a school teacher but I do not teach in an area where I would have any contact with locker or shower rooms. However, one day I was in a hurry to get to another part of the building and I took a short cut through the locker room as many of the other male teachers often do. I happened to go through at a time when the Year 7 boys were dressing for gym class. With 40 naked boys running around, it was impossible for me not to see their penises. I was really shocked to see the size of these young boys' penises since they seemed quite large even though many of the boys did not yet have pubic hair. The size of the penis on most of the boys would put a lot of the men I know to shame.

I recalled my gym classmates of several years ago because I had a very small penis and I was very upset that the other boys' penises were three or four times as big as mine. But the boys in my class several years ago did not have anything at all to compare with what I saw in the change room.

I have seen several babies and it seems that even babies have longer and larger penises than the babies of several years ago. Are the sex organs of boys larger than they were 20 or 30 years ago? It stands to reason that since we grow boys much bigger and taller than we did a number of years ago the average penis length is also getting longer. Have there been any studies on this subject?

Also I would like to know whether a boy inherits his penis size from his father. It seems that men I know who have a large penis have sons with a large penis. Men who have average or small penises usually have sons with average or small organs.

I would appreciate it if you could give me the information I have asked about. I know I am obsessed with the size of penises but maybe once I know all about penile size I'll be less fascinated by the subject. — *Name and address withheld*

Penis size is a great concern to many men. The penis is the symbol of manliness and because one can measure it, penis size becomes a basis for anxiety and fear. This anxiety is heightened when one has occasion to see other naked males. When you saw a large number of naked boys, you were greatly influenced by what you thought was the large size of their penises. This impression that you obtained is not confirmed by scientific studies done throughout the years.

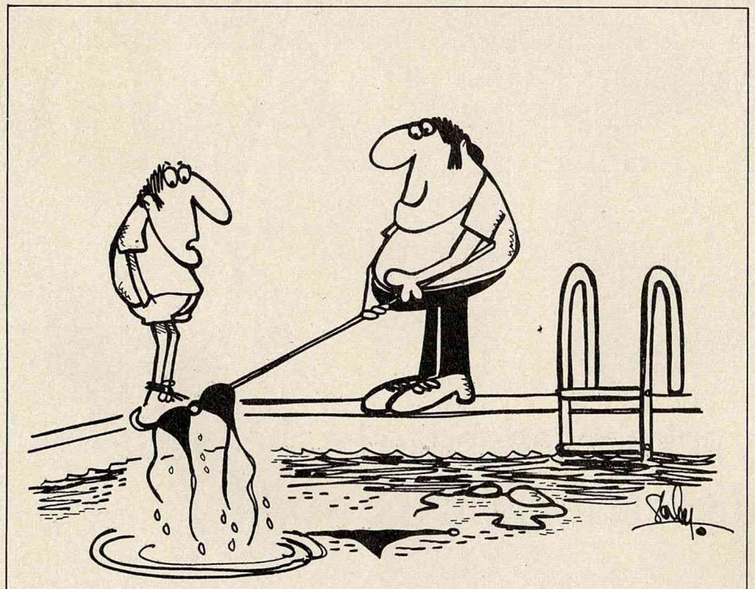
The penis has two measurable sizes: one when flaccid and one when erect. The average size is very standard since almost all men measure in a very narrow range. There are a few who will be either larger than the average or smaller, but the difference is comparatively insignificant.

Most studies report the average size of the flaccid penis to be around four inches, and the average of the erect penis to be about six inches.

One study suggests that when the penis is smaller during the flaccid measurement it enlarges to a greater degree than the penis that measures a larger size when flaccid. This means that when erect both the larger and smaller flaccid penis tend to be close to the same size.

There has been no change in penis size throughout the years. A study done in 1879 and one done in 1966 show very little difference in size.

I do not know of any study done in reference to whether penis size is inherited. A prolonged period of time would be required to develop a study of this kind and the results of the study would not change our basic knowledge in regard to penis size.



"All I ever get to clean out of my pool are leaves."

Confessions of a workaholic

I am a 34-year-old well-paid business executive. All of my adult life I have directed 100 percent of my energy towards achieving economic success. Now that I am close to having it, I realise that I've been missing out on many of the more important things in life.

As a child I had all the physical necessities of life but lacked direction when it came to learning how to live. My parents were afraid that other children would have a bad influence on us kids and they severely limited our social activities. Unless we were at school or in church, we were expected to be at home. Moreover, we were not allowed to invite other children to our home except under very unusual circumstances.

After puberty I became very concerned about the size of my penis. It was very small and I thought this was because I wasn't circumcised. During this period, except for academic pursuits, I avoided trying to do anything new for fear of failure.

During university I rationalised that I had more important things to do than to socialise with girls. I told myself that girls could wait until later. I continued to rely upon this line of reasoning until just recently when I came to the conclusion that I am missing out on the best things in life. I hate to admit it but I have only kissed a girl once in my life and I don't know what it is like to love or be loved.

I am what some people call a "workaholic". I realise that I must overcome this problem before it ruins me. Moreover, the loneliness that results from no social activity is so severe that I sometimes wonder if life is worth living. What are the chances for a person in my situation to overcome this problem? Every effort I have made to socialise with the opposite sex has been a dismal failure. I seem to get very tense and blow it every time. — *Name and address withheld*

I would estimate that the chances of a person in your situation overcoming your problems are pretty good. One of the prerequisites for being a successful business executive is that he or she generally has an ability to get on with people. As women are most definitely people, once you get rid of your fear and tense feelings, you should have as much success with the opposite sex as you do with your business associates.

One of the ways you can learn to do this is by attending an encounter group and practising new modes of behavior in a low anxiety setting, as well as getting some feedback about how the opposite sex perceives you.

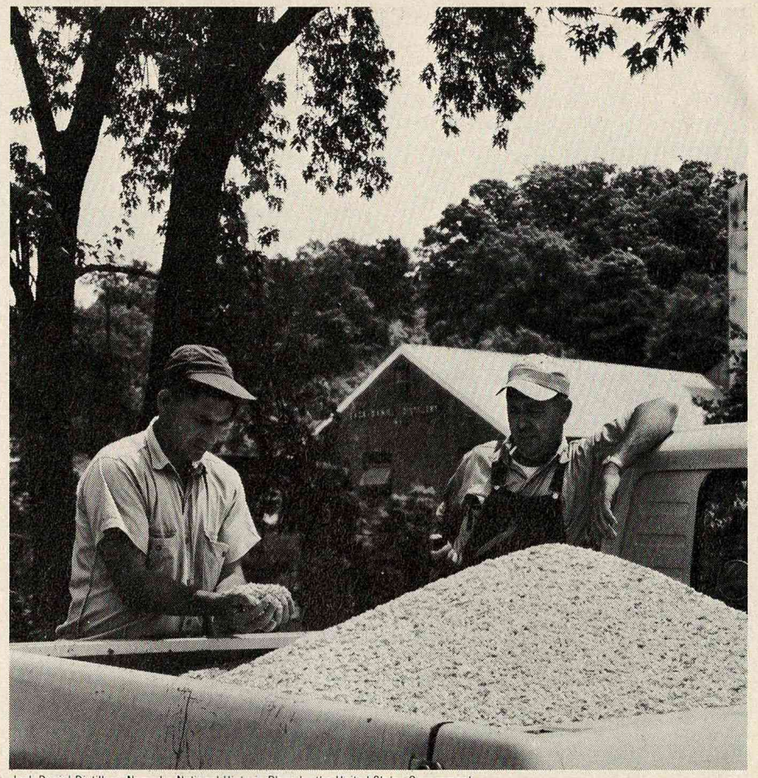
Lots of men worry about the size of their penis; 99 percent of them worry without any valid reason. Truly sexy men don't worry about penile size, because they know that intercourse is just one part of the sexual experience. Their tongues, mouth, hands and imagination make up the rest.

I suggest you join a course dealing with human sexuality. The course will probably fill many of the gaps in your sex education, leaving just personal experience to tackle.

I think you should always explain your virginal situation to a partner. This way you won't have to live up to any kind of sexual role and can be comfortably naive, letting your partner take the lead. In the event that she too is naive, you can both learn together.

Once you lose your fear of socialising with the opposite sex, and there are few people who feel so supremely confident that they don't feel some mild anxiety, you will probably be able to form a relationship with someone in which sex will be a part of the relationship.

In the business of selling they say: "If you make the calls, you'll make the sales".



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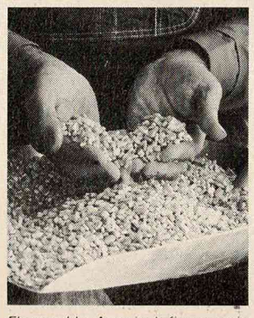

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FORUM

If you start looking to form relationships, you will find there are many women looking for the same thing.

Spoiled wife

My wife and I have been married for almost three years. Our marriage has been fine except for one problem — my wife is very spoiled. I try to give her the things she wants and take her to places she wants to go, but if for some reason she can't have things her way, she gets in a very grouchy mood that usually lasts a good portion of the day. If I go out with my friends at night, which I rarely do, I return to find broken ashtrays, glasses and dishes because she's angry that I stayed out too long.

One of my friends told me that his wife acted like my wife until he got fed up with her and decided to do something about it. Instead of finding all sorts of "nice" ways to get his wife out of her grouchy moods, he simply put her across his knee and gave her a good sound spanking every time she became grouchy when she couldn't have her way or threw one of her tantrums. Now whenever his wife gets into one of her "moods" he reminds her of the consequences and nine times out of ten, her mood turns from grouchy to cheerful. Since he began spanking his wife, she has begun to treat him with more respect and she is more loving.

I've been contemplating whether or not to use his method on my wife. I've always thought that hitting a woman was one of the lowest things a man could do. Would spanking the way my friend suggests be considered the same as beating a woman? I don't ever want to be labelled a wife beater.

To your knowledge, do many men use this method as a means to control their wives in this day and age? I know that in past centuries it was quite common for men to spank their wives but they didn't have the Women's Liberation movement then.

Can you give me some advice on how I might handle the situation at home? Is spanking a good solution? — *D.M., Queensland*

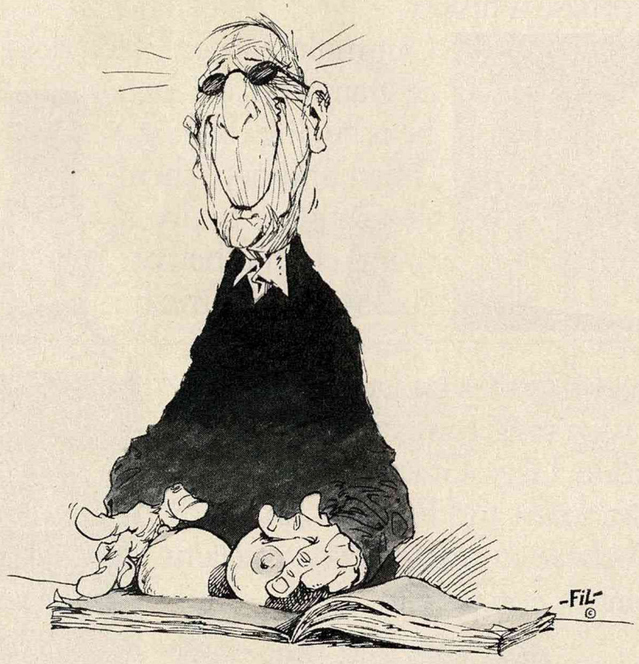
It seems obvious to me that your wife's behavior is a deliberate attempt to evoke some kind of disciplinary reaction on your part. Only a child would think that such behavior could be a means of getting her own way. But your wife is not a child, no matter how immature this behavior might seem; so why is she doing it?

She is obviously not a proponent of Women's Lib, or she would not object to your occasionally seeing friends. I would say from her behavior that she is a woman who believes in the traditional role of dominant husbands who play a disciplinary as well as protective parental role. A role which, by your own admission in giving her everything she wants, you seem too indulgent to assume.

Her behavior is likely to continue until you put your foot down and assume the parental role she obviously needs from you. This may be difficult for you just as a parent fears disciplining a child for fear of the unpleasantness and dislike it evokes; but unless you want to continue in this miserable fashion, you must do something that might precipitate unpleasantness now in return for a longer peace later on.

Violence is frequently the resort of those who are unable to make their point verbally, and the family courts are full of women seeking divorce because their husbands have beaten them.

Are you going to insist verbally that her behavior desists or else? Or do you think you can make your point more clearly by spanking her? Provided you have the courage of your convictions I expect either method will work.



"Braille centrefold!"

Male breasts

I am a 25-year-old male with what I consider a unique and troublesome problem. Since the age of 13 I have had a "slight" but very noticeable enlargement of the breasts. I have had routine physical examinations but my enlarged breasts have prompted no comment from the examining physician so I never felt confident enough to bring up the subject.

Over the past few years it has become increasing difficult for me to maintain normal relationships with acquaintances and co-workers for fear of, and because of, their cruel and sarcastic comments. I've had relationships with women who seemed to accept the condition of my chest, even though I have had one or two women walk up to me and grab my breast "to see if they were real" (that's a switch, eh?) I'm tired of being ridiculed and having to secrete myself away from the rest of the world to protect myself from the jokes and comments of unfeeling individuals.

Is there anything short of surgery, maybe hormones, that could be used to remedy this condition? Also where would I find a competent physician to perform such treatment? Please help me, I'm quite desperate.—*R.H., Victoria*

Enlarged breasts in a male can be indicative of a hormonal problem. There are certain conditions as well as body tumors that will upset the normal balance of your body hormones and the result will be enlarged breasts.

Since you have undergone various physical exams and, I assume, laboratory tests, your breast enlargement might not be caused by a disease process. This is also suggested by the fact that you state

Continued on page 17

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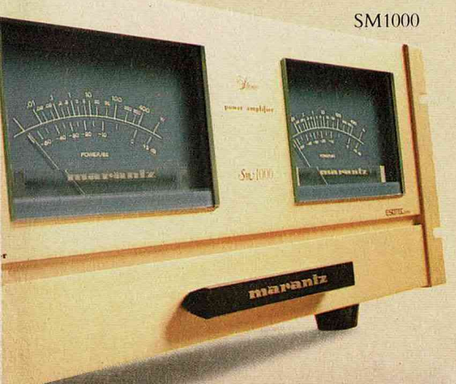

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FORUM

Continued from page 14

that you have had normal relationships with women. Sexual relations require a degree of normal hormonal development, although it is possible to be sexually functional with certain hormonal diseases.

I suggest that you visit an endocrinologist first and have an expert evaluation. If your problem is not medical, then a plastic surgeon could remove some of the breast tissue and relieve your problem to some degree.

You can locate these specialists by calling a local medical school or, if none is available in your area, a medical centre.

Penile curve

I am writing for advice on a problem that I haven't read about in your magazine before. My problem is that when my penis gets erect it curves to the right at about a 20-degree angle. Actually, even when soft it appears twisted rightwardly. I went to a urologist with this problem but he found nothing wrong — he ruled out Peyronie's Disease. But here I am still with a crooked dick. I would appreciate any advice which you may be able to offer. — *P.J.R., New South Wales*

The abnormal bending of the penis to one side during an erection is a known medical condition and has been called "the bent spike syndrome". The important aspect of the disease process is the degree of disability produced. Is the curvature so severe that you cannot have sexual relations or if you do have sexual relations, is it painful?

There are two major causes for this condition in adults. The first and more common condition is Peyronie's Disease, which is the formation of thick, scar tissue a distance below the skin and alongside the part of the penis that swells to produce an erection. The scar tissue does not expand as does the normal sponge-like areas within the penis and the result is a bending of the penis towards the area that does not stretch as the penis enlarges.

The second cause for the "bent spike syndrome" is an imbalance in the size of the two large spongy reservoirs that compose the body of the penis and bring about the erection by swelling. Normally they are equal in size. When one of the two spongy structures is smaller or shorter than its mate, the swelling of the penis is not balanced and the bend is towards the side that is smaller.

This can at times be corrected by surgical means. A wedge or portion of the wall of the larger reservoir is removed so that its size is reduced to match the smaller side.

In order for an adequate medical evaluation of your problem to be made you should take a picture of your penis while it is erect. The picture should demonstrate to the doctor the degree of the bend so that an opinion about the need for surgery can be objectively made. It is also possible to draw an outline of the penis on paper while it is erect so that the degree of bend is demonstrated in an accurate manner.

This disease process is due to an actual, physical defect in the respective sizes of the reservoirs within the penis.

It becomes a serious problem only when it interferes with normal sexual function and thereby prevents the development of satisfactory interpersonal relationships.

It would be wise to seek further urologic care until the problem is satisfactorily resolved.

Bartholin's cyst

My girlfriend, who is nearly 17 years old, has a rather personal and embarrassing problem.

About a year ago a small lump appeared on the side of her vulva. This grew for a few months till it was about as large as a broad-bean, then stopped growing and has remained the same size ever since. It doesn't hurt her at all but has worried her a lot as she didn't know who or where to turn to.

I began reading Forum six months ago and in a recent issue we found that it most probably is Bartholin's Cyst. This relieved her somewhat but she still is very reluctant to do anything about it. She doesn't want to go to her doctor because of the embarrassing place it is in.

Could you possibly explain what she will have to do and what, if it is Bartholin's Cyst, is involved in the way of an operation or tests?

She has exams shortly and I am slowly coaxing her to do something positive very soon, but she won't unless she knows more about it.

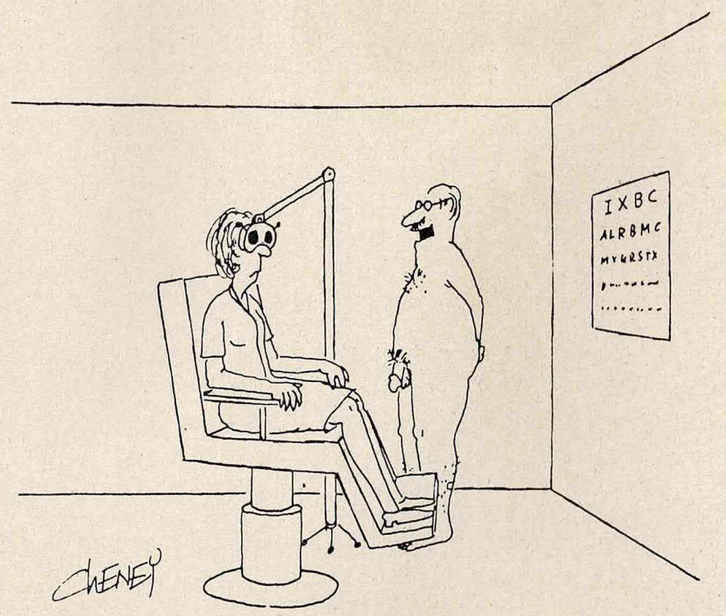
I hope you can help us as we would be much happier knowing something about it and also very grateful to you. — *P.Y., Western Australia.*

Yes, the condition is most likely a Bartholin's Cyst but it does not sound as if it is very large and it seems obvious that it is not infected.

Therefore no treatment may be needed but your girlfriend should see a gynaecologist anyway. If she does not want to go through her general practitioner, she can visit the "special clinic" at any big hospital.

Should treatment be necessary and provided we have the correct diagnosis, a simple surgical procedure is all that is needed. Usually the top of the cyst is removed and the edges sewn to the base in what we call "Marsupialisation."

Everthing heals up quickly and no trace is left. It is nothing to worry about.



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In ancient times distilling wine was the domain of a very restricted group of people, and the production of alcohol a closely guarded secret.

Between the 11th and 14th centuries the art of distilling alcohol from wine progressed slowly. The final product — spirit with a low alcohol content — was used as an expensive and infallible medicine for all types of ailments, and by the 15th century was being more widely used simply as a beverage.

It was at this time that the purely Polish word "vodka", diminutive of water (woda) originates.

The beverage grew in popularity more rapidly after the 16th century, when a method was devised to derive it from grain, chiefly rye. Rye vodka, the most widely produced brand in those times, was known as "okowita" (aqua vitae).

In 1546, under a statute decreed by King Jan Olbracht, every inhabitant of Poland was free to produce and sell liquors. Then, under a law enacted in 1572 the Polish gentry secured the so-called "propinatory privilege" implying three exclusive rights: to produce liquors, to sell them, and to force the peasantry to drink in the squire's inn. The trade in vodka then became one of the major sources of revenue for the squirearchy and the Crown.

In addition to tariffs, there was a special "tap tax", passed by the Parliament in the 17th century as a 10% tax on production and sale of vodka, beer and mead.

Rapid growth of an industry

How widespread the distilling of vodka became is indicated by notes in contemporary diaries. In 1595, the Reverend Hieronim Prowodowski wrote severely, "Breweries and distilleries have sprung everywhere, and have decocted not only grain but also whole villages and towns."

Because primitive apparatus made derivation of neat spirit impossible, the vodka very strongly smacked of the raw material from which it was obtained. Hence, to improve its taste, and suppress the unpleasant taste of crude alcohol, distillers added aromatic oils, spices and herbs, and honey as a sweetener.

And because the distilling of vodka was very remunerative, the distilleries expanded despite wars and destruction of the period.

Liquors produced in Poland were frequently the subject of comment by visitors to the country. In 1568, Fulvius Ruggieri, described in letters to Rome the details of production of excellent vodka.

Galeario Marescotti, describing the life and manners of the Polish Royal Court in the late 17th century, noted "they drink a great deal of beer, mead and vodka".

Obviously Polish vodka made an impression on international tourists and diplomats. Part of the reason may be ascribed to proverbial Polish hospitality, which made it a point of honour for a host to entertain his guests with as much cordial welcome, food and drink as possible. Home-made vodka would undoubtedly have occupied a place of honour on the table.

Such traditional hospitality contributed to competition among distillers, and resulted in a great diversification of vodka brands. All of them were — and indeed, are — famous for their fine quality, and are praised by gourmets throughout the world.

The industry expanded most quickly in the 19th century, when more vodka and liqueur companies were founded. Technical improvements followed, with improved apparatus, the application of steam in the rectification processes, and steam engines in the distilleries. New raw materials were also used, including potatoes and beet treacle. This in turn brought new and more efficient technological processes.

The present-day spirits industry has thus been built on age-old traditions and experiences. The supreme quality of Polish vodka is thus based on continuing experiment and knowledge.

Following the first World War, the State Spirits Monopoly was established, supervising production based on perfecting those traditional technological methods in production of spirits and vodka.

After the conclusion of World War II, the State Spirits Monopoly was re-established and the industry reconstructed after the damages of war. Production was modernised and concentrated, yielding highest quality products.

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Today's Polish vodka, spirits and liqueurs are exported under the trademark Polmos, which guarantees the standard of excellence of the beverages.

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distributed by **Burns Philp**

POLISH CLOVER

Ingredients
45ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Baileys Irish Cream
Dash of Creme De Menthe
Method
1. *Shake over ice and strain.*

YELLOW ROCK ROAD

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
20ml Creme De Cacao (White)
15ml Roncoco
60ml Pineapple Juice
Method
1. *Pour all ingredients over ice.*
2. *Top with pineapple juice.*

PARISIANNE SCREWDRIVER

Ingredients
30ml Wyborowa Vodka
30ml Cointreu
15ml Lime Juice
Top with Orange Juice
Method
1. *Shake with ice.*
2. *Strain in glass and top with orange juice.*
3. *Garnish small lime wedge and orange spiral and lime spiral.*

Cocktails created by Cocktail Bar Tenders Hilton International, Sydney Airport, Arncliffe N.S.W.

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"My advice is to do whatever turns you on and have a great trip"

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

LETTER OF THE MONTH

My wife and I have been married for almost 23 years with a relatively normal sexual relationship. It lacked variety but then two years ago my wife found out that I had visited a local massage parlor for a blowjob, something she adamantly refuses to give me claiming it's perverted and filthy. She, however, loves it when I burrow into her fragrant pussy and suck her stiff, inch-long clit. I told her I intended to keep on visiting the massage parlor to get my cock sucked.

I told her I paid $35 and she started in on me for wasting that much money. For the first time in a long time, I didn't get my hot piece of arse that night. She was thinking about something, but I didn't find out what until the next afternoon.

I walked into the living room expecting the tirade to resume. Instead she was sitting on the couch fingering her juicy snatch. My cock jumped to full attention at the prospect of feeling her sensual lips wrapped around my shaft. She looked at me with her devilish smile, went into the kitchen, and returned with a large banana. She began licking the banana, her long tongue caressing the soft curved surface as my cock virtually tore out of my pants. She continued working her tongue along the full creamy surface of that damn banana teasing me until I was ready to burst.

Then she let her lips close around the well-moistened tip and sucked it into her mouth, asking teasingly, "Would it be worth $35?" At that point I would have agreed to anything to get her moist lips around my cock. I tossed my pants and shorts to the carpet as I headed toward her with my cock leading the way. She laughed, "Cash in advance, my love. That's the way they do it, isn't it?"

Well, that's how our holiday fund started. We agreed on a fee schedule for the extras and things we might try — tit-screwing, unusual places, different positions, etc. The first year we saved over $1500 and last year it was over $2000. The more we screwed, the more we wanted. She'd read about multiple orgasms and had never experienced more than two in a row, so she agreed to kick in $25 if I could give her five or more. It took a while but her record is now at eleven.

Then my wife decided she wanted a holiday in Tahiti this year. I still had a lot of ideas she'd turned down cold, including watching her and another woman make it and watching her hot pussy getting screwed by another man.

I came home three months ago to an unusually quiet house, but as I sat down with a drink and started to play a new x-rated video film I'd just bought, I heard a loud moan upstairs in our bedroom. Thinking she had decided to masturbate to get ready for a quickie after I got home, I watched the film for 15 to 20 minutes until my cock was ready. Then I headed upstairs.

Instead of exciting her pussy with one of her vibrators, she was slowly sliding in and out of this brunette's snatch. I couldn't see the brunette's face, because she was face-down sucking one of my wife's large stiff nipples.

I excitedly watched a longtime fantasy of mine being realised. The slim, well-curved brunette was groaning and moaning as my wife continued exploring the well-moistened slit with the six-inch vibrator. Suddenly, and to my surprise, my wife withdrew the vibrator and went down between the brunette's tanned thighs, pleading for the brunette to forgive her.

Then I saw the brunette's face. It was our 22-year-old neighbor. I was rooted in the doorway as I watched Linda, the neighbor, hungrily return my wife's pleasure by thrusting her face between my wife's thighs.

When they'd exhausted themselves and finally separated, my wife looked up and saw me in the doorway. She gave me a sheepish look at being caught doing what she'd often refused to

do. My cock was ready to explode and I waved it toward Linda. Before my wife could wave me away, Linda opened her eyes and saw me.

It wasn't long before my stiff shaft erupted deep inside Linda's almost virginal passage. The sight of watching my cock plunging had my wife masturbating furiously with the vibrator. I'd no sooner shrunk out of Linda's tight slit before my wife was down on me with her mouth, and I dropped a second load into her hot hole.

Before Linda left I discovered my wife had previous lesbian experiences in college and had been ashamed of them. Young Linda, a virgin when she got married, had a wham-bam-thank-you-maam kind of husband. I agreed to add another $100 to our fund if my wife would seduce Rod, Linda's husband.

Rod and Linda were invited over for an evening and he could't keep his eyes off my wife, Phyl. She had dressed in her sexiest outfit for the occasion. Rod had a good view of the deep cleavage between her full tits. I could see up her slit skirt to the blonde triangle between her lush thighs whenever she crossed her legs.

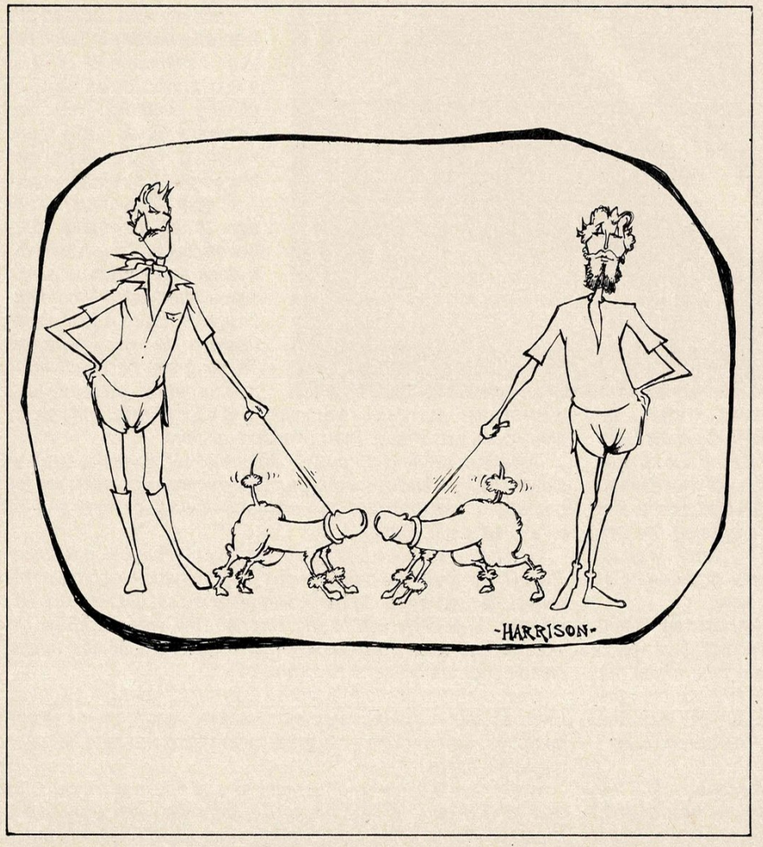
My cock got stiffer and stiffer as I watched my wife play the uncommon role of seductress. She was getting aroused as she saw his cock create a bulge in his pants and his eyes kept shifting between tit and fanny. Linda and I excused ourselves to fix some more drinks. We watched and listened through the partially open kitchen door.

My cock lurched when Phyl, my wife, casually asked him if Linda had ever sucked his cock. She added that she really got turned on by stiff cocks. I heard him whisper that Linda wouldn't suck him off. Linda heard it too, and immediately dropped her small mouth to my throbbing cock. Maybe she hadn't sucked cock before, but her lips did more than my wife's ever did.

The double twosomes ended when Rod exclaimed between moans and groans about Linda being frigid. Linda had already taken my first load down her throat before she stormed out and planted her hot muff into her husband's face. she screamed, "Frigid? You bastard! Eat my pussy and I'll show you who's frigid!"

I ended up with my bursting shaft in my wife, while she was sucking Rod's cock and I was chewing his wife's oozing slit. Rod was so excited by the new experience, he gave Phyl $50 for our fund and gave his wife another $50 to start their own fund. The four of us have had such a screwing ball, we're going to make Tahiti together early next year. — M.K.

It sounds as if you and your wife have managed to solve nearly all the sexual and financial problems that beset the average married couple and, it seems, your neighbors' problems, too. My advice is to do whatever turns you on and have a great trip.



MANGER DANGER

It all started one June day when I was unable to find a job in the city in which I live. So, I ventured out to the country to look for a job on a farm. I found one on a dairy farm run by a very hospitable family. They had a daughter, and you might say she was the perfect stereotype of the farmer's daughter.

After the first few days I had gotten to know her pretty well, and we got along marvellously. She often complimented me on my shoulders and I caught her staring a few times when I lifted something heavy that made the muscles pop up and bulge under my T-shirt.

On my fifth day I was still not too familiar with all of the chores of the farm as I was milking cows with her in the barn. As I got up to get another milk pail, I slipped on the damp ground and fortunately fell directly into her lap.

I seemed to lose all control of my emotions (mostly sexual) and couldn't remove myself from her lap. Puzzled and excited, I looked up into the eyes of this young, sweet beauty. Even though I felt a tinge of nervousness run through her body, her eyes were saying "I'm yours."

I started fondling her tight nipples and kissing her unkissed lips. I knew she was a virgin, just as I was, because she lived in the country and didn't come in close contact with men. About 10 minutes into our pleasure I had all her genitals visible.

After finishing my pleasure with her breasts I licked my way down to her inflamed clit. Her orgasm, being her first, shocked her, but with my extra knowledge of the topic of sex, I tried to comfort her as best I could. At this point I had every intention of screwing her, but I needed to know that she wanted it and was prepared for it. After her second orgasm she cried, "Screw me, screw me, please!" So, very slowly and with a reassuring type of movement, I penetrated her tight hole. Once inside it was like falling into a gigantic, hot, self-saucing pudding. After fully satisfying our sexual needs, we fell exhausted on to of a pile of straw, wrapped in each other's arms.

This sort of business continued the rest of the summer. All I can say is I can't wait until next summer, and she says she can't either. — P.R.

Barnyard sex can be a blast. Why not move out onto the pastures? Sounds like you handled yourself like a real pro in giving a virgin her first orgasm — especially since it was your first as well.

Everyone's deflowering should go so smoothly! Congratulations on your entrance into loving. It's nice to have you with us.

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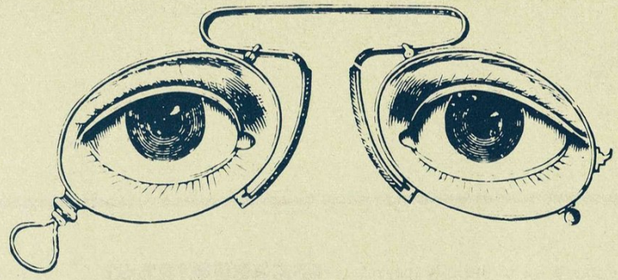


VIEW FROM THE TOP

HIVES OF ANONYMITY

BY GREG HUNTER

There was a time when only eccentric, arty types would announce their intention to escape the city and move to the land; but judging by the number of your friends who are saving up for that block of rural dirt, you don't need the Bureau of Statistics to tell you that a mass exodus from the Big Smoke is happening right now. The number of people who moved out of Sydney to country addresses last year was almost twice as large as the number who moved in, and of those who've left the city, most were business and professional types. That doesn't mean the population is actually declining, because the birth rate far exceeds the death rate in Sydney and in the other capitals. But clearly, those who have the mobility and the wherewithal to do so are moving out in droves.

Why? No doubt it can be rationalised by talking about noise pollution, traffic jams, high-rise ugliness and so on — all of which have been well documented; what has been overlooked, by and large, is the fact that there are fundamental, radical differences between city and country life. Talk with people who have packed up and hightailed it to the scrub, and it becomes clear that they have much more subtle, more profound reasons over and above the accepted urban bogeys.

The simplest of these involves the false notion that nothing ever happens outside the city. Most urbanites are totally naive about country life, and find it hard to believe that people in Wagga Wagga are just as likely to go to rock concerts, take drugs, engage in deviant sexual activity and generally have a nice time. However, I'm not concerned with that sort of "happening", but rather with what the word *happen* really means. In the city, things rarely happen at all; instead, they are *arranged to occur*. In much the same way as our society stages events to manufacture "news", city people have to constantly organise every aspect of their lives — setting the date and time, arranging for the appearance of certain people, and so on. Spontaneity — an essential part of the meaning of *happen* — is almost non-existent; chance meetings rarely occur, so there's little likelihood that the urbanite will end up doing anything other than exactly what he'd planned to do when he got out of bed. In contrast, a happening of some sort is inevitable in the country, because from the many chance meetings which take place in the course of an ordinary day, one will involve someone who is doing something interesting. In real terms, then, more things happen in the country than can ever happen in the city. And on top of that, consider that most city people spend an inordinate amount of time in transit — doing absolutely nothing other than *waiting to get there.*

Another fundamental reason for the population shift is a growing awareness that the human species was never constituted to live in the sort of density that a city requires. In *The Human Zoo*, Desmond Morris talked about "threshold levels of proximity", suggesting that each animal species can only tolerate a certain population density and when that threshold is exceeded, severe aberrations ordinarily occur. The most dramatic examples are provided by aquarium experiments, where density can be fixed and there's no escape. At threshold level, the fish start tearing each other to shreds. The effect on humans, of course, is more insidious: we tend to sublimate aggression; but whether we choose to bust out or stifle that aggression, we're still in big trouble — and it's a cumulative process. Morris pointed out that the hackneyed term "concrete jungle" is grossly misleading. It's more accurate to call the city a "human zoo" because the neuroses common to city dwellers are also manifested by *captive* animals. I'm not suggesting that country people are somehow immune from the tribulations incumbent on their urban counterparts. That's plainly ridiculous. But behavioral psychologists are quick to cite research showing that because of population density and what they call "stimulus overload", urban dwellers are less helpful, less inclined to establish contact with others, more violent,

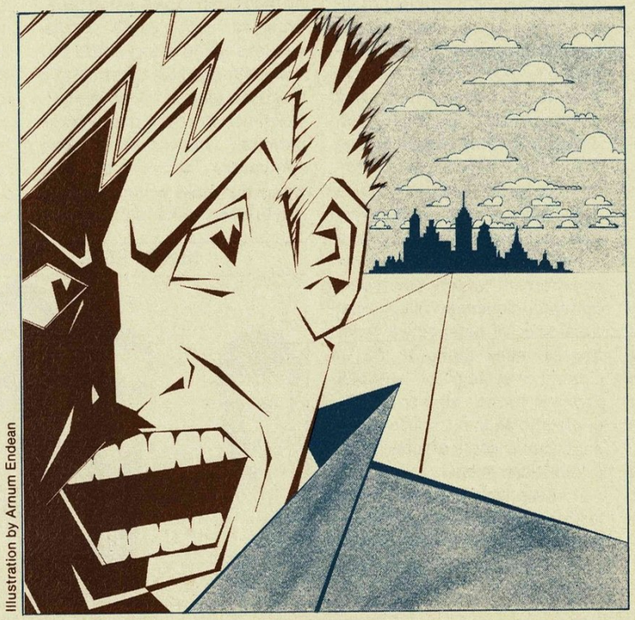
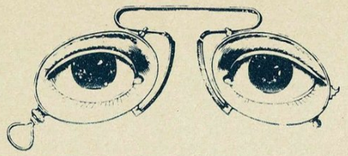


Illustration by Arnum Endean



more frustrated and more stressful. Many would concede that it does make sense to talk about a threshold, and that places like New York have definitely gone over the top.

We know that cities are impersonal places which harbor a small and rather obscure population of extremely lonely people. But there's much more to it than that. Consider the original tribal community. Those men had to be involved in an ongoing personal relationship with every other member of that community, and each of these relationships had to be stable and cooperative to ensure survival. Because of these requirements, the conscious cultivation of tolerance and sympathy must have been one of the prime considerations in the life of a tribal man: not only for the sake of safety, but also so that he could derive from his companions whatever compassion, humor, fellowship and love that the human spirit must have. For a small rural community, that situation has hardly changed at all. If you live in the country you just can't surround yourself only with people to whom you're attracted, as modern urban people do. You can't simply say (again, as modern urban people do): "Fuck you lot, I'm not interested in what you think. You don't matter to me." City people painstakingly create and zealously guard the boundaries between their social groups, and where no understanding of people outside the group is needed, none occurs. Country people have to get along with others who are very different from themselves — the old lady in the corner shop, the strange kid down the road, the odd couple next door — and so their understanding of life is more complete.

Another corollary: cities are the perfect breeding ground for bullshit, because they provide the one prerequisite — anonymity. A man can be just about anything his imagination might conjure up in the city (particularly when he's talking to a woman); and when the art of slinging the shit becomes the norm at the individual level, no-one seems to mind too much when it develops into a whole industry, standardised and deodorised. In the country, bullshit just isn't on, simply because everyone realises that they'd never get away with it. And this is only one example of how adverse human behavior is regulated by lack of anonymity, which is a basic aspect of country life. If you assume that most people have a fair assortment of good and bad character traits, and that most have an innate desire to be respected and liked, then obviously if you put those assumptions together the only conclusion is that the intimate rural environment protects people from themselves.

During the past 10 years, American authorities have made some desperate attempts to make their cities "liveable". The tactic is to create various clearly-defined "neighborhoods" within the urban complex, in order to combat what is seen as the major psychological problem of urban living — the much-publicised *identity crisis*. The rationale normally goes something like this: "It is hoped that by creating neighborhoods of this kind, which will allow people to see themselves as part of a community, we will eventually make it possible for people to enjoy personal relationships, to feel a sense of belonging, to live in an environment which has some cultural uniqueness." Looked at from another perspective, what they're really trying to do is create a system of artificial country towns, all jointed together, so as to introduce some important aspects of rural life into the urban mess.

If there isn't a lesson to be learnt there, in terms of where people ought to choose to live, then I'll happily walk backwards to Bourke.

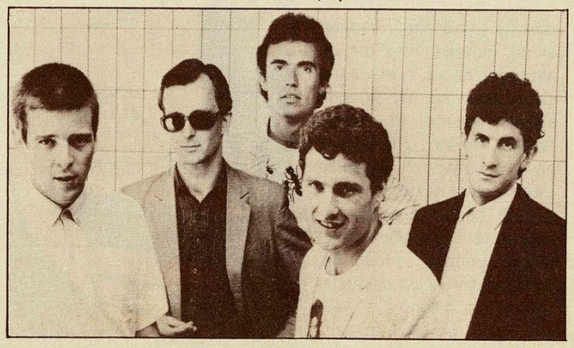
SOUNDS

ATLAS BASHING

Mondo Rock get into some blatant atlas-bashing on *Nuovo Mondo* (WEA). Still, Ross Wilson claims it's more a case of Australian music being the "new world" in terms of global charts. On the basis of this release the Mondos (sounds like a skull deformity) could rightly feel to be at the forefront of the local scene. Wilson (Daddy Cool himself) has organised a few versions of M. Rock since 1977 and this is the first complete album by the current, road-tested crew. Whereas last year's mega-successful *Chemistry* contained some strong chart tunes ("State Of The Heart", "Cool World", "Summer Of '81"), this release definitely showcases a more compatible penmanship between the main writers (Wilson and Eric McCusker) and superior treatment by the band as a whole. Producer Peter Mclan has gone for a splashier, fuller drum mix and has the band operating on a smaller range of sounds (a hint of "Yes we can play like a rock band" paranoia?) Don't be put off by the footy chant of their single — a real market gardener.

Those who cautiously approached some *Discipline* from **King Crimson** after a seven-year hiatus — and were happily rewarded with a tasty combination of new lineup, energy and old hallmarks — won't be disappointed by much of *Beat* (EG). The players are the same but Rhett Davies is now solo producer. Robert Fripp, guitarist and founding father since 1969, claims to have relinquished his position of benevolent despot. Still, his penchant for angular riffs over odd groupings (usually fives and sevens) is indelibly stamped all over the unit. The more manic of these are starting to become typecast, as on "Neurotica" ("City full of garbage eaters ravaging parking spots") and the excessive "Requiem". Adrian Belew (Bowie, Talking Heads amongst many) continues to shine with his own distinctive guitar sound — more textural, yet as potentially ominous as Fripp. His vocals and melody lines are improving too, eschewing some pseudo-rap for a more standard song approach on several tracks. "The howler's resonating repertoire is not too bad when mixed with the more musical twern of the tropical warbler."

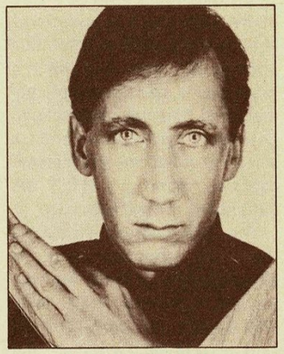
Mondo Rock . . . *fuller, splashier mix*



Australian Crawl claim to have finally captured their live sound on *Sons Of Beaches* (EMI). It was produced in a converted lounge-room in Hawaii by Mike Chapman (the Sweet to Blondie). Maybe there was something good on tele at the time, as the only constantly arresting thing is the snare drum. James Reyne's great suburban drawl thankfully obliterates most of the smirkful sexual fantasies and — wait for it — sarcasm (only it always seems that he's talking about himself). It's possible that in trying to sound like the essential garage band they are countering accusations that they have become the "Beautiful People" they pisstake. A reworking of the listenable "Downhearted" off their first album demonstrates how Oz pubs can have a bludgeoning effect on material.

Roger Daltry searches his back catalogue, **Pete Townshend** his soul and **Robert Plant** for a new start. If you believe that the best thing Daltry ever did was to let Townshend join his band then *Best Bits* (Polydor) will do little to dispel such nagging notions. Material is mainly culled from his three solo albums and the "McVicar" soundtrack. An interpretive vocalist, he relies totally on others' material — well-handled, but . . .

Townshend's *All The Best Cowboys Have Chinese Eyes* (ATCO/WEA) is perhaps a more flawed performance (vocally at least), but far more compelling. A fierce energy comes through the honest, cathartic material. In tune with his expansive vocalising to the press, we get explicit accounts of his Londoner's cynicism towards Californian ennui ("Exquisitely Bored"), his marital problems, recent social comrades ("They feel so warm when they conform . . . in their uniforms"), his 37 years ("Can't pretend that growing old never hurts"), and his current resolve not to be another rock casualty statistic ("All I know is about staying alive"). Off the booze, back with his wife, lapsing into "clammy" spoken over-raves, Townshend gives us some of his pain and confusion of the last two years.



Pete Towshend

Pete's mate Daltry may have set the style for early Seventies lead singers but Plant came up with the definitive vocal goods. *Pictures At Eleven* (Swansong) is his first recorded outing since the deflation by death (drummer John Bonham) of Led Zeppelin in 1980. Cozy Powell guests on drums on two tracks and here the crashing power closely approximates that of Plant's old band. Still, he maintains that this album's mood, staffed as it is by Midland mates who brought him out of retirement, is quite different to El Zep. However, fans will suffer only a mild credibility gap (if any). Huge rock with vast gobs of Plant's blues roots.

Phil Collins, who handled drums when Cozy was at the boozer or out on his bike, has also been busy touring, as witnessed on **Genesis**/*Three Sides Live* (Vertigo). The band rip through a set's worth plus a side of *Abacab* vintage studio cuts (horns and all). The light finger snap funk on some of that album and the earlier *Face Value* (Collins' solo success) is replaced live by a more heavy-handed stadium approach. Tony Banks doesn't pretend to sound like the Earth, Wind and Fire horns with his gurgling organ and synthesised string sounds. The trio of Collins, Banks and Mike Rutherford (guitar, bass) is augmented on stage by Daryl Stuermer (guitar, bass) and Chester Thompson (drums). They effectively homogenise old and new material to a consistent texture. Genesis mortadella anyone?

Sydney band **Outline** must get the elephantine gestation award for their album *Maybe It's A Game* (Powderworks). Delayed by lineup changes, illness and record label hassles, it includes their entomological horror story "The Cicada That Ate Fivedock" (previously on the *Ee,Ee,Ee,EP).* The release just misses out on the initial buzz about the band (late 1980) but the production is easily one of the best I've heard from this label. A pity it took them a year to get a good drum sound.

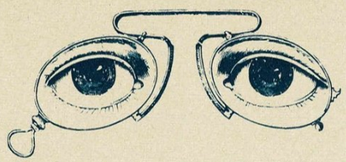
Crossfire . . . *flexing musical expertise*

Elvis Costello has hung up his spurs after his Nashville excursion on last year's *Blue.* His *Imperial Bedroom* (WEA) is the ultimate chatty palace intruder. Musically he and the Attractions are back where they left off on *Trust.* Recent London shows with an orchestra have left their mark in some string and horn arrangements by keyboard player Steve Nieve. Costello presents an extremely literary (nay, verbose) set where he loves to mix images — "Many hands make light work, shorthand makes life easy". The patter comes so thick and fast that the Attractions hardly have a chance to get a word in edgeways.

The Stones came back in full force last year with *Tattoo You* — their best in ages. The soundtrack to the subsequent huge financial success that was the American tour is with us now on *Still Life* (EMI). An apt title for the Stones under glass with material covering their preteens ("Twenty Flight Rock"), late teens ("Under My Thumb"), up to middle age ("Start Me Up"), with no new light thrown on any of it. This kind of stadium music-making is based on a spectacle that is hardly experienced from the record cover. Europe's just had its chance and presumably, if they resolve their bickering, our turn will soon come to see Jagger jog, and to buy the T-shirts and placemats.

Carole McDonald believes you should *Show Off What You Got* (RCA). Obvious comparisons with local Cheetah can be made — gutsy female voice, Vanda and Young songs, top session players (in her case New York). However, this ex-Gingerbread girl (remember them) does more with one set of vocal chords than Cheetah does with all their collective nodes and tight jeans.

Brian Eno continues his wonderful world of sonic landscapes with *Ambient 4 On Land*



(EG). There is none of the ethnic funk that he reconstructed with David Byrne, but more of his tonally layered drones. Good muzak for laboratories. **Fleetwood Mac** prove that they were no *Mirage* (WEA) and have still got It (if you wanted it). **Stevie Wonder** has a double on the secret life of goldfish. *Original Musiquarium I* (Motown) is a "best-of" with four newies. Don't let Charlene grind you down — there are exhilarating singles. **The Fixx's** "Stand or Fall" is one. Their album *Shuttered Room* (MCA) is more than a one-song wonder. Hopefully **Yuki Takahashi** hasn't been *Murdered By The Music* (Regular 2) as this disc of polished pop should ensure longevity — silicon chips and all.

For about eight years Sydney-based **Crossfire** have been consistently flexing their musical expertise on the instrumental compositions of Michael Kenny (keyboards) and Jim Kelly (guitars), the other constant member being loon and percussor Ian Bloxson. *Hysterical Rochords* (WEA) is their fifth record (including a live album with Michael Franks). For most musicians who play in the session-and-show scene, the chance to build up an ensemble rapport is usually left to "rehearsal groups" — none of which ever achieve the commitment and longevity that Crossfire has. *Rochords* was recorded one rhythm section ago with the flight fingers of Phil Scorgie (bass) and the consistent thump of Steve Hopes (drums). Tony Buchanan also puts in some memorable, soulful sax. Jazzes from the rock generation, they incorporate latin flavors and classical influences. Current overseas appearances at the Montreaux Music Festival, and other European and American dates, indicate the band is currently in full flight. Much of that spirit is captured here. — *Jeremy Cook*

WORDS

SEX ODDITY

When the going gets weird, the weird turn pro." Dr Hunter S. Thompson's epitaph for the Seventies could well have been inspired by a reading of **April Ashley's Odyssey** (Jonathon Cape, $19.95).

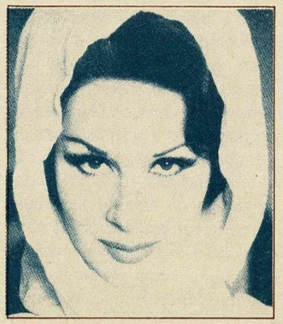
April Ashley was born in Liverpool, England as George Jamieson. In 1960, at the age of 25, she underwent transsexual surgery in Casablanca — nine years after the blueprint for such operations had been established by a team of Danish surgeons under one Dr Christian Hamburger. A year later, at the height of her London modelling career, she was exposed by a tip-off to *People* and thus became a minor celebrity.

But April had turned pro long before that, using her weirdness as an entree to the most rarified social circles. Her acquaintance with an interminable array of notables and her experience of the bizarre reality of transsexualism should have combined to make *April Ashley's Odyssey* a pretty interesting book. Somehow, she and Duncan Fallowell have managed instead to create what is probably the most appallingly superficial, affected, perfunctory, humorless vehicle for rampant indiscriminate name-dropping in the history of the autobiographical genre. With a little imagination it is almost possible to smell this book at 20 paces. And that's a great shame, became the phenomenon of transsexualism elicits universal fascination and a wealth of questions and misconceptions, none of which are satisfactorily dealt with here.

The jacket blurb proclaims that "the operation and its psychological effects are described in moving detail." Bullshit. In fact, the subject of sex (which ought to have been the focal point of the whole exercise) is largely glossed over in favor of handy tips for aspiring socialites. No sexual encounter is mentioned until, on page 67, the pre-operational Miss Ashley promises a Russian Prince that he can share her bed if he will eat a glass. The Prince does so and she says simply: "It was a gallant effort. I couldn't deny him." What sort of sex, for God's sake? Was she capable of using her own genitals, or was she a passive partner? Was the Prince aware that she was actually a man? If not, how did she go about explaining the presence of a prick between her legs? Does she think that these questions are too rude, and if so why did she bother writing this trash in the first place? Does she imagine that readers would prefer to hear about how many barons, dukes, princes, actors etc were present on that fateful evening when she thought for one horrible moment that she wouldn't be able to get up after kneeling before the Duchess of Gloucester because her dress was too tight? ("I seemed to be stuck there long enough for a civilisation to rise and fall and rise again!")

Maybe it's just too much to expect a person who by nature suffers from terminal affectation to address the subject of transsexualism in a sensible down-to-earth way. Something in the genetic make-up of such individuals apparently precludes that possibility. Ashley herself makes one observation which inadvertently sums up both her life and her pathetic autobiography: "I was the toast of the town, on everyone's invitation list, the telephone always ringing, my days a constant parade of novelty, and the next moment . . . When you place your sense of identity in the reflections you see in other people's eyes, what happens when the people go away? When the lights are switched off?" The lights went out all over Australia when April Ashley dah-linged her way through a recent Michael Parkinson interview. How sad. — *Greg Hunter*

Ashley . . . name dropper



In his latest novel, **Pinball** (Bantam, $7.95), Jerzy Kosinski draws on his love and knowledge of music to fashion a contrived but eminently readable work.

His central character, known to the world as Goddard, is a rock superstar. Not just your run-of-the-mill rock superstar, mind you, for although this chap's records top the charts year after year and he receives truckloads of fan mail, no-one — not even his record producer or his father — knows who he is in everyday life. That's the Kosinski twist, this anonymity factor which the author employs to lead his protagonists into the bizarre situations that have become his mark after novels such as *Being There, Cockpit* and *Blind Date.*

Faith healing makes good copy. Whether it's being debunked in the best Sixty Minutes *fashion as a bloody hoax, or being presented to the afflicted as their last hope for a cure, faith healing gets 'em in. Gert Chesi, in his book* **Faith Healers in the Philippines** *(Collins, $36), presents a concise and refreshingly objective documentation of this controversial subject. After witnessing scores of faith healing operations in the process of research, Chesi frankly admits to being a little bewildered by it all. Side-stepping sensationalism, he states that until science succeeds in finding a binding explanation of faith healing, the spectator, no matter how conscientious he is, will have to depend solely on his own impressions and deductions. On this basis the book includes graphic color photographs of faith healing methods now practised in the Philippines.* — Corinne MacKay

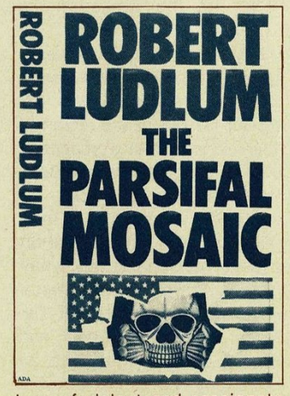
A young woman, beautiful and suitably kinky, becomes obsessed with discovering Goddard's true identity and, for reasons that remain hazy until the end of the book, she sets out to track him down. To aid her in this quest she ropes in a has-been classical pianist named Domostroy, who, as a former enfant terrible of the arts world and an ageing sensualist and seeker of the erotic and absurd, is another handy vehicle to weave freakish tales around.

Set in New York, California and Tijuana, the book see-saws between the hunters and the hunted. The prey is revealed a third of the way through the book as Jimmy Osten, a mild-mannered young student of literature. Osten, an insecure and really quite ordinary fellow, annually treks down to his Mexican ranch-come-recording studio to put down the voice and synthesiser tracks Goddard fans around the globe clamor for.

After Kosinki's usual quota of violence, intrigue, death, exotica, love, sex and assorted deviation (all of which combine to whet the reader's appetite for a compelling climax), Osten is finally unmasked as the great Goddard. This climactic scene is a tawdry disappointment reminiscent of a ludicrous denouement in a typical episode of *Get Smart.*

While Kosinski's grasp of classical music as outlined in *Pinball* seems firm and authoritative, his knowledge of rock music beyond an understanding of recently-developed instruments strikes this reviewer as naive and superficial. And those bizarre recount-

Parsifal Mosaic . . . *gripping*



ings of violent and passionate scenes which the author has used to great effect in his previous works (many of these situations are said to be drawn from Kosinski's own rich and chequered past) often tend to be repetitive and mundane here.

Pinball is Kosinski's eighth novel and it seems that while the author himself is becoming a celebrated member of America's trendiest circles, following the success of the film *Being There* and his acting appearance in Warren Beatty's acclaimed *Reds,* the standard of his literary efforts is falling. One could almost classify *Pinball* as a tit-and-bum thriller with a few deeper meanings thrown in. In this genre it is undeniably a good, diverting read but definitely not among Kosinski's best. — *Corinne MacKay*

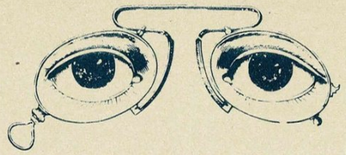
Robert Ludlum has been exploiting his readers' Big Brother paranoia with great success for more than a decade with a series of bestselling blockbusters which combine subterfuge, slaughter and a series of mind-boggling plot twists, all conducted amid the highest echelons of international politics and finance.

Sometimes Ludlum's plots become so convoluted and melodramatic that he appears to be in danger of parodying himself, as he manipulates his heroes through a labyrinth of double-crosses, deaths and intrigue. His protagonists are pawns in a game refereed by power-brokers who repeatedly break their own rules.

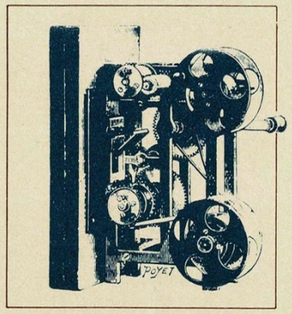
In *The Bourne Identity,* the hero was an amnesiac American agent who spent more than 500 pages searching for his past while a variety of villains hunted him. In Ludlum's latest thriller, **The Parsifal Mosaic** (Granada, $17.95), the hapless Michael Havelock, an American operative who thought he'd left the service of his own free will, finds himself caught up in a web of deceit involving the Voennaya — a breakaway branch of the KGB which has infiltrated the top levels of the Washington administration.

The Voennaya is bent upon destroying the civilised world by sparking a nuclear holocaust. The whole concept is preposterous. But Ludlum gets away with it, once again, through his ability to sustain his readers' interest with a gripping plot and brilliantly-evoked action sequences which burst out of the page in a welter of death and destruction. This author has maintained his spot at the top of the bestseller lists by exploiting the thriller genre — doing it bigger and better than his competitors.

His latest product is more of the same. If you like Robert Ludlum, you'll enjoy *The Parsifal Mosaic.* — *Michael Kent*



FILMS



STAR BLECCH

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times." So quoteth Admiral James T. Kirk, commander of the Star Ship *Enterprise* at the commencement of the second *Star Trek* opus, **The Wrath of Khan.** In airing Charles Dickens' opening lines from *A Tale of Two Cities,* Kirk (William Shatner) could well be expressing a critical overview of the current state of cinema. *Star Trek,* despite box office grosses in America that sound like Australia's national debt, falls into the latter category. It's a turgid rehash (at $11 million) of material used eons ago in the original television series. Denied access to the small screen, the makers of the "Trekkies" movement (one verging on religious status) sought exposure at the cinema in 70mm and Dolby sound.

As the *Enterprise* lumbers on through the universe (courtesy of special effects by George Lucas' Industrial Light and Magic entity), old hands Spock (Leonard Nimoy), "Bones" McCoy (DeForest Kelley) and Chief Engineer "Scotty" Scott (James Doohan) pull in their stomachs, thrust out their chests, tuck in their chins, try not to disturb carefully-coiffured toupees — and commence to unleash dreadful lines passing as dialogue in the process of walking through an equally dreadful series of incidents standing in for dramatic narrative. The old nemesis, Khan (Ricardo Montalban complete with a shock of white hair that looks as if it has been borrowed from Leon Russell), who is the head of a rebel band Kirk had been forced to abandon on a lifeless planet years back (in a space vessel named *Botany Bay*!), pops up for his revenge on the good admiral. Kirk has been cooling his heels and touching up on his Charles Dickens when Khan makes his move, thus throwing a spanner back into the works of the universe.

Key to the re-emergence of Khan and his mob is a secret scientific project, Genesis, being carried out in the region of Khan's dead planet: a process by which creation, as per the Book of Genesis, really can be achieved in six days — or less. The pity of this worthless effort is that in the Genesis idea, writer Jack B. Sowards and director Nicholas Meyer (author of *The Seven Percent Solution* and director of *Time After Time,* an interesting H.G. Wells-Jack The Ripper time travel tale of 1979) have the makings of an intriguing story, one that becomes lost in the shoddy unspecial effects of this enterprise. And just when it looked as if the Star Trekkers had sunk as far as they could go, the news surfaced that Paramount has another *eight Star Trek* features on the drawing boards — puppies waiting to be bred into dogs like *The Wrath of Khan.*

On that count, Shatner, Kelly and Doohan will be well on the way to senility, propped up inside their trusses by pacemakers preserving them for Trekkies in future centuries to look back upon with astonishment and admiration. A hell of a way to avoid going on the pension.

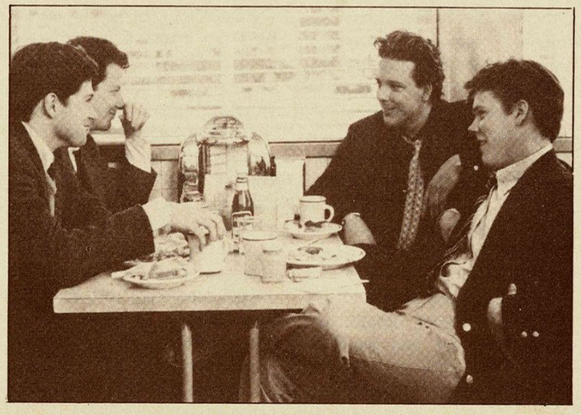
Clint Eastwood fares little better in his latest, **Firefox,** as crack pilot Mitchell Gant, who is forced by his government to sneak into Russia and steal a fighter developed by the Ruskies — one capable of travelling at *six times* the speed of sound. Eastwood has had a rough time of it in recent years, losing touch with his following (raised on violent westerns and gung-ho crimebusters, and a couple of comedies where he played Bud Abbott to a Lou Costello orangutang) when he attempted to take things seriously with *Bronco Billy.* In the slipstream Eighties, in which audiences are dazzled more by special effects than by the macho glamor of the superstar, Clint has done a serious rethink and opted to follow the wave rather than have it swamp him.

Suffering psychological fatigue from a harrowing incident in Vietnam, Gant has chosen to isolate himself in the wilderness, and there he is tracked down and forced into taking on the mission — one that no other man in the United States Airforce or the NATO Alliance could undertake. The steps taken to get Gant behind the Iron Curtain give Eastwood a shot at the kind of unglamorous doings Harry Palmer (Michael Caine) carried out in the down-at-heels espionage flicks of the Sixties. Eastwood, now into his fifties, is gaunt and strained in his approach to leading man responsibilities. So that by the time Gant comes together with the object of his quest, the supersonic fighter, the tiresome dramatic precedents take the shine off John Dykstra's orchestrated in-flight battle (with the whole of the Russian Airforce in tow) to get the plane on to Allied ground.

Freddie Jones, the showman from *The Elephant Man* who depended on the freak to keep life and limb together, here slices off great chunks of ham as Aubrey, the brains behind the hijack; so much so that he could have fitted perfectly into *Star Trek: The Wrath of Khan.* Eastwood directs from a screen adaptation by Alex Lasker and Wendell Wellman of the Craig Thomas novel. In doing his level best to "keep up with the Joneses" at the box office, Eastwood fares better behind camera than in front in keeping a B-grade actioner from going completely off the rails.

All is not hopeless; after all, Dickens did balance out the worst of times with the best as well. For "best", read **Diner,** a non-star, medium budget vehicle from writer/director Barry Levinson (screenwriter on *Silent Movie, High Anxiety,* and *Justice For All*) focusing on a group of friends in their early twenties who are about to have their middle-class attitudes reshaped by the Sixties.

Diner . . . *a film of warmth and humor*



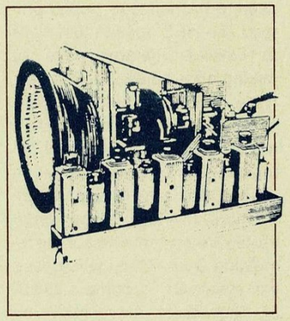
The diner of the title is one of those railcar-type eating houses churning out hamburgers, French fries and gravy (a favorite of Boogie, the Brando-James Dean ring-in of the bunch) on a 24-hour basis. Eddie, Shrevie, Fenwick and Boogie gravitate to the diner, with a regularity edging on addiction, to chew over the fat. Here, Baltimore serves as a microcosm for the terrain of everyman in the Fifties with much of the story taking place under the shroud of night, which could stand as a metaphor for the way our thinking was kept intact during that conservative era.

"Hanging out" at the diner and the local movie house satisfies the tribal instinct of the five guys, but gradually each one is sacrificed into marriage, college, the open road to great things.

As the final days of 1959 pass by, the five come to understand — through their chortling, one-liner put-downs — that a part of their life is about to disappear on them. What each of them is not willing to lose hold of is the awareness of a mutual bond; they are each other's best friends, and no wife or college degree or success if going to take that from them.

The warmth and humor with which Levinson guides his ensemble through the pre-New Year week leading up to the marriage of Eddie (after his fiance has managed to prove her love for him by passing a near-impossible quiz on football) lifts *Diner* out of the mainstream of current monosyllabic cinema — and distinguishes it from the Fifties exploitation of *Porky's.* — *Denis Whitburn*

VIDEO



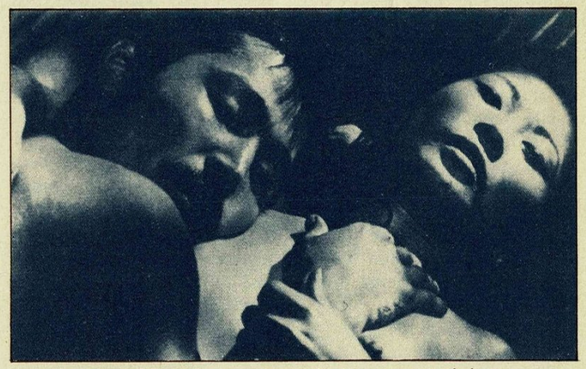
PRIVATE EYEFULS

Perhaps a real advantage of the "video revolution" is the opportunity it offers to catch up on the substantial backlog of feature films missed on the cinema circuit. There is an impressive list of features local distributors never got around to releasing, so specialised and narrow-minded have they become in recent times. Unless a feature has inbuilt marketing potential, it is left to gather dust on the shelves. On top of this, there are those specialised films that never got past the censor's rubber stamp but have now been released for the privacy of the viewer's home.

Empire of Passion, winner of the Cannes Film Festival Erotica Award in 1978, from Nagisha Oshimo (director of *In the Realm of the Senses*), was suppressed by the Australian censors due to the explicit nature of the love scenes. Which is not to allocate it a niche in the vault of tawdry sexploitation films flooding the market. The Star Video release concerns peasants "crushed by ignorance and poverty" who turn to the release of their deepest sexual impulses as a form of relief for their condition.

Based in part on the experience of a famous Japanese writer of the late 19th Century, Takoshi Nagasuka, this morality tale throws a beautiful young woman, wife of an ageing rickshawman, into the path of a young man recently discharged from the army. The two become lovers during the daylight hours while the husband ekes out a living.

The tale is vaguely reminiscent of *The Postman Always Rings Twice,* but Oshimo does not depend on the amateurish tactics used by the lovers in carrying out the murder to bring them undone. Here, playing on the tradition of conscience that has been the driving force of the Japanese people in every sector of their lives, Oshimo intertwines the "empire of passions" that drove them to the deed, so that the same passions prove their undoing. "For those whom passion has enslaved, there is no happiness but in hell." *Empire of Passion* (****) is an exceptional melding of erotica and taut, beautifully-executed drama, photographed with a painter's eye and dubbed into English with a similar attention to detail. to detail.

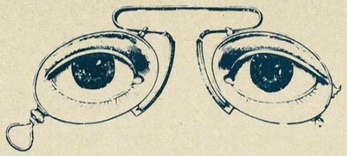


Empire of Passion . . . *beautifully executed drama*

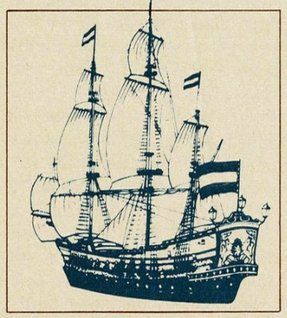
Butterfly (Roadshow) is one of those features which has suffered at the hands of the public relations machinery. The amount of television, radio and press coverage which attended the film's leading lady Pia Zadora (protege of a Svengali financial figure, as the media hype insisted on repeating to the point of boredom) detracted from the worthiness of the film being pushed. Adapted from the novel by James M. Cain (who also wrote *(The Postman Always Rings Twice*), *Butterfly* treads a similar path to the Oshima rendition of erotica-plus-murder.

Jess Tyler (Stacey Keach), in an exceptionally understated performance), caretakes a once-prosperous silver mine in the desert wilderness. He is a self-exiled man about to be brought face-to-face with the cause of his exile — in the shape of his 17-year-old daughter Kady (Pia Zadora) landing on his tattered cabin doorstep. Kady is part Lolita, part Brigette Bardot, part wolf in sheep's clothing. The hold she wields over her father is both strange and unnatural, and it is here that director Matt Cimber, with inspiration from Cain's narrative, manages to balance a tale of father and daughter rediscovering each other after a 10-year absence.

A change in dramatic temperament spoils the last part of the tale — as Judge (Orson Welles) presides over the incest trial faced by Jess Tyler. The irony almost lost in the wacky solution to Tyler's ultimate freedom is the murder he has been forced to commit — and will never face a charge on.(***). — *Denis Whitburn*



TRAVEL



FRANKLIN RIVER

The magnificent Franklin River in the wilderness of South-West Tasmania is Australia's last "wild" river. By some miracle, the Franklin and its entire catchment area have remained untouched by man. Very soon, because of the plans of the Tasmanian Hydro-Electricity Commission, the river in all its untrammelled glory may be lost forever. Therefore, *Penthouse* has contracted the Adventure Travel Centre to outfit and guide a special rafting expedition — available to our readers — on the Franklin River. More of that later.

The temperate rainforest of South-West Tasmania is a primitive, almost impenetrable and incredibly damp environment. 1500 metres above sea level, the Franklin begins its journey through the heart of that wilderness, finally joining the mighty Gordon River 125 kilometres to the south. There are no towns or houses by its banks; no sheep graze nearby; no sewers, industrial drains or suburban gutters empty into it; there are no dams across it, and apart from one roadbridge spanning the upper reaches, no roads or railway lines run alongside it. The sound of gushing water is totally pervasive. Moss hangs in giant folds from 1000-year-old Huon Pine trees. In some places the horizontal scrub is so thick it is possible to walk 10 metres above ground level on tree roots without knowing it. In every conceivable sense of the word, this is a "wild" river — unapproachable on foot, unpredictable to travel, unfettered by the ambitions of men. There are no rivers like the Franklin left in Australia; there are very few left in the world.

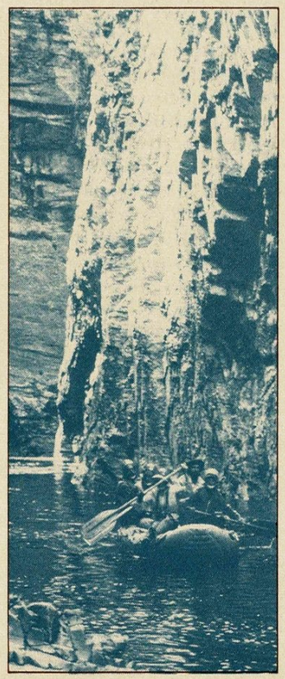
Rafting down the Franklin is not any sort of picnic. It is a genuine challenge to be undertaken by fit people who understand the hazards of water. One adventurer has described his experience of the Franklin thus: "It is not for everyone, but for those willing and able to meet the challenge it will be one of those rare, life-changing quality experiences. Many will find answers on those waters that could never be sought in an urban existence, and be better people for it. The Franklin had all the aspects of rivers that have enchanted me during nine years of rafting. There were more waterfalls in side canyons than even New Guinea's Watnut can offer, runnable rapids as continuous in places as California's Tuolomne. When the Franklin ran at flood it had the exhilarating power and speed of the Colorado."

The Franklin offers much more than just awesome, uncompromising power. It traverses a charming and uniquely Australian environment hosting an abundance of wildlife, from the myriad scurrying creatures in the shallows and damp recesses of the forest floor to the wallabies, ringtails, kingfishers, swans, boobooks and other large inhabitants of the wilds. And platypus: hundreds, perhaps thousands of them burrow and breed in these waters, surfacing to blink, breathe and dive again as they forage in the safe, sunlit reaches.

But the Hydro-Electricity Commission has plans — big ones — for the Franklin. It has already dammed every other large river system in the State, despite tremendous public protest. The HEC doesn't just want to "develop" the area; we're not talking about clearing little sections here and there for playgrounds and motels and such. If the commission's plans become reality — and it is likely they will — then the Franklin River will be no more. *It will no longer exist.* The entire northern half of the remaining South-West wilderness will eventually become a swath of damwaters surrounded by powerlines, roads and quarries — despite the fact that a two-to-one majority of Tasmanians oppose the scheme.

Now the last legal and political loopholes confronting the HEC and the new Liberal Government have been closed, and a final confrontation at the site seems inevitable and imminent.

Rafting the Franklin



But there's no guarantee that anything can be done to stop the destruction. That's why *Penthouse* has contacted the Adventure Travel Centre to make available a trip which may never again be possible; one which will permanently change the values of those who participate. The expedition may take more or less time than the allocated 10 days, depending upon water levels. It will sometimes be exhausting, always exhilarating and often dangerous.

However, you don't necessarily need white water experience to join us on this adventure. But you will need to be fit and you'll need some understanding of water — perhaps you'll be an experienced surfer or skindiver, for instance. In other words, we don't want to take anyone who's likely to freak out about falling into the drink. There will be an expert raftsman on each of the two rafts and he'll be doing 50 percent of the work — the rest is up to you. The best thing is that you'll learn a great deal in a very short time: by the end of the 10 days, according to Chris Dewhirst of Adventure Travel, you'll have become proficient enough to tackle the Colorado in a kayak.

The *Penthouse* Franklin River expedition is limited to eight readers and is scheduled for December 27. The cost is $470 (ex-Hobart) and includes provision for some serious raging in Hobart after the hard part is over. All you need do is write to us giving details of your water proficiency and we'll take the first eight suitable applicants. If the response is good there's a chance we'll be able to arrange further dates with Adventure Travel. All that's required in terms of gear is your own wetsuit — preferably a long john (no arms) and booties. If you think you can handle this sort of experience, don't hesitate to let us know via this address: Penthouse Franklin River Expedition, GPO Box 4084, Sydney 2001.

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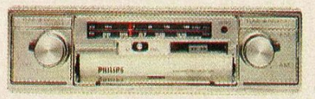

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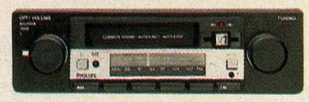

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Australians are becoming tenants
in their own land . . . and they don't
even know who the landlord is

WHO OWNS AUSTRALIA?

BY COLIN HINTON

Australians have witnessed a flood of foreign capital into the country during the last three years. Companies and individuals looking for safe investments and quick profits have taken advantage of the Federal Government's open door policies and bought up Australian land, mineral and energy resources, business and financial institutions with the manic abandon of housewives at a bargain sale.

Before the 1980/81 financial year there had never been a 12-month period in which foreign capital inflow exceeded $2.3 billion. But in the last financial year, that figure rose to $6.5 billion. It has been conservatively estimated that it will rise to $10.5 billion this year — an extraordinary rate of increase.

While the Federal Government continues to permit a tidal wave of foreign takeovers, and sees this influx of foreign money as a vote of confidence in Australia's future and an answer to the country's economic ills, the opponents of foreign investment warn that the loss of control of the country's assets means that Australians are becoming tenants in their own land — and they don't even know who the landlord is.

One reason Australians are in the dark about who owns what in their country is that four years ago, at the same time as it decided that foreign capital was the medicine which would revive the ailing Australian economy, the Federal Government disbanded the 23-man Foreign Investment Participation Section of the Australian Bureau of Statistics, the department which kept records of foreign purchases of local assets.

Illustration by Mark Salwowski

AUSTRALIA

"Thus," said Opposition spokesman on economic affairs Ralph Willis in Parliament last year, "the government has taken a massive leap in the dark. It has encouraged an enormous increase in private capital inflow without knowing where it is going, what it is being used for, to what degree it is being used for speculative activity rather than productive use and to what extent it is resulting in loss of Australian ownership and control of our various industries." The Federal Government, under pressure from a variety of sources, is currently considering the restoration of the Foreign Participation Section.

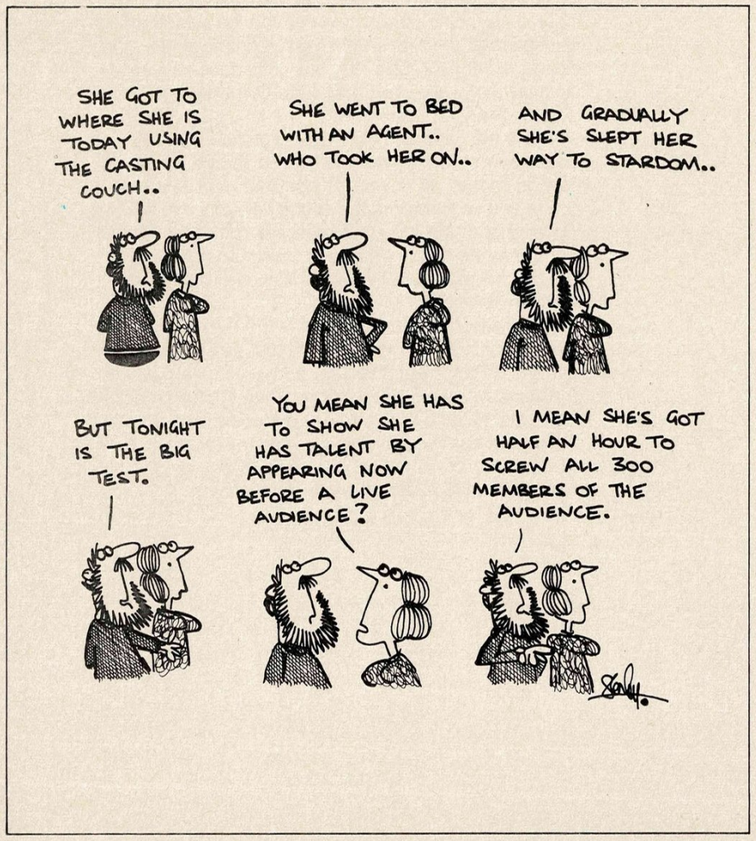
Labor politicians are not the only people ringing the warning bells about the increasing rate of foreign takeovers. Despite the fact that the foreign investment issue is rarely on the agenda for public debate, protests have come from many sections of Australian society, from small businessmen's representatives to Liberal backbenchers and respected members of the Australian business community.

Speaking to the National Farmers Federation earlier this year, leading mining executive Sir Roderick Carnegie warned Australians to take a hard look at the volume of foreign capital entering the country. The Chairman of CRA said capital inflow was often regarded as a free gift, but the fact was that mounting loans from overseas had to be paid back with interest.

Sir Roderick said Australia apparently could not pay its way in the world, having recorded a current account deficit for the past 25 years. The nation was going into debt to maintain an unearned current living standard. Over the past six years, he said, Australia had got into debt to the tune of $16.5 billion — a third of that in the last year alone.

It has been said that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel, and the true-blue Aussies who want to have a go at the Federal Government over its policies on foreign investment will undoubtedly be tagged as rogues, but they are making an effort to alert the Australian public to the foreign ownership issue.

Sydney researcher Geoffrey Lennie is currently preparing a register of foreign investment in Australia, after spending five years investigating the subject. "Our political leaders have been flogging off the country to the highest bidder in the interests of short-term political expediency," says Lennie. "If you owned your own home and every time you received the electricity bill you sold 10 percent of your house in order to pay the bill, you obviously wouldn't own that house for very long. Well, in basic terms, that is what some State governments and the Federal Government are doing with Australia."



To a certain extent, Australia's development has always been dependent on foreign capital. British funds started flowing into the country with the First Fleet and foreign investment in the Great South Land was almost exclusively British until the 1940s, when American cash started to move into critical sectors of the economy — banking, mining, energy, finance and technology. The US dollar soon began to displace British investment in these areas. The Japanese push into mineral and energy resources such as the coal industry was underway by the 1960s, and in recent decades, the country's political stability and the government's favorable policies have attracted generous sums of European cash.

The latest foreign investment figures show that, as in previous years, Britain and the US were the major sources, contributing $1895 million and $1226 million respectively in the 1980/81 financial year. Next was Japan with $755 million and Switzerland with $270 million. Relative newcomers Hong Kong and Singapore contributed $100 million each in foreign investment during that period.

Federal Government attitudes toward foreign investors have varied over recent years. In the Sixties, Prime Minister Harold Holt threw the doors wide open with his "All the way with LBJ" slogan, an attitude which John Gorton found undignified and repugnant. He described it as the "tickle my tummy approach" — a reference to the spaniel-like willingness of his predecessors to get satisfaction from the favorable attentions of foreign investors.

Through the subsequent McMahon and Whitlam years, a much more critical attitude was adopted toward the attentions of foreign investors. But with the return of the Liberals to Federal office in 1975, and an economy in painful recession, the reservations about foreign investment were eroded and the regulations covering it steadily relaxed. In Parliament on September 16 last year, Treasurer John Howard, one of the staunchest defenders of foreign capital inflow, said: "We ought to recognise the contribution that foreign investment has made, not only to economic development generally, but also to the creation of jobs for Australians and the enormous benefits all round for the Australian community."

"Mr Howard has got to be joking," says Geoffrey Lennie. "If the sale of Australian businesses and resources to overseas interests is good economic medicine, then it is having some severe side-effects on the Australian population. How can he claim foreign investment creates jobs when the latest unemployment figures, for May 1982, show a record 448,000 unemployed, an increase of 19 percent in 12 months? Where are the enormous all-round benefits for the Australian community? We have the highest level of personal debt in the world: $3000 per head for every man, woman and child. The figures for personal and business bankruptcies in Australia for the financial year ending June 30, 1981, were a record 8161. That's more than 22 bankruptcies a day in Australia during that period."

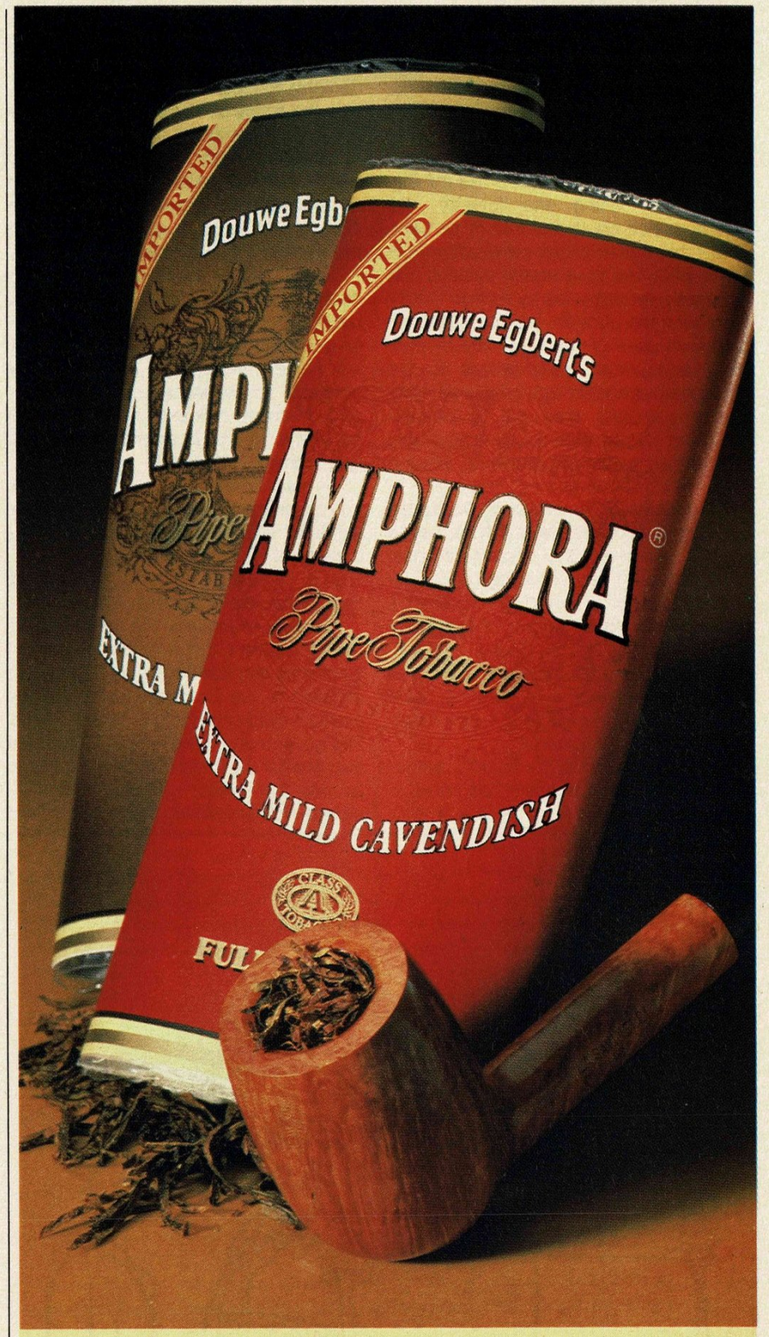
Australia's skyrocketing interest rates are another side-effect of the foreign investment flood. Labor's Ralph Willis sees two main problems: "The vast increase in private capital inflow into the country in recent years has enabled us to balance the books, so to speak, but only by the maintenance of higher interest rates than in most other nations. That's why this capital has been attracted here, particularly in the last financial year. . . . If we try to reduce those interest rates, that money will flow out again.

"Those high interest rates affect every Australian, whether he is trying to borrow money to buy a home or a small business, or even to rent a house. Of course, the increased capital inflow also represents the acquisition of Australian assets. There is the loss of control aspect — we don't know what the break-up is at present. Most of the cash coming into the country at present is short-term stuff attracted by the high interest rates."

Moves like the phasing out of the Foreign Participation Section of the ABS in 1978, the announcement of a major relaxation of exchange controls on short-term money movements into Australia, and the removal of surveillance of inter-company indebtedness between foreign companies and their foreign associates at the same time, plus frequent headlines in the financial press like "Fraser Woos Yankee Dollar" and quotes from Treasurer John Howard such as "I am an unmitigated defender of foreign investment in Australia" provided obvious indications of the Fraser Government's attitude to foreign investors.

The record of the Foreign Investment Review Board, the body set up in 1976 to adjudicate on overseas investors, presents the most condemning evidence of the government's laxity in guarding the national interest, according to critics of the increasing number of foreign takeovers of Australian businesses in recent years. The Board is chaired by Sir Bede Callaghan, a former managing director of the government-owned Commonwealth Bank. His deputy, Sir William Pettingell, was general manager of the Australian Gas Light Company. The third member is Mr R.H. Dean, who heads the foreign investment division of the Treasury Department.

Established along similar lines to its Canadian counterpart, the board's brief was to administrate and facilitate the government's foreign investment policy. At its inception, strict guidelines were laid down to control foreign dominance of Australian resource development. Ownership



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AUSTRALIA

restrictions were placed on banking, broadcasting, newspapers and insurance. In uranium mining, 75 percent Australian equity was demanded in all new projects. In other resource industries, like mining, agriculture, fishing and forestry, the minimum local equity limit was 50 percent.

But these restrictions were softened in 1978, when the government decided that economic recovery led by foreign investment was the cure for the country's problems. In June of that year, the government announced modifications to the guidelines to enable foreign-owned companies with less than the 50 percent minimum of Australian equity to go ahead with their investment plans in natural resources by "naturalising" them.

To become a "naturalised" Australian company, all a business had to do was to have a minimum 25 percent of local ownership and promise to make up the difference, as well as providing in its articles of association for a majority of Australian citizens on its board. Giving "naturalisation" immediately offered foreign firms free reign to take over existing local businesses and to engage in a wide range of resource developments.

The vague nature of the Board's restrictions on foreign investment has come in for strong criticism from some quarters. "Our criticism is of the guidelines and policies of the Foreign Investment Review Board," says Ralph Willis. "I'm not denigrating the personnel involved. Basically, the policy of 51 percent or over majority of Australian ownership in the resources industry — a guideline which has been rather flexible in that area — has not always resulted in anything like 50 percent ownership, although there are vague assurances that it will be reached.

"But for other areas of Australian industry, there is no guideline at all. The Labor Party's view is that we would insist on a majority of Australian ownership and we would demand that there be some timetable for achieving Australian ownership. There is currently no timetable or penalty for failing to achieve 50 percent local control," Willis said.

"A clear timetable should be laid down and if adherence to that timetable is not achieved without good reason, then the penalty of divestment should apply ... That is, owners would be forced to divest their ownership to Australian buyers."

A typical example of the government's failure to adhere to the foreign investment guidelines laid down for the FIRB was its decision in the Roxbury Downs copper-uranium gold prospect in the late 1970s. The government gave foreign investment approval for the British Petroleum group to go into the project with the Australian-owned Western Mining Corporation. That resulted in only 51 percent local equity, a major deficit on the government's 75 percent minimum on local uranium projects. The most significant factor behind the decision was that BP's main rival for the Roxbury partnership was BHP, Australia's largest company, and BHP's tender was reported to be very close to BP's.

The FIRB certainly seems to have done its best to promote foreign investment. In the 1977/78 financial year, it considered 1052 foreign investment proposals. Of these, only six were formally rejected. A further 24 were withdrawn before a decision was made. A majority of the acceptances were for the taking over of Australian businesses by foreign interests. In the financial year ending June 1981, 1140 of the 1172 deals approved by the FIRB were for the acquisition in whole or in part of existing Australian businesses.

The small businessman has been one of the hardest hit in the foreign capital flood. The President of the Small Businessmen's Association, Jonathon Fowler, is critical of the FIRB's performance and the effect of its decisions on the small businessman. "It has shown scant regard for Australia, its way of life and the preservation of its assets," says Fowler. "The FIRB's attitude to the acceptance of overseas investments has been cavalier to say the least."

As an example of the impact of foreign capital on the small businessman, Fowler cites the Birkenhead Point shopping complex at Drummoyne in Sydney. "We have seen Birkenhead sold off to overseas interests (purchased in March 1981 for $20 million by Singapore businessmen Ho Why Chung and Ho Sim Guam), and the return those buyers want on their investment has caused financial hardship to the established businesses there due to the high rents demanded by the owners. Many overseas investors want 10 or 12 percent return on their real estate investments in Australia — when the Australian economy, in a small business sense and in an investment sense, may only be capable of giving five or six percent.

"The financial hardship experienced by small businessmen as a result of those foreign investments is reflected in the number of empty shops in the Birkenhead complex. The Anthony Hordens building in Sydney is another example. It was sold to overseas interests and the small businesses in the building were immediately hit with a 100 percent increase in rents."

Fowler also objects to the overseas dominance of Australian banks and financial institutions, and their lack of interest in the welfare of the small businessman. "The result of the dominance of Australian financial institutions by overseas concerns is that interest rates are kept high," Fowler says. "Overseas companies can put cash into Australia and get 22 to 24 percent return on their money in preference to the 13 or 14 percent they get in the US or the UK. The large companies are more interested in making money by moving money than lending it to small businessmen."

"Attendance has hit a new high — someone slipped a vibrator into the chimpanzee cage."

The implications of these trends against the small businessman are rather depressing. His share in Australia's future is looking thin. A recent publication put out by the Enterprise Australia organisation and titled *Opportunities For Small Business In Australia* aimed to identify the sectors of the Australian economy which were most suitable for small business in the 1980s. The main slant of the book was the suggestion that service industries were the most likely to succeed in the current economic climate — laundries, cleaning, and services to agriculture and mining. In other words, the small businessman was being told to throw away his pinstripe suit and go and buy a lawn-mower, to be the lackey of a larger concern rather than the master of his own destiny.

Do Australians care about the degree of foreign ownership of their country's resources? A recent survey by Reark Research asked Australians which current issues they were most worried about. Out of 13 topics, they picked the foreign ownership issue fifth after the threat of a third world war, rising fuel costs, rising taxes and interest rates and the standard of their political leaders.

But despite their obvious interest in overseas control of Australian assets, Australians have difficulty in recognising just which firms are foreign-owned. To some extent, this is a result of clever marketing campaigns, which graft a local image on to an overseas-controlled product.

Hugh McKay's Bathurst Centre For Communications Studies conducted a poll last year to determine whether Australians could identify locally-owned companies and distinguish Australian businesses from overseas firms. More than 1000 respondents were questioned and a large number of them revealed a high level of ignorance of the foreign ownership issue. Forty percent of respondents thought companies like Kelloggs, Nabisco, Carnation and Bushells were wholly Australian-owned, when in fact they are controlled by at least 51 percent of foreign interests. Fifty-two percent of those surveyed believed that the big Australian — BHP — was also wholly Australian-owned. In fact, overseas shareholders control at least 20 percent of BHP.

The sale of rural land in Australia over the last five years provides a typical example of the lack of records and restraints on foreign investment in Australia.

In reply to a question in the Senate last year, Senator Chaney told Senator Chipp that " ... information is not at present available on the total amount of land owned by foreign investors in Australia." But at a conservative estimate, an area twice the size of Tasmania has been sold to foreign interests in the last five years — about 13.8 million hectares, according to FIRB reports.

There has been a significant increase in the acquisition of rural land in Australia in recent years. In 1979/80, the consideration involved in rural land sales totalled $71.1 million. In the 1980/81 period, this rose to $87.5 million. The most up-to-date figures on the subject reveal a further rise in rural land sales. There were a total of 24 applications for rural land in the last December quarter, compared to 15 in the equivalent last September period.

One of the factors inhibiting an accurate assessment of the rural real estate scene is the fact that transactions worth less than $350,000 do not require FIRB approval. The era of large-scale overseas investment in rural Australia goes back to the early days of the nation's history, when the big English pastoral houses like Dalgety's Scottish Australia and Vesty's held hundreds of thousands of square kilometres across the top of the country.

In the 1980s, the big land buyers are now coming from the Middle East, the Philippines, West Germany, America, Britain and Malaysia. The Malaysian state of Sabah recently purchased three properties, including the 1215 square kilometre Montejinni Station in the Northern Territory, for $3.4 million. Other recent large acquisitions include the Willeroo Station, bought by the Sultanate of Brunei for $5.4 million, the 5346 square kilometre Elsey Station and the Hodgson Downs Station, both bought by Hong Kong interests.

A number of organisations have expressed concern at the amount of rural land being sold to foreigners. The National Farmers' Federation and The Cattlemen's Union have pressed for the introduction of a register of foreign landowners, but the Federal Government showed little interest in the proposal.

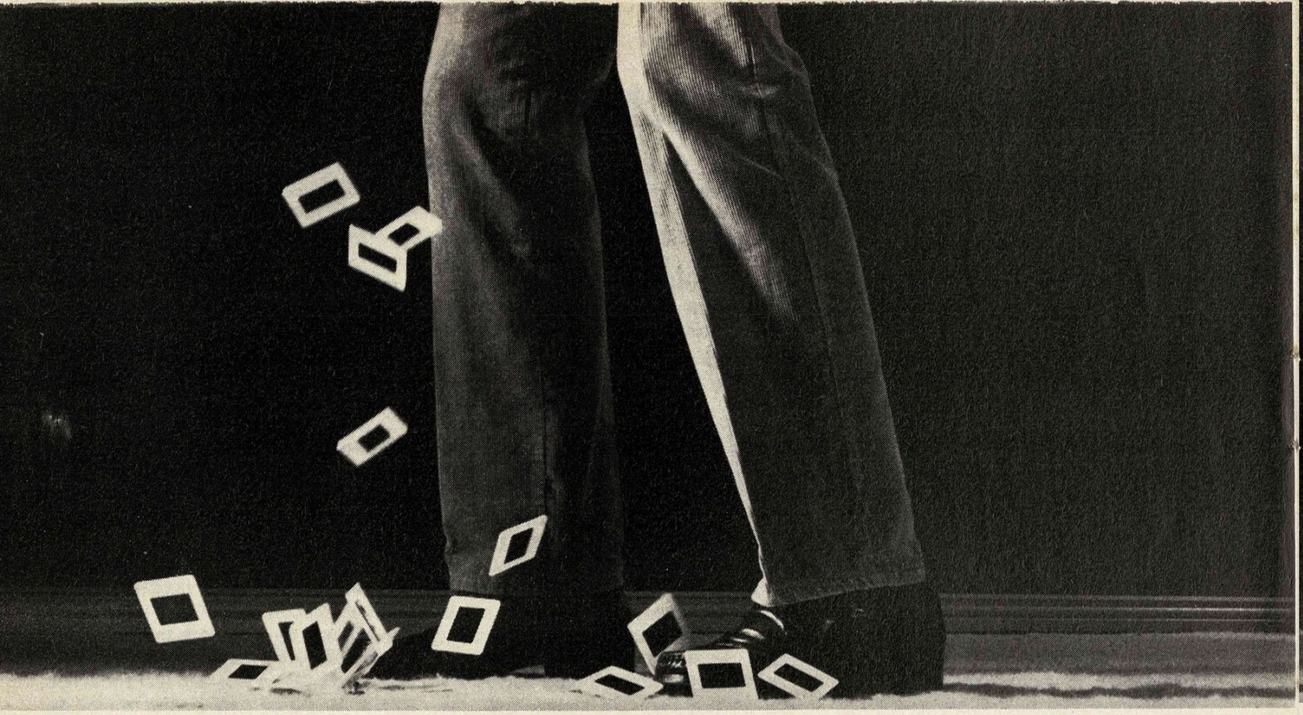
Moves are being made in Queensland to set up a register, despite the opposition of the Premier.

Concern about foreign ownership is not restricted to Queensland. Anxiety has been so widespread that the National Farmers' Federation has called for the appointment of a rural representative to the FIRB.

In November 1981, NFF President Michael Davidson asked his members to provide specific information in cases where it was believed foreign investment guidelines were being broken.

It seems the only certain fact about the sale of Australian rural land to foreign interests is that Australians don't know enough about it. President of the Queensland National Party, Sir Robert Sparkes, summed up the situation when he said that governments were not only selling off the farm, but that they didn't know who was buying it or who had previously owned it.

"Anything?"



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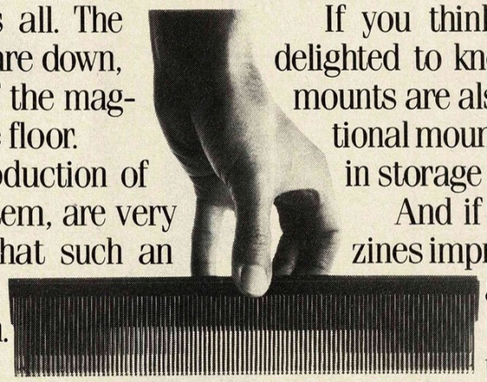

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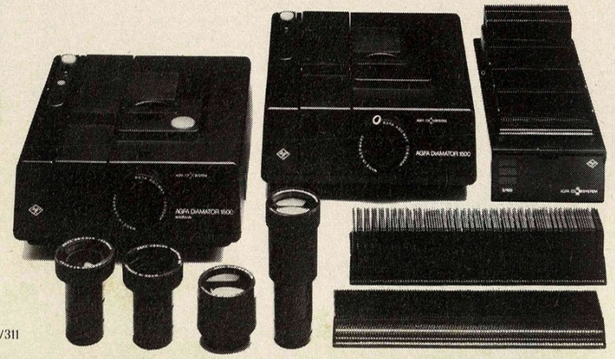

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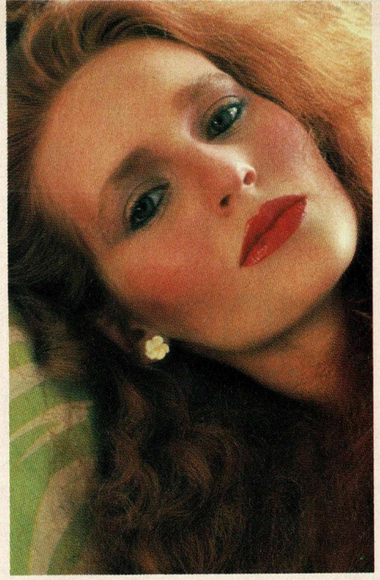
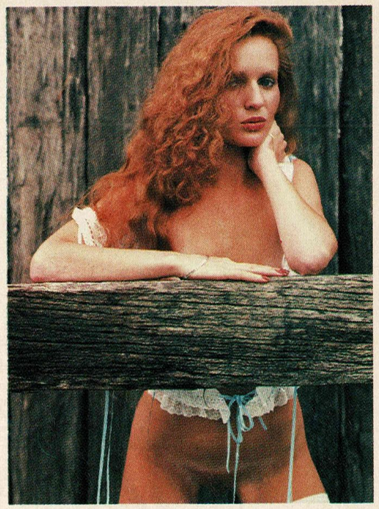




AMANDA FORD
October 1981

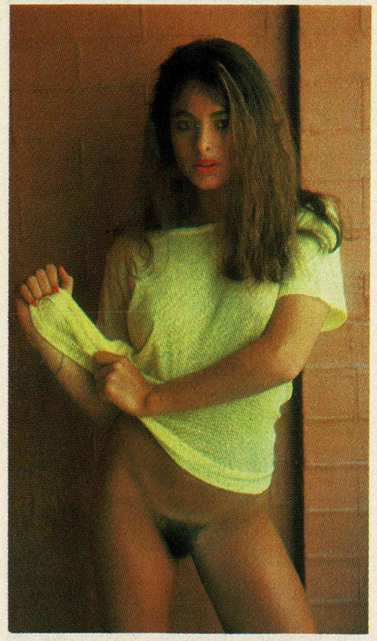
Amanda is a true romantic — a lady who yearns for the genteel lifestyle of more elegant times. But she's bright and versatile as well, able to immerse herself in running barefoot through a country field on one day and then slipping into a studio to do backup vocals for a heavy metal band the next. The petite 23-year-old Pet with that arresting mane of flame-colored hair is most attracted by the tall, dark, handsome type — particularly those who have the quality of subtlety, "the way some men have of letting you know they adore you just by looking into your eyes. It's an attitude, an understanding." Amanda is a delicate rose of infinite charm.

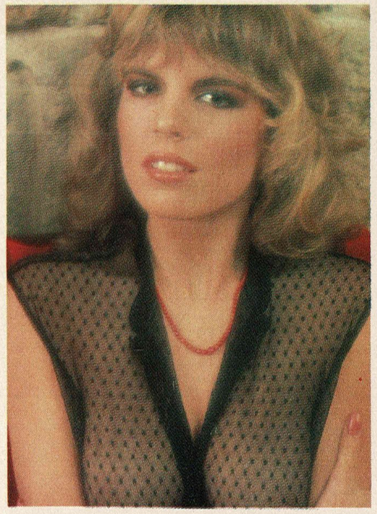
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

LEA TURNER
March 1982

It's not hard to believe that 19-year-old Lea could have been a champion athlete had she not forsaken that path for a crack at modelling. Lea is the epitome of lean, lithe loveliness. Her dark beauty is the stuff of every romantic novel, and a strong launching pad for the acting career that she longs for. With Canadian, Spanish, Maltese and Aboriginal grandparents, she's a harmonious blend of the best of all worlds. Her passions are touch football, horseriding and netball — and of course, making love to a man who has a sense of romanticism. With two films already behind her, Lea is on the way to fulfilling her dream: the dream of a pragmatic young lady who knows what she wants, but is not afraid to reveal her tender side.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

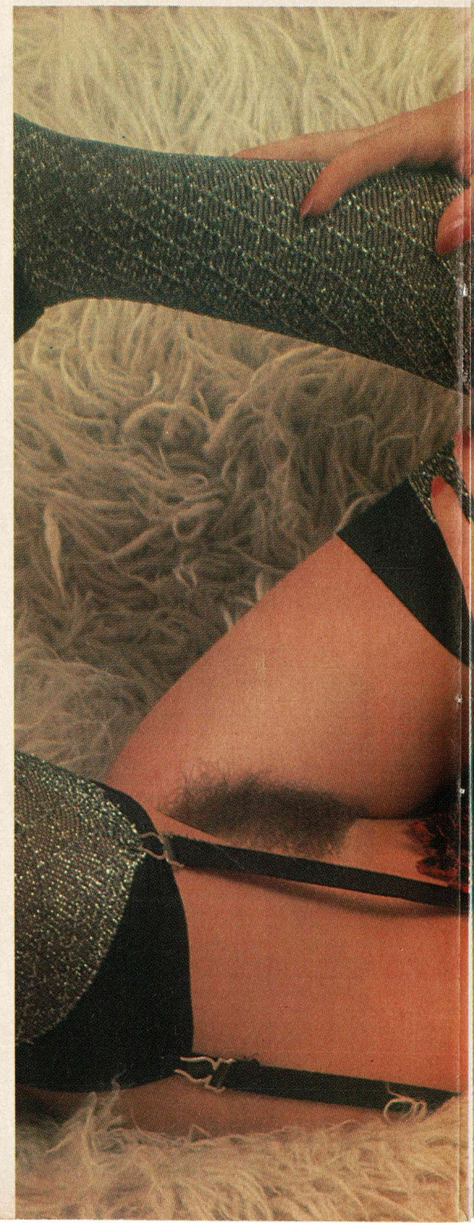




CARLA ADAMS
August 1982

Ultra-svelte Carla is wired for speed — if it's sleek, streamlined and fast, like herself, then she's interested. She prowls the streets of Adelaide in her black John Goss Special V8 Ford on the way to indulging her passions for fast horses, shooting, skiing and skindiving. But our 18-year-old traffic-stopper likes to temper her abundant energy with periods of reflection. Carla is drawn toward the humanities — but then she's also ambitious for a career in singing, acting or car racing. Bed is the only place she'll let herself be dominated, preferring the touch of a masterful hand.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH



MARILYN NATTY
September 1982

Marilyn doesn't want to be an actress, nor does she want to take on the world in any other capacity. A shy 26-year-old country girl, she came to Sydney six years ago to launch a modelling career. Since then Marilyn has spread her wings and explored many exotic travel spots. Although this classically-featured blonde is pretty happy with the world as it is, she retains a playful rebelliousness and a fondness for surprises. Marilyn loves a man who can sweep her off her feet with a genuinely witty one-liner and prefers to be treated "a bit like a skittish filly — with that bit of force to stop me from backing off." Our demure Pet's life has been dedicated to the pursuit of happiness: "If I'm unhappy, I just kick up my heels and fly away."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WARWICK GIBSON

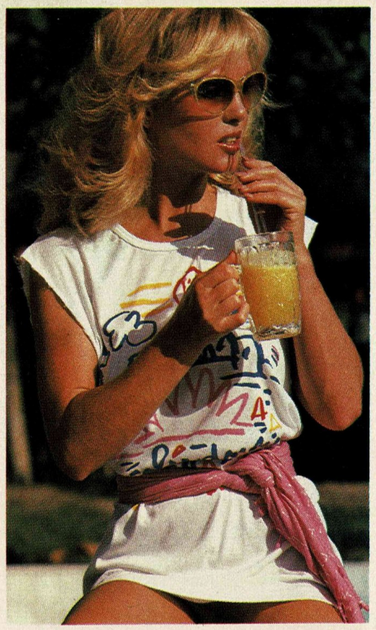


Illustration by Braldt Bralds

Even the largest sting operation in narcotics history didn't harm Bolivia's coke industry

THE GREAT BOLIVIAN COCAINE SCAM

BY JONATHAN KANDELL

Basically, there are two ways to travel from the United States to Bolivia. Most tourists prefer the package tour by Boeing from Miami to La Paz, an overnight flight mixing fitful naps with visions of Indian markets and reed boats floating across Lake Titicaca. Since Richie Fiano's only interest was to score about half a tonne of cocaine, he skipped the travel brochures and passport formalities and took the other way: an antique twin-prop Convair from a small southern Florida airfield, across the Caribbean, then over the Brazilian Amazon. And now that the rickety plane was bouncing along a dirt runway on a secluded ranch deep in the jungle of northern Bolivia, Richie Fiano was very worried man.

Fiano and his three companions, agents of the US Drug Enforcement Administration, were attempting the greatest sting operation in narcotics history. Posing as American mafiosi, they had made a deal with Roberto Suarez, overlord of Bolivia's drug-smuggling industry, to purchase more than a tonne of cocaine base each month for processing and distribution in the US. According to DEA estimates, this would have amounted to nearly a third of the cocaine that was reaching the American market.

There had been weeks of patient negotiations with Suarez lieutenants in Buenos Aires, Miami, and Santa Cruz, Bolivia. A dozen DEA agents, men and women, had carefully rehearsed their roles as racketeers and underworld cocaine chemists. A beach house and limousines had been placed at the disposal of the Bolivian mobsters. And $9 million had been borrowed from the Federal Reserve Bank in Miami as projected payment to Suarez for the first delivery.

But there had been enough small hitches along the way — Bolivian emissaries who failed to show up in Miami, scuttled flight plans, postponed rendezvous — to cast doubt on the outcome of the operation. And the Convair was flying into a Suarez stronghold, where the DEA had not a shred of leverage to negotiate out of a potential trap.

"As we're landing," recalls Fiano, "all these Bolivian Indians come scurrying out of their hooches, running toward us, and I'm thinking what's to stop them from holding us hostage and ordering Miami to release the $9 million?"

Two years have passed since the Convair's flight into the Bolvian wilderness. Fiano and his buddies made it back to Miami, with 387 kgs of cocaine base worth more than $100 million on the streets. Two ranking members of the Suarez organisation are languishing in Florida prisons. Suarez's own son, Roberto Jr, was arrested in Switzerland last December with a false passport and a reported $10 million in cash. He has been indicted and his extradition to Miami is being sought by the US government.

A classic stroke of undercover work? Definitely. Impact on the Bolivian cocaine traffic? Nil. Only two months after the sting against Suarez, a coup brought to power military officials whose chief concern was to protect the burgeoning drug empire created by Suarez and other large traffickers against this kind of outside disruption. Another coup in 1981 has done nothing to impair the military-civilian cocaine alliance. This year's coca harvest in Bolivia will, according to all reports, set an all-time record.

And Roberto Suarez? He remains the cocaine king

COCAINE

of the world, conservatively grossing $400 million a year from the annual export of 25 tonnes or more of the semiprocessed drug to Colombia, and from there, as white crystalline powder, to the American market.

The State Department is still trying to get Suarez to stand trial, and American economic aid to the country has been reduced to a trickle. DEA agents have repeatedly pinpointed his hideouts. They are having a good deal more trouble finding a military or police commander who would dare arrest him. For Roberto Suarez today is more powerful than the Bolivian President or any Bolivian general. His payroll and associates include generals, colonels, majors, captains, customs officials, Cabinet ministers, industrialists, businessmen, farmers, thugs and bodyguards, old Nazi fugitives, and thousands of peasants. He is de facto Chairman of the Board of Bolivia's largest economic enterprise. Not even the proverbial tin mines of the Bolivian Andes produce as much revenue or employ as many people as does the cocaine industry.

Statistically, Bolivia is the most economically backward nation in South America. Only Guyana ranks lower in per capita income. Coca's roots run deeply in this culture of poverty. For millennia, the Indians of Bolivia and Peru harvested the coca leaves of the Andean slopes. Their descendants chew wads of the leaves daily to stifle hunger, overcome the drudgery of heavy workloads, and, supposedly, stimulate sexual prowess. In the unprocessed form, the leaves bear little chemical resemblance to cocaine, and are perfectly legal to harvest and distribute in Bolivia. So ingrained is the practice that factory workers, miners and rural laborers often have specified monthly rations of coca leaves written into their contracts. Bolivians would no sooner accept a prohibition on coca than Americans would stomach a ban on coffee.

Throughout most of this century, portions of the coca harvest have been processed into cocaine and smuggled into the US. The conversion involves pouring kerosene over the dried leaves, stomping on them overnight until they become pasty, then using sulphuric acid to turn the paste into a light-brown powder base, and finally, through a combination of ether and other chemicals, producing the snow-white cocaine hydrochloride crystals. Once in the United States, the powder is cut with borax and other substances down to a purity of only 12 percent or less before sale on the streets.

Until a decade ago, cocaine remained a low-priority target for American drug enforcement officials, whose main efforts were directed at disrupting street sales and intercepting shipments as they reached American shores. But in the late 1970s, cocaine's popularity grew so explosively that consumption was being estimated at 20 to 30 tonnes a year, with a street value of $25 billion or more. The only feasible way of denting the industry seemed to be undercover forays at the source — Colombia, Peru, and Bolivia.

The Colombians, thanks to their relatively sophisticated chemical industry, have enjoyed a much better reputation that the Bolivians for converting cocaine base into a finished, high-quality powder. Their proximity to the US and their smuggling expertise have also established the Colombians as the middlemen of the cocaine trade. To this day, less than a quarter of Bolivian cocaine is exported in finished crystal form. Virtually all the rest is sent as paste or base to Colombia.

The DEA reasoned that by skimming off the cream of the profits in the cocaine trade, the Colombians were on a collision

> After receiving a shipment of bad-quality cocaine base from Suarez, the Colombians castrated one of his couriers as a warning

course with Suarez and the other Bolivians. By late 1979 and early 1980, Suarez in fact had a series of fallouts with his Colombian buyers. After receiving a large shipment of particularly bad-quality cocaine base from Suarez, the Colombians castrated one of his couriers as a warning. A few weeks later, five Colombian buyers were gunned down in Santa Cruz by Suarez hit men.

Suarez started to complain about the untrustworthiness of the Colombians and sought direct access to the American market. Getting wind of Suarez's discontent, DEA agents in Bolivia spread rumors that there were American underworld figures willing to bypass the Colombians and deal with Bolivian producers.

In April 1980, the DEA succeeded in making contact with a lieutenant in the Suarez organisation. Mike Levine, an agent working out of the American embassy in Argentina, met with Marcelo Ibanez in a Buenos Aires bar. Ibanez, a former rancher from Santa Cruz and a close associate of Suarez, had been told by a go-between that Levine was a Florida-based Mafia figure with an extensive cocaine distribution network. Levine, who came to the DEA with a professional acting background, is a tall man, about 45 years old, with dark, Mediterranean looks, and seemed to fit the role of a racketeer.

Levine commiserated with Ibanez, acknowledging that the Colombians were a wild bunch who were violent and prone to rip-offs. He explained that he had a large organisation working the whole East Coast of the US from Miami to New York. Levine assured Ibanez that key American customs officials were on his payroll, making it easy to bring drugs into the country. And he claimed to have a fully equipped laboratory, employing bona fide chemists, to process the cocaine base into pure crystalline form.

Ibanez responded enthusiastically. Suarez, he explained, had been dealing with half a dozen Colombian syndicates, and now he wanted to simplify his operations by finding two main buyers — one of them Colombian and the other an American. The Bolivian suggested that Suarez could sell Levine about 1000 kilos of cocaine base a month.

This was a far larger amount than the DEA had ever thought of handling. A single monthly shipment would have surpassed the total seizures made in Miami during all of the previous year. More to the point, the agency would have been unable to come up with the $18 to $20 million necessary to show Suarez that it could purchase that much cocaine. Making some quick mental calculations, Levine countered Ibanez with an offer to initially buy 500 kilos of cocaine base. If that deal went through smoothly, he would be ready to absorb 1000 kilos a month. In the meantime, Levine invited Ibanez, Suarez, and his son, Roberto Jr, up to Miami to inspect his organisation, his laboratories, even spend some time at his home, where they could meet his family and associates.

With little haggling, Levine agreed to pay $18,000 a kilo, or $9 million for the 500 kilos. Once refined and then sold on the streets, the shipment would have brought more than $200 million on 1980 prices. Levine told Ibanez that he and Suarez would be shown the $9 million in Miami, well before the delivery of the drugs.

The only hitch in the negotiations in Buenos Aires was the failure of Suarez to meet with Levine. It was to be a sign of the Bolivian's caution in all stages of the deal. "We never saw him, or even talked to him directly," said a DEA agent in Washington. "He sends everybody, even his own family, out to test the waters. And he remains out of sight."

Ibanez returned to Bolivia to consult further with Suarez. Meanwhile, Levine flew back to Miami to mull over the mind-boggling quantities of cocaine he was being offered, and to set the sting operation in motion.

Until the Buenos Aires meeting, the DEA was uncertain just how much cocaine base was being smuggled out of Bolivia. As late as 1977, the agency was divided on whether Peru or Bolivia was the larger producer. It now became evident that the Bolivians had spurted ahead, and that Suarez was the single biggest cocaine merchant in the world.

In a very few years, the cocaine boom has radically reshaped the political and economic geography of Bolivia. For most of this century — and hundreds of years before — the nation's meagre fortunes and the bulk of its population were linked to the mineral-rich Andean range.

Since 1977, cocaine has brought the neglected northern and eastern parts of Bolivia into the economic and political mainstream. All of the country's endemic disadvantages — its landlocked borders, inaccessible interior, wretched rural poverty, political instability, ingrained government corruption, and long-standing tradition of contraband — emerged as pillars of strength for the cocaine industry.

The Chapare, the godforsaken tropical highland of east-central Bolivia, has proved a natural greenhouse for new coca plantations. The leaves that grow there are too bitterly acid to chew but produce a high-quality base. The dearth of roads poses no real economic hardship and ensures privacy. Brigades of machete-wielding peasants cut hundreds of miles of footpaths. An even larger army of campesinos carries 23 kg loads of coca leaves along the paths to clandestine laboratories. In fact, the only asphalted highway in the Chapare is used by the coca growers, mainly to dry their leaves in the sun before compressing them into bundles for the pack carriers. On an average day during the harvest season, a 6.5 km stretch of the highway is blanketed on one side with dehydrating coca leaves while traffic is diverted to a single lane.

Most of the clandestine cocaine laboratories are now installed in the Beni, the jungle-and-savanna province of northern Bolivia, which is even more isolated and inaccessible than the Chapare. The Beni has only about 300,000 inhabitants. There are no paved highways and few roads of any kind. The only economic activity, besides cocaine, is cattle. The livestock, introduced into the province three centuries ago by Jesuit missionaries, multiplied into large, wild herds. Only in recent years have ranchers built dirt airstrips to transport the butchered cattle to markets in La Paz and the Andean tin mines several hundred kilometres southeast. And many of these same tiny airfields now serve as staging points for the sophisticated network that ferries processed and semi-processed cocaine through Bolivia, across Brazil, into Colombia, and then to Florida.

The business and banking capital of this cocaine trade is Santa Cruz, the main city of eastern Bolivia. It is the gathering place of Colombian and American buyers, and the garrison for the army and airforce contingents who offer cocaine smugglers protection and secure contraband routes. Oil, natural gas, and agriculture gave this once-wild frontier town its first taste of prosperity a decade ago. Cocaine has swathed Santa Cruz with a flashy veneer of wealth that sets it apart from the rest of the country. The city's understated Spanish colonial downtown district of low-slung white-stucco and red-tile buildings has been encircled by suburban mansions. The shops are stocked with the latest stereo and video equipment, most of it contraband financed by coca-dollars. Santa Cruz probably has more BMWs and Mercedes per capita than any other Latin American city. Some policemen patrol in Datsun sports cars.

Like virtually all other Bolivian cocaine barons, Roberto Suarez is a man of these hinterlands. From his family, who controlled the country's rubber trade at

> $9 million in $100 bills was borrowed from the Federal Reserve to impress the Bolivians that Levine was prepared to pay cash on delivery

the turn of the century, Suarez inherited some modest cattle ranches in the Beni, the Chapare, and Santa Cruz. He was not much of a cattleman, but he sent his son, Roberto Jr, to Texas A & M in the hope that he would improve the family ranching operations. The father's limited farming acumen was further hampered by his weakness for gambling. A cousin remembers him losing $60,000 in one night at a La Paz casino eight years ago.

Suarez was, however, an accomplished pilot of small planes, and he developed a profound knowledge of the geography of the Bolivian interior. By the early 1970s, he was flying contraband goods into the country from Brazil and Argentina. He also began selling small quantities of cocaine base abroad, usually no more than 10 or 20 kilos at a time. When the boom came after 1977, Suarez was far better positioned than most of the other small smugglers. He had contacts in customs, the police, and the armed forces. Rather than simply expanding his cocaine production, he hit upon the notion of acting as a middleman between the many small Bolivian smugglers and the big Colombian buyers. The idea appealed to corrupt military and police officials because it made the cocaine trade more manageable. And it made sense to the smaller traffickers because the arrangement relieved them of the expense of bribing the security forces and transporting the cocaine abroad. At present, Suarez controls fully half of the cocaine smuggled out of Bolivia.

Until a few years ago, friends described him as tall, robust, jovial, and generous. Nowadays, at close to 50 years of age, he is thin, almost emaciated, a heavy smoker of marijuana and cocaine base, and a social recluse who surrounds himself with an army of bodyguards, according to the few friends who occasionally catch a glimpse of him.

"I last saw him about a year ago," recalled a cattleman who grew up with Suarez in the Beni. "He flew into my ranch unannounced and walked up to the house with two bodyguards — foreigners, speaking German. I hardly recognised him, he was so skinny. And he didn't make much sense. He said he felt badly that he owed me money for such a long time, and then he opened this big piece of luggage. It was filled with $50 and $100 bills, and he said there was $50,000. I looked at him like he was crazy, and said: 'Roberto, this has to be a mistake. I never lent you any money.' And it was the truth. He just looked at me kind of strangely, closed the luggage, and walked back to the plane."

Suarez's bodyguards are mostly Argentine, Swiss, Austrian, and South African neo-fascists. They were trained and recruited by Klaus Altmann, a former Nazi SS colonel who found refuge in Bolivia more than 30 years ago from charges that he had slaughtered hundreds of French Resistance members and deported thousands of Jews while he was Gestapo chief in the French city of Lyons.

The guards are spread over a dozen different locations in northern and eastern Bolivia because Suarez rarely spends more than two days in any one place. He does sit still in Santa Cruz whenever a large deal is in the offing. And it was there, in one of his large mansions, that he fielded phone calls from Marcelo Ibanez during the negotiations with Levine in Buenos Aires and Miami.

After being briefed by Levine on his return to Florida, the DEA decided to finance one of its most expensive undercover operations. A three-bedroom house was rented during May 1980 in Fort Lauderdale, just across from the beach, stocked with Johnny Walker and Tanqueray gin and wired with a stereo for the salsa music that Suarez supposedly enjoyed. Two Lincoln Continental limousines were leased. Women agents were brought over to Miami to act as maids and escorts for the Bolivians. A warehouse in Miami was outfitted as a cocaine laboratory with funnels, cookers, and an agent, Paul Sen-

nett, as its chief chemist. Finally, $9 million in $100 bills was borrowed from the Federal Reserve, and deposited in six giant safety-deposit boxes at a Miami suburban bank to impress upon the Bolivians that the Levine organisation was prepared to pay cash on delivery.

Mike Levine installed himself in the beach house, along with Frances Johnson, a young, attractive Spanish-speaking agent from the DEA's San Francisco office, who posed as his wife. Richie Fiano, a short, chunky, bearded agent in his early 30s, was designated Levine's chauffeur and chief lieutenant in the Florida area. After a number of telephone calls to Bolivia, it was agreed that Ibanez, Suarez and his son would arrive in Miami on May 15.

"Myself, Mike, and a couple of other agents, we go out to Miami airport early that morning to pick up the Bolivians on the flight from Santa Cruz," recounts Fiano. "But the only guy who shows up is Ibanez. He gives us some reason or another why Suarez couldn't make it. So we say no big deal, and we drive Ibanez back to the house.

"Now, we thought we had rented a pretty impressive place," continues Fiano, an Italian-American from the Bronx. "Hell, we're paying $2500 a month. It's a great neighborhood. The house is big, has its own swimming pool, and it's right across from the ocean. But Ibanez looks at the place like it's good enough for the hired help. And he tells us that back on his ranch in Bolivia our swimming pool could pass for a small duck pond."

The DEA agents didn't quite know what to make of Ibanez. A few centimetres under 1.8 metres tall, thin, clean-cut, with wavy-dark hair, and in his late 30s, he had the air of a successful young businessman. His mood oscillated sharply between supreme self-confidence and deep anxiety. "We were planning on a party with the girls, maybe a quick trip to Las Vegas, even a couple of Broadway shows," said Fiano. "But Ibanez didn't want any of it. Wouldn't even touch a drop of booze. He just wanted to leave as soon as possible."

Ibanez spent most of the day closeted in the beach house on the phone with Suarez in Santa Cruz. He emerged only to take a brief drive along the waterfront with Levine, Fiano and Pepe, a Spanish-speaking agent. He didn't even ask to see the $9 million or the cocaine laboratory. He turned down a suggestion that the Suarez gang deliver the cocaine base in the Brazilian Amazon or Colombia and insisted that the pickup be made in Bolivia. At one point, he demanded that Frances, the woman posing as Levine's wife, fly down with him to the rendezvous point in Bolivia as a sign of the Americans' good faith. When Levine demurred, Ibanez then suggested that Fiano come along, pretending to be Levine's son, because Suarez would be sending his own son to the meeting in the Bolivian jungles.

At least one of the agents found this behavior peculiar, and suspected that the Suarez people might be setting a trap of their own. The agent objected that Fiano was only a dozen years younger than Levine, and could not possibly pass for his son. But Ibanez, claiming that he was anxious to see the deal go through, said he was prepared to lie to Suarez, who in any event had not met Levine and did not know what he looked like.

"I argued that Ibanez was levelling with us," said Fiano. "In fact, I thought he had bought the whole story hook, line and sinker. He was just nervous. I thought maybe he had a personal stake in seeing this thing through. He was the guy who had set the whole deal up for Suarez, and maybe he was thinking that if it went

> Handing Fiano a kilo of pure white cocaine, Ibanez said: "I want you to take this to Mike to show him our word is good"

through he would move up in the organisation. Anyway, he did seem nervous. He was getting along best with Pepe, maybe because Pepe's Spanish was so good. So that night Pepe took him to dinner and assured him there would be no problems.

After dinner, a final meeting took place in the beach house to sort out the details of the flight to Bolivia. Three pilots, US military veterans working for the DEA, came to the house and talked to Ibanez about the route to Bolivia, the terrain and the length of the clandestine airstrip where the landing would be made. Ibanez placed a last phone call to Roberto Suarez to inform him of the type of aviation fuel the plane would need for its return trip to Florida, and to receive precise instructions. He was told by Suarez that a Bolivian pilot would meet the plane when it made an intermediary stop in the Brazilian Amazon city of Manaus and guide the flight into the Bolivian jungle. His emissaries in Miami would collect the $9 million once the plane had taken off from Bolivia with 500 kilos of cocaine base.

Early the next day, May 16, just 24 hours after his arrival, Ibanez and the DEA agents drove to a small airfield near Fort Lauderdale to begin the trip to South America. Ibanez was startled by the poor quality of the plane. The Convair was about 40 years old, and he commented to Fiano that it was the kind of aircraft used in Bolivia to transport meat. "We were worried that such a low-class plane might cause us some credibility problems, but it really was the only aircraft we could afford," recalls Fiano. "Ibanez said to us he couldn't understand how we were willing to risk $9 million in cocaine with this piece of shit."

Carrying Ibanez, Fiano, and the three pilots, the Convair took off from Florida, refuelled in Puerto Rico, and laid over in Barbados. Ibanez made several phone calls to Suarez, and then, without any real explanation, told the DEA agents that it would take several more days before the cocaine would be ready for a pickup in Bolivia. The next four days were spent sunbathing and deep-sea fishing in Barbados. Finally, on May 20, the Convair took off again and landed that afternoon in Manaus. At a downtown hotel, in a sweltering room so small that only one person could stand up at a time, the Convair's passengers were joined by Renato Roca Suarez, the 30-year-old nephew of Roberto Suarez. He was an experienced pilot and brought along aerial maps of the landing zone in Bolivia.

The destination was to be an isolated ranch carved out of the jungle in the Beni. Roca Suarez marked off an airstrip on the edge of a large lake, called Rogoaguado, as the site of the rendezvous with the cocaine shipment. The dirt runway, however, was shorter than the minimum requirement of the Convair. One of the DEA pilots pointed out that while the strip might be long enough to land on, it would be difficult for the plane, fully loaded and refuelled, to take off again.

"We argued it back and forth," said Fiano. "But in the end we figured, what the hell, we're this far along, and we gotta go for it."

The next morning, the Convair set out for Bolivia. The pilots filed a flight plan to the Bolivian air-force control tower in Santa Cruz. Then, following Roca Suarez's instructions, they informed Santa Cruz that they were turning back to Brazil because of technical problems. But instead, they flew at low altitude toward the secluded ranch in northern Bolivia. Roca Suarez told Fiano that they could probably remain an hour on the ground before Santa Cruz wondered why they had lost radio contact and sent out search planes for them.

It was a rough landing, and the hydraulic line controlling the nose wheel was damaged. Initially startled by the large group of Indians running toward the craft, Fiano relaxed a bit when he saw them carting large gasoline drums to refuel the Convair. Within minutes, a small, single-engine plane circled above and then landed. Ibanez went over to talk to the pilot, who was Roberto Suarez, Jr., and brought him over to meet Fiano and the other agents. Short, thin, dark-complexioned, and in his mid-20s, the son of Roberto Suarez spoke a perfect Texan dialect, which he had learned during his time at Texas A & M.

There would be a short delay, not more than an hour, he explained, before the shipment of cocaine base arrived. Meanwhile, the Indians would form a bucket brigade to refuel the Convair.

"At this point, we're not only worried that the Bolivian Air Force is going to catch up with us," said Fiano. "We're also concerned that this is just one big hummer. Now, over in Miami, you can go out and hum all day for a guy who says he'll bring you a kilo of coke and never does, and it's no big thing. But for this operation, we had spent like thousands and thousands on the plane, the beach house, the cars, the agents. It was going to be one big embarrassment if these guys didn't come through."

In less than an hour, another small plane landed. It was carrying dozens of black, plastic garbage bags filled with cocaine base in light-brown powder form. Ibanez explained that the delay was due to the relatively poor quality of the initial shipment. This load, he said, was not quite 400 kilos, but the quality was supposed to be excellent.

Then, handing Fiano a kilo of pure white cocaine, Ibanez said: "I want you to take this present to Mike to show him that our word is good, that we're friends, and we're sorry for any problems along the way. We want this arrangement to work."

Roberto Jr, who had been monitoring the radio, reported that the Bolivian Air Force had sent out planes to search for the Convair and that a takeoff would have to be made quickly.

"Now Ibanez says to me that he's going back to Santa Cruz, and to please, please, as soon as we were in the air, call Miami and have the money released," recalls Fiano. "He let us know that he was way out on a limb, that he just hoped everything would work out okay. He pleaded with us not to rip him off. I guess it was at that point that I was really relieved. I smiled and I told him he didn't have a thing to worry about.

"Our only problem was taking off," continued Fiano. "The hydraulic system was ruptured on the landing. With the 387 kg of cocaine base and the fuel tanks loaded, we were carrying a lot more weight. We started down the runway, hitting all those potholes, and we just missed the lake at the end of the strip. A little less wind under the wings, and we would have nosedived right into the water."

Back in Miami, Mike Levine had already met with another Suarez henchman, Alfredo Gutierrez, and had shown him the money in the bank safety-deposit boxes that would be turned over as soon as the Convair flew out of Bolivia. Gutierrez, a dark, very stout, middle-aged man, was a former president of the Santa Cruz Chamber of Commerce and owner of a fleet of small airplanes in Bolivia. He was accompanied in Florida by Roberto Gasser, son of one of the wealthiest Santa Cruz industrialists.

After hearing from both Ibanez in Santa Cruz and Fiano en route from Bolivia that the cocaine base was being flown back to Florida, Levine picked up Gutierrez and Gasser at their Miami hotel and drove them over to the bank. John Lawler, another DEA agent posing as a bank security guard, welcomed them. As Gutierrez went into the vault and placed the key in a safety-deposit box, Levine and Lawler drew their guns and arrested the two Bolivians.

Meanwhile, in South America, Fiano and the three pilots made a refuelling stop

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in Manaus and then flew to Barbados. There, the plane's hydraulic line severed completely, forcing the crew to wait several days until repairs could be made. It wasn't until May 25 — nine days after the Convair began its journey to Bolivia — that the DEA agents arrived back in Florida with their cache of drugs.

The seizure of the cocaine proved far easier than the legal and diplomatic morass involved in bringing any Suarez associates to trial. The arrest of Gutierrez sparked a flood of protest letters from Bolivia. Cabinet ministers, generals, and industrialists sent documentation attesting to his character and honesty. Roberto Gasser was not formally charged, and within days of his arrest, was released.

"The thing is his name never came up throughout the case," said a DEA agent, now back in Bolivia. "He just showed up with Gutierrez at the last moment to pick up the money. In court, he stuck to his story that Gutierrez owed him a debt and had asked him to accompany him to the bank to pick it up."

Gutierrez was indicted on charges of conspiring to smuggle in and distribute the seized cocaine. A judge initially set his bail at $3 million. But he was then allowed to plea before US District Judge Alcee Hastings, who reduced bail to $1 million. In July 1980, Gutierrez's son presented two cashier's cheques totalling $1 million to the clerk of the court. His father walked out of detention, and fled to Bolivia. (Last December, Judge Hastings was indicted on charges of obstructing justice and conspiracy to solicit bribes from defendants in exchange for favorable treatment in his courtroom. Hastings fell into a trap when a retired FBI agent posing as a racketeer appearing before the judge offered him a $150,000 bribe.)

More than a year was to pass before Gutierrez and then Marcelo Ibanez were brought back to Miami to stand trial. In the meantime, Bolivia became the first country in the world to fall under the control of a government fronting for a drug mafia.

"Before the sting operation, we had some strong suspicions that the Suarez people were well connected to the military and political power structure in Bolivia," said DEA official. "But we didn't expect the whole damn Bolivian establishment to surface behind them."

Just a few weeks after the DEA's scam against Suarez, a small group of Santa Cruz industrialists met at a social club in their city with General Luis Garcia Meza, commander of the Bolivian Army. The businessmen, led by Erwin Gasser, whose son Roberto had been arrested by the DEA in Miami, were there to convince the general to carry out a military coup against the tottering civilian government in La Paz. A suitcase containing more than $1 million was passed across the table to Garcia Meza, according to participants at the meeting. The money included contributions from Roberto Suarez and other traffickers, who were concerned that the civilian government was about to clamp down on the cocaine trade because of a wave of adverse publicity and strong pressure from the American government.

A few days earlier, the cocaine mafia had turned over $800,000 to General Hugo Echeverria, commander of the army garrison in Santa Cruz, according to military and drug enforcement officials. Further payments were made to other ranking military officers, along with promises of much more money in the months ahead.

On July 17, 1980, General Garcia Meza led the 189th coup in Bolivia's 157-year history as an independent State. It was one of the more brutal military takeovers. Thousands of people were arrested, and numerous cases of torture and killing were reported. Although the ostensible motivation behind the coup was the fear that a left-wing civilian government would take power, it quickly became apparent that the cocaine bonanza played an even greater role. Paramilitary groups swept

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through government buildings burning all records of drug cases. The military officers most suspected of having close links with the cocaine traffic were given key government positions.

Besides General Garcia Meza, who emerged as President, Army Colonel Luis Arce Gomez, a cousin of Roberto Suarez, was appointed Minister of Interior. Apart from his family connection with Suarez, the colonel had an important stake in cocaine traffic through his joint ownership of a fleet of airplanes in the Santa Cruz area. A private plane owned by Army Colonel Norberto Salomon, a partner in Col. Arce Gomez's aircraft company, made a forced landing in the Beni in February 1980, and police sources said more than 680 kg of cocaine base were found on board. Thanks to high-level intervention, Colonel Salomon was cleared and was reassigned as army attache at Bolivia's embassy in Venezuela.

The United States reacted to the Garcia Meza coup by withholding recognition of his government, scaling down the size of the American embassy in La Paz and recalling the ambassador, and rescinding almost all economic aid to Bolivia. Then, when the military regime's strong links with the cocaine trade became obvious, Washington cut off the American anti-drug program in Bolivia.

With the election of President Reagan, the Bolivian government made an attempt to restore ties with Washington by carrying out a cosmetic crackdown on the drug trade. In February 1981, Garcia Meza forced Arce Gomez to resign as Minister of Interior. In the following weeks, dozens of small cocaine smugglers were arrested, and numerous small drug shipments were seized.

But only a few days later, a gathering of the largest cocaine traffickers in the country were told the government's true intentions. According to drug enforcement officials, the meeting took place in a Santa Cruz mansion in late February 1981. For diplomatic reasons, it was said, the government felt constrained to launch a highly publicised roundup of drug smugglers. It was suggested that the major cocaine figures transfer most of their drug operations away from the more visible Santa Cruz region to more secluded zones in the Chapare and the Beni. And to ensure continued government protection, increased payments to high officials were demanded. As a first contribution, half a million dollars was collected from the audience.

The farcical campaign to stamp out the cocaine trade ended a few months later, failing to convince Washington. Not even the lucrative profits from drug smuggling could make up for the deepening crisis in Bolivia's legal economy and the failure of the government to attract international credits because of its lamentable image abroad. So in September 1981, another military commander, General Celso Torrelio Villa, became President.

In an effort to repair relations with Washington, General Torrelio made at least one telling gesture. Last October, Alfredo Gutierrez, who had skipped bail after getting caught in the DEA's sting against the Suarez gang, was brought back to Miami under Bolivian police escort. A few weeks later Marcelo Ibanez also was flown up to Florida. In March, Ibanez was sentenced to 12 years' imprisonment after pleading guilty for his role in the sale of 387 kgs of cocaine to the DEA undercover agents.

In a stroke of luck, the Swiss police arrested Roberto Suarez Jr, in Locarno last December when he was caught using a false Colombian passport. Until now, the Bolivian government has indicated it would not contest Washington's request to have him extradited to Miami.

> Drug traffic has thoroughly corrupted the Bolivian military. It has destroyed officer hierarchy. Rank doesn't count unless you have drug connections

Neither DEA nor State Department officials believe that Torrelio himself is involved in the cocaine trade. But he appears too weak to clamp down on the traffic.

"Even if you could find a dozen honest generals and colonels, they would probably be gunned down by their colleagues and junior officers," says a diplomat stationed in La Paz. "The drug traffic has thoroughly corrupted the military. It has destroyed the hierarchy in the officer corps, because rank doesn't count unless you have drug connections. And even if you could somehow put together an expeditionary force to march against the cocaine growers in the Chapare and Santa Cruz, you would set off a peasant uprising, a real revolution. Those campesinos are making real money for the first time in their lives."

As if to underscore the validity of these remarks, earlier this year bombs partially destroyed the homes of two generals who had spoken out strongly against the cocaine trade. The explosions were believed to have been set off by junior officers.

The only source of optimism for the DEA now is a potentially significant backlash against the drug traffic in Bolivia itself. Until recently, cocaine was widely viewed as an American problem, and a boon for Bolivia. The refined powder was too expensive to be peddled in Bolivia. And it became a buoyant factor in the economy at a time when legal exports were in the doldrums.

Only a relatively small portion of the estimated $800 million to $1 billion a year in cocaine sales was being repatriated to Bolivia. But it was enough to stoke a nationwide boom in real estate, contraband retail trade, and other businesses. Until last year, the dollar was actually being sold more cheaply by black-market money-exchange dealers than by the official banks. Peasants were paying off their debts with wads of crisp dollar bills instead of pesos.

But now the economic crisis has reached tidal-wave proportions. Cocaine dealers have just about satiated their appetites for real estate and luxury goods. There are no other investments they want to make in Bolivia at this point. The bulk of their profits is being placed abroad, in American and Swiss banks.

About the only financial game that interests them in Bolivia is the money market. With a foreign debt of almost $4 billion, there are no dollars available in Bolivian banks. Desperate businessmen are willing to pay almost any price for coca-dollars. In one week last March, the black-market rate shot up from 50 pesos to over 100 pesos a dollar, and hundreds of bankruptcies were sweeping industry and farming. The Chamber of Agriculture took out ads in a Santa Cruz newspaper complaining that coca had become the only profitable crop in the country. A group of 200 enraged mothers stormed the Central Bank branch in Santa Cruz and held employees hostage until the government promised to give them dollars to send to their children, who were stranded abroad as university students.

"In the beginning, all of us thought that the cocaine trade wasn't such a terrible thing," said Luis Dario Vazquez, Secretary general of the Pro-Santa Cruz Committee — the biggest booster organisation in the city, embracing business, labor, and farmers. "A lot of the profits were being reinvested here. It was an important source of capital. But in the end, it has corrupted everything. They have a stranglehold over us."

Even Erwin Gasser, who is reputed to have played an important role in financing the 1980 coup that brought the military-civilian cocaine mafia to power, now sounds thoroughly dejected. His sugarcane farm and refinery — the biggest such operation in the country — is

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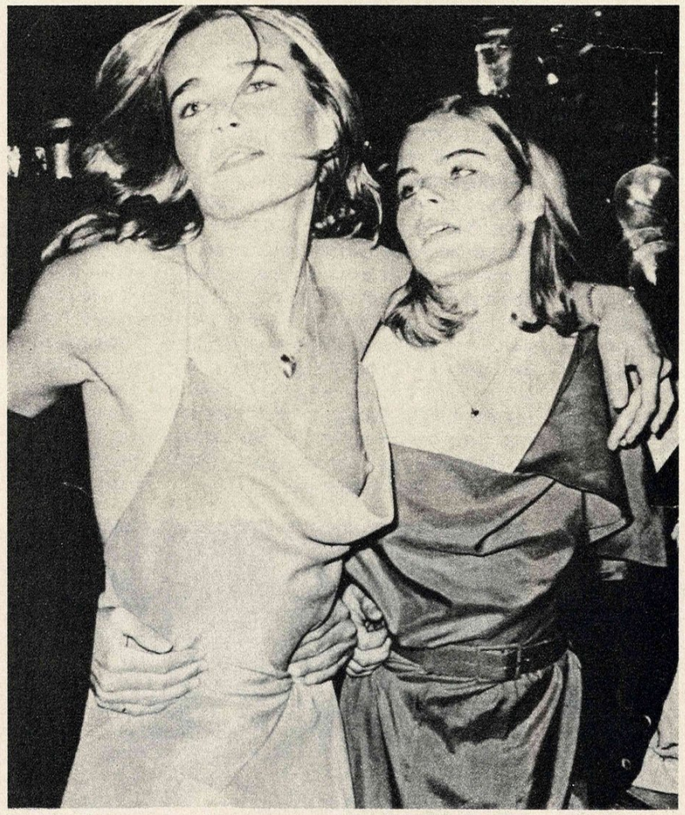
Photographing celebrities
when they least expect it can spell big money.
Or big trouble

SHOOTING STARS



Paparazzi inhabit a murky twilight world lying somewhere beyond the more charted provinces of the private detective, the hard-news photographer, the star-struck fan, and the gossip columnist. In Europe these curious creatures are often referred to simply as "scum," parasites, or vermin. The word *paparazzo* was reputedly coined by Fellini for his film *La Dolce Vita* , in which hordes of photographers swarm constantly around the glittering Anita Ekberg like moths around a flame. Since then, the word has been loosely translated to mean either a rash of pimples or swarm of stinging bees. However, this unsavory image — promoted largely by ticked-off press agents and hassled stars — ignores the other side of a tarnished coin: celebreties *thrive* on paparazzi. Some stars, in fact, must court paparazzi by feigning to run away, playing the old-fashioned coy mistresses in the hope that the fickle photographers will promptly follow in hot pursuit.

Before there were paparazzi, there were publicity stills. For decades an ardent public seemed satisfied by the stilted, retouched, glossed-up photos that preserved just those qualities the old stars so artfully chose to project: a studied image of glamor, perfect poise, age-defying beauty. But as celebrity worship grew more avid and as the public's hunger for juicy gossip and more behind-the-scenes dirt grew insatiable, fan magazines began accommodating this lust for *realite,* printing more candid photos showing the stars just as they really were: actual people, who at times could look ridiculous, harried, or distinctly under the weather.

And although the press agents and image-packagers at first resisted the trend, they soon discovered that the public loved their clients more for being thus exposed as fallible and vulnerable.

The paparazzi in these following pages all tread an uneasy line between the genuine candid and the publicity still. On the one hand, photographers tend to be sent to events where they can be closely and properly managed by the stars' press agents and managers. But paparazzi are also pressured to get the *exclusive,* that off-guard picture that will delight tabloid editors and show the public what it secretly wants to see behind the manicured face of an actor or star. Such pressure is exponentially increased when the star is deliberately elusive, as Garbo, Brando, Pacino, and De Niro have been. Then the rarity of the image increases its value: a picture of Garbo is practically priceless.

There is also an intimacy that seems to develop between paparazzo and celebrity, similar to that which links hunter and prey, which may account for the constant use by photographers of celebrities' first names. Yet ultimately the paparazzi must live the celebrity life vicariously, stalking the famous through the halls of grand hotels, across the beaches of luxurious resorts, around the tables at Monte Carlo, near the yachts off Cannes (but so rarely *on* them, where the likes of Liz or Jackie or Cher or Caroline lie snacking on caviar and sipping champagne). In pursuit of the prominent and prosperous, a few highly successful paparazzi have become just as well-known as the fashionable figures they so relentlessly haunt. But although seemingly glamorous, theirs is not an easy life. As often as not, paparazzi must endure long, lonely waits in the rain, or hide behind newspapers clutching their precious wide-angle lenses while shouldering aside throngs of autograph hounds. Often they suffer vocal abuse, physical attack — and lawsuits. In the face of such challenge, here's a series of mini-interviews explaining how six top paparazzi pursue their rough and controversial craft.

BY STEVE FENICHELL

RON GALELLA

I've always had this thing for celebrities. These are packaged people. Everything they do or say is set up, by press agents, by PR people, by all sorts of flacks, and every time the public sees them they're *posed:* the hair is perfect, the face is perfect, the shot is set up to make them unreal. Before I came along, celebrity photography was all publicity stills. But I go after these people to expose the actual person under all that packaging.

One day I was walking down Fifth Avenue, just minding my own business, when I saw her . . . Jackie! There she was, just heading down the street like any ordinary human being. So I hopped in a cab and gave the guy ten bucks to tail her real slowly a couple of blocks. We were riding along a few yards behind her and I was leaning halfway out the window, and I knew I wouldn't have time for more than two shots, maybe only one. We got right up beside her and she didn't even have time to put those big sunglasses over her face. I clicked — just once, like that — and she heard it. She knew there was a photographer out there somewhere but she didn't know where and she didn't know it was me. So she turned and right then I got her again. She was magnificent — her hair was out there in the wind, her face looked terrific, her shirt was blowing all around her legs . . . and then came the moment. She saw it was *me.* And that was the one that made all the papers. People say all my pictures only show famous people reacting to me. They say it to knock me, but in fact it's true. Why am I the greatest paparazzo of them all? That is an interesting question. Probably because I am willing to go further than all the rest to avoid the usual junk, the pretty pictures.

One night in Regine's, Philippe Junot was in town and all the paparazzi were there. He was sitting at a table with some beautiful girl and everyone was snapping away, and I knew there was nothing there for me, just the usual restaurant stuff. I held back. I didn't try to get in too close during dinner, and when they got up to leave everone thought it was over. But I was just getting started! I had noticed all evening that Junot was infatuated with this young woman's legs. She had wonderful legs and Philippe knew it and I knew it. I crouched down out on the sidewalk, and as they got into the limousine Philippe sort of handed her into the car and there was that terrific moment when a woman enters a limo — I was down on the sidewalk about at the level of the hinge of the door, and I got a great shot of those legs. I also got *Junot* looking at those legs. So that was special — I didn't just get Junot or the girl, or just the legs, I got Junot checking out those legs, *reacting* to those legs. It's that reaction, the human element of the celebrity being just a normal guy — that's what I love. That's paparazzi.

Ron Galella uses the Nikon system exclusively, most often with a 35mm lens. When conditions tend to constrict him, he'll sometimes use a 28mm. He carries various portable electronic flash units, often a Honeywell Strobonar.

BOB MICHELSON

Steve McQueen and I had words one time. He called me a son of a bitch. He'd just begun hanging around with Ali McGraw and no-one had gotten the shot. Now, I'm about five-eleven and two-forty and I'm built like a linebacker. So I said to McQueen, "You just called the wrong guy a name like that and I'm going to bounce your head right up Sunset Boulevard." So one of his men said, "You're talking to a superstar," and I said, "I don't care who he is I'm going to beat his little head in." So we had words, but a month later he looked me up and apologised to me. Actually, I don't like fights. I'm kind of shy and I don't need the hassle.

I'm 46 and I've been a newsman for 30 years. The first 15 years I spent with the LA *Herald-Examiner* and the last 15 with myself. I've always thought that my hard-news background has given me an extra something in this line of work. Celebrity photographers are really newsmen, just doing the Hollywood beat. When I started out, they used to keep me out of events — the PR people and the other photographers, the competition. They should have let me in because then they might have been able to control me, but I'd get so infuriated I'd really go after these people, and that's what it takes to be a good paparazzo. You have to be hungry and you have to be willing to stay outside. You don't want to get in too close or else you lose your perspective.

The stars can also lose their perspective. A guy like Brando is down on photographers, but all that running away just makes the people want your picture more. Then there are guys like De Niro and Pacino who supposedly hate photographers too, but I think that's just because they're so into Brando. Richard Gere is also into Brando and into De Niro, so he thinks he has to run away. But that's kind of funny, because he runs away like a madman and nobody even wants his picture.

You never know who's hot anymore. In the old days it was easy — there were Sonny and Cher and Dean Martin and Jackie and Sinatra and Presley and Liz. I used to spend hours hanging around waiting for Richard and Liz to come out of their bungalow in Beverly Hills. I got James Arness at the airport with his girlfriend and Ryan O'Neal hugging Barbara Streisand and Dean Martin with his girlfriend. But nowadays you've got television, and it changes from week to week. Somebody's hot on "Dallas" one Monday and by the end of the week they're nobody.

When I was growing up it was real bad. I grew up with nothing. Ron Galella grew up the same way. Without that kind of Depression background you can't do well in this business. The Depression gave us the taste for these celebrities: they were so great when all the rest of us were so down.

Now I live in Encino behind two iron gates, with a big pool and four bedrooms, Now I've got 11 guys working under me. I have my own agency, and I've even started to like these celebrities. Sometimes I even get *invited* to places. But I still have tremendous patience; once I waited 12 hours for Don Adams. You have to get obsessed in this business. You can see it in our eyes, our faces, the look of grim determination. You've got to be hungry, and when Ron Galella and I die, there'll be nobody around to replace us.

Bob Michelson uses a twin-lens Rolleicord with a standard Zeiss lens. "I want to beat those other guys with one hand tied behind my back," says Michelson. "I like to say: you can have all those long lenses and the fancy motor drives; I just have my Rollei and I get the shot anyway."

GENE SPATZ

I have no background in photography. None: zero. I've been a schoolteacher, a stockbroker, a cab driver, and once I had a construction company. But in 1973 I happened to take a picture of Richard Alpert — Baba Ram Dass — at a lecture, and I turned it into a poster that made a lot of money. I was hooked; I learned fast and six months later was selling pictures.

My first big break was an assignment to shoot Elvis in Vegas. I was out there eight days and getting nowhere. I had snuck around corridors, hid in garbage cans, bribed doormen, everything. But Elvis was like a mini-god out there and everyone was totally afraid of his people, who were supposed to be absolutely ruthless. He had so much power in Vegas that the kitchen help would find me skulking around the garbage cans and they'd immediately turn me over to his security staff.

Finally I paid off a parking-lot attendant who gave me the lowdown on Elvis's traffic patterns at the hotel where he was staying. I hung out there for hours one night until he finally turned up. I stepped right out in front of his limousine and his body guards grabbed me. They were choking me and bending me into a pretzel. So I just started hollering "Elvis! Elvis!" just trying to get his attention. He kind of woke up out of his daze and saw what was happening. And he said in this real deep voice, "Hold it a second boys. Don't kill the guy." So these goons let me go, and then Elvis shook my hand and said, "Sorry about that, fella. My boys sometimes get out of hand." It turned out that about a week before they'd

Previous page: The Hemingway sisters, Margaux and Mariel, caught by Gene Spatz. Above: Burt Reynolds by Bob Michelson. Right: Ron Galella's favorite Jackie O photo, snapped from a taxi. Far right: Lauren Bacall gives the business to Woody Allen, snapped by Gene Spatz.

practically offed some guy. Anyway, he walked right over and got into his Mercedes with the sunroof, and he stuck his head right up through the opening, took off his sunglasses, and flashed me this tremendous smile. That smile paid for the whole trip.

There's a lot of real detective work on this job: the long stakeouts, tracking people down in out-of-the-way places. I once had to get a head shot, close-up, of Katharine Hepburn, because, believe it or not, there was a rumor she'd had an eye-lift and some photo editors wanted a before-and-after comparison. So I rented a van and filled it with cardboard boxes to look like a delivery truck. Then I rented a tripod and got a long lens and just hid out in front of her apartment building for hours on end. It's like bird-watching: you can go crazy. Another time I had to fly out to Aspen to take a picture of Claudine Longet in jail. I was on assignment for the *Star,* and the *Enquirer* had about a dozen guys out there all trying to do the same thing. I scooped them all by finding a building under construction across from the jail; then I snuck in one night to make the shot. At Kate Jackson's wedding on Martha's Vineyard, the *Enquirer* had so many of us out there we had to take a house. We went buzzing the beaches in helicopters, roaring off through the woods on motorcycles, tearing across the dunes on horses. It was wild: I felt like we were in *Hawaii Five-O.*

Gene Spatz always carries at least three cameras on an assignment. He uses rangefinders at night because the focusing is quicker and the viewfinder brighter than those on most SLRs. He usually carries three Leicas: M4s with 35mm lenses, his favorite. Sometimes he'll use a 28mm at closer quarters. On one Leica body he'll carry a 90mm lens for the occasional long shot, though he emphasises, "Paparazzi stuff is almost always a wide-angle job."

PETER BORSARI

I hate this word paparazzi. If people in America knew what the word meant, they might not use it so freely. In Europe, these people are regarded as the worst scum. Here, they are becoming celebrities. In Europe, a paparazzo means you are always on the outside, never invited in; you have to steal your shots off-limits. Here anyone who shoots celebrities is called a paparazzo.

As far as I'm concerned, a paparazzo is a guy who doesn't care how he shoots a photo, how he gets it, where he sells it. Of course I sell to the *National Star,* the *Globe,* the *Enquirer,* but then only on my own terms.

I still prefer candid to posed work. Even in a studio I shoot more candidly: you might use a little more film but it is better photography. An off-guard shot is always better than a posed shot, and I like to shoot celebrities off-guard as much as possible, but I don't like harassing people for pictures and I don't like seeing them chewing their food or whatever. I find it embarrassing. I am no Ron Galella.

I started out shooting sports for European magazines, and I still think if you can shoot sports, you can shoot anything; you learn how to handle movement. Today, most of my work is celebrities: that means movie and TV people but also sports figures, politicians, and prominent businessmen. I did get Elizabeth Taylor in a bikini, at her poolside in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico. It might seem paparazzi-ish, but I shot it from a house nearby where I knew the people. I saw Burton and Taylor over there by the pool and I shot: that picture made me over 20 thousand. I also shot Natalie Wood and Robert Wagner by their pool in 1979, posed and unposed. It's sad but true that when she died, everybody wanted those pictures.

I like shooting beautiful women. I've done quite a lot of nude photography and I have a large number of nude stills of women who later on became quite famous. I've also done Cheryl Ladd, Jaclyn Smith, Farrah Fawcett. I shot one of Cheryl Ladd on location during the filming of a special on St Thomas. I even did a whole layout of John Travolta in 1975 before anybody had heard of him. It was a favor for a publicist, and I did it even though Travolta was a nobody at the time. I shot publicity stills of Frank Sinatra for years at his request, at parties and benefits.

Possibly the most difficult picture I ever made was of Tom Jones and Elvis Presley sitting arm in arm on a couch in Las Vegas, at a little bungalow Elvis had rented. This was back in '69, and Elvis was just preparing for his comeback tour. The maitre d' at the Flamingo tipped me off that Elvis would be coming on that night with Tom Jones. I was in LA and I hauled arse out to Vegas; I made it in something like three and a half hours. I followed them out to the bungalow after the last show and they were exhausted, but I persuaded them to let me make the shot. Again, this is not like Ron Galella chasing people down the street. But still it was candid, it was fresh. We called it "Elvis and Tom," and that picture sold all around the world.

Peter Borsari owns 22 Nikons. All are in operation. Some of the older F-bodies are worth two to three times what he originally paid for them. For parties and events he uses a 35mm f/1.4 lens, much faster than the standard f/2.8 35mm. He carries a flash unit specifically designed for the Nikon motor drive and keeps two Hasselblads on hand for studio work.

EZIO PETERSEN

Let me tell you: there's paparazzi and then there's paparazzi. I mean, what kind of picture can you get of somebody when you're chasing them down the street? I call that the "chase 'em down and shoot 'em dead" school of celebrity photography. And that's just how the pictures look: dead. I prefer quiet diplomacy; I chase celebrities down and *talk* to them. I persuade them. Celebrities can be very cooperative if you handle them right. It takes a certain finesse.

That's the way I got Jackie. I didn't exactly hang back, but I did ask her permission. She had been visiting Staten Island for some dedication ceremony, and during this ceremony I started thinking, "Hey, she came over on the Verrazano Bridge. She'll probably take the ferry back." So I jumped in my car and hightailed it over to the ferry dock. And there was a *Daily News* guy who'd had the same idea. We both got on the boat, and sure enough Jackie showed up about one minute later with her whole entourage. Then the gate closed and the rest of the photographers were left behind. The *Daily News* guy and myself went up to Jackie and showed her our press cards and asked if she'd pose for a few pictures. We made the whole thing agreeable to her, so she did it. I posed her against the Manhattan skyline and the breeze was whipping up real good, and I got a wonderful shot of Jackie with her hair flying across her face. She looked great: it could have been a Ron Galella shot, but it wasn't, because unlike his style, I wasn't chasing her all over the damned boat.

Ron Galella digs getting thrown out of parties. That's part of his thing. I prefer being invited. I also go for a certain kind of discretion. I have this attitude, for instance, about performers and girlfriends. Or boyfriends. I figure if they're not married, the romance may not be around next week. So why bother? If some announcement comes out in a paper, though, believe me I'll go after them.

I did have to stake out Katharine Hepburn once. She never permits photographs. She was opening in a Broadway show called *A Matter of Gravity* and she had absolutely refused to allow pictures. I managed to get hold of her rehearsal schedule and I hung around the stage entrance for hours until, finally, the door opened. I stayed a nice distance away, I didn't bother her or make a big deal. I caught her walking by one of those placards with the reviews for *A Chorus Line* saying *"Dynamite! Terrific!"* She was framed by those words, which was just how she looked, by the way — she's fantastic.

Then, on opening night she came out of her dressing room and I said quietly, "Miss Hepburn?" She turned toward me like a real lady, regal, and I got her with her famous pullover hat and wearing earmuffs, looking just like the abominable snowman. It was a humorous juxtaposition, though. It wasn't at all cruel.

Above: The prime target of the world's paparazzi, Jackie O, caught by Ezio Peteren. Right: Ol' Blue Eyes and former boxing champ, Joe Louis, by Allan Adler. Far right: Burton and Taylor in a Mexican poolside snap that earned photographer Peter Borsari $20,000.

Ezio Peterson shoots exclusively with an Olympus OM-1. He usually carries only one camera and prays it won't break down. He uses a 35mm lens except "when it's going to be a real gang-bang — where a lot of photographers are going for the same shot all at once. Then I'll take a 28mm. I use a small Vivitar pocket flash unit and that's it: one body, one lens, and one strobe."

ALLAN ADLER

I don't shoot like a paparazzo. I shoot like a real photographer. I use an assistant and a whole arsenal of equipment, because I go for a high-quality product. I hate having stars run away from me — I don't want to make people look bad. I've concentrated on getting myself into the events, not hanging around the outside.

Borsari and I are like high-class hookers compared to most paparazzi, who work like street hustlers and have to chase down their action. There are those who have to go out and cruise, and those who get invited in.

I once shot some terrific pictures of Sinatra taking care of Joe Louis. It was in Las Vegas on Joe's birthday and he was very sick, and when Frank showed up he lit up like a light bulb. I shot Frank holding Joe's hand and his head, and it made Sinatra seem really warm, compassionate. So the next night I took them over to where Frank was performing and showed them to Jilly Rizzo, Frank's bodyguard. Jilly said, "Hey, Frank's going to love these. Why don't you take them over to him." Of course, it's impossible to get near Frank Sinatra. Every 10 feet I was stopped by some huge guy who'd say, "Where you going?" and I'd say, "I'm going to see Frank." The guy would say, "No, you're not," but then Jilly would give him the high sign. So finally I got up to Frank's table, where he was sitting with all these important people, and Frank was so touched by the shots he wanted to buy me a drink. He took down my name and everything, shook my hand with a good grip, the works.

Two nights later I was at the Amphitheatre in Los Angeles, shooting Frank from my seat. They brought out Sinatra's son and his daughter and then they brought out his grandchildren. I kept shooting away until suddenly I felt something hit me from behind. All of a sudden I'm knocked flat on my face, with about five thousand bucks in equipment hanging around my neck. My camera is smashed and I look behind me and there's this short little guy, holding on to my ankles screaming at me, "I want your film!" Before I know it, six security guys carry me backstage and start laying into me.

I try to tell them it's against the law holding me against my will, but this little guy says, "I wouldn't take off if I were you," and he points to this monstrous cliff they've got behind the place and makes as if I might be going off it. Then I say he'd better not hit me with all these witnesses around, and he looks at these goons and says, real innocently, "Witnesses? What witnesses?" Then he says that if I don't give him the film they're going to break my hands. A minute later Jilly walks up with Frank Sinatra and asks me for 25 more reprints of the pictures from Vegas. And before I could say anything, *they* take off. I couldn't believe it! Here these guys were beating me up and Sinatra wants *reprints.* But he didn't know anything about it, he was just walking by. Finally they offer to buy the film for a fair amount of money, and eventually explain, "There's some pictures you've got we don't want released." It turned out that because I'd taken a few shots of Sinatra with his grandchildren, they were all scared about kidnappings. So of course I turned over all my film and they exposed it right there, only when I got home it turned out they'd opened every single canister except the one with the pictures in it.

When John Wayne appeared at the Academy Awards, I was on assignment for *US* magazine, and because the magazine had a tight deadline I was put in the deadline pressroom, which meant I had special privileges. All the other paparazzi were way down the hall in the main pressroom with about 150 other photographers. So when John Wayne came offstage they took him right into the deadline pressroom, and he just stood there, looking larger than life, with those big hands on his hips like he was about to draw two six-shooters. And he said in that incredible voice: "All right, fellers, why don't you come on and take my picture." He was smiling like he was challenging us to a duel.

I shot about four rolls of film in 20 seconds. Then I followed Wayne out to the elevator, and he said, "Hey, kid, want to shoot some more?" and it was kind of like a dare, but I did, and we shook hands and he stepped into the elevator just as all the other paparazzi came running up saying, "Where's John Wayne?" I had this big smile plastered across my face. I pointed to the elevator and said, "He's in there." They were pissed.

Allan Adler uses Leicas exclusively. Leica rangefinders for evenings and indoor work (always M-4s), and also the Leica R-4 and SLR. He uses only Leica lenses, longer models than those most often employed by paparazzi, and prefers to stand at a distance and let his lenses give him access, a technique he finds less confrontational and less obtrusive than the classic, in-tight paparazzo approach. "Like Borsari," he says, "I started out in sports photography, and I still shoot celebrities like athletes, with the sense of movement and depth of field you use to shoot sports. It trains the eye."

"I'd like to see your range of crotchless panties."

Penthouse plunges to an all-time low in dubious taste

GUYS & DOLLS

HUMOR BY STAFF WRITERS

A fistful of dollars, a fertile sense of the absurd and more than a little hard luck are basically what it takes if you're thinking of embarking upon a meaningful relationship with an inflatable friend. With paypackets and perverted curiosities in hand, spurred on by a casebook of sickening personal problems too complex to relate, Penthouse staff writers found themselves filling these requirements and eager to get stuck into a consumer survey of that most-ridiculed of all sex aids — the blow-up doll.

A little more than a thousand blow-up babes are sold in Australia each year. And, since the lifting of the importation ban on abnormal contraceptives and articles for erotic stimulation in October 1971, it's safe to estimate that in the closets, under the beds, in the car boots and in the backyard swimming pools of 12,000 Australians there lurks a love doll. (This figure does not include the countless other dolls that disappear inexplicably from the wharves each year. Presumably they put on red bikinis and swim back to their friends in Hong Kong, Japan and Germany). Twelve thousand life-size, inflatable people — that's enough to populate a largish country town. And maybe that's where they all get to when they have been used and heartlessly cast aside. In the course of these investigations, no-one who was questioned actually admitted to owning a blow-up doll. They'd all heard of them, chuckled over them while watching the Benny Hill Show, and some had seen them advertised in the mail-order sections of certain publications. But own one? The question provoked strange looks and veiled threats of aggression.

So it's as plausible a theory as any to speculate that somewhere, perhaps in outback Queensland, there lies a sleepy hamlet populated by inflatable folk. A quiet ville with a border post instructing travellers to leave their inhibitions, credulity and any items of pointed nature

DOLLS

with well-hung Harry at the checkpoint.

A breakdown of inflation statistics reveals that 12,000 dolls can be expected to yield roughly three times that number of deliciously receptive orifices. Included there are between two and three thousand vibrating vaginas, about 1500 oscillating oscular openings and a goodly hatful of other throbbing bits and pieces. Somewhere out there there's a whole lot of shaking going on.

But apart from this assortment of vibrating orifices, dogged research failed to uncover any unusual options that would really titillate a jaded child of this permissive age. Where were all the weirdo twisted gizmos? Where were the rubber women that do everything but remove embarrassing lipstick stains from your collar and drive the kids to school? Where were the male dolls that come in three flavors, and the construction worker doll with hairy back and sweaty kerchief who spits out the words: "Roll over, bitch, and take it like a man" over and over? Where were they? Certainly not in the establishments these little black ducks visited. Sure, there were some pretty bizarre items like headless, legless, armless cuties and handy pocket-sized vibrating vaginas which looked like something you might tread on while picking up your milk bottles after an air disaster. But really weird things? We were wasting our time.

One leading wholesaler of sex aids and novelties told of a talking doll — a pert, plastic model which, at the press of a button, intoned three words to her ardent suitor. He said there hadn't been a shipment of these voice-box dollies into Australia for some time, and consequently they were hard to get hold of. He didn't say just what three words this pneumatic minx groaned, but preferred to leave that up to the *Penthouse* imagination. Hours of heated speculation ensued.

If you're bent on getting an inflatable maiden or chappie who never says no (that was definitely not one of the three words), take a long look at your bank balance. You don't come cheap if you want to aim it into a blow-up doll. Top-of-the-line frauleins, the pride of German rubber manufacturers, will set you back between $350 and $400. For that wad of money you get a well-stacked woman, crafted in quarter-inch latex, all orifices in the right places and no pesky seams to chafe you. This bracket includes dolls marketed under the brand names "Lollipop Sisters" and "Fanny Doll". Latex male models, also ex-Germany, are around the same price, if you're at all interested, and these lads are damnably difficult to find. The proprietor of a leading Sydney gay aids establishment threw some light on the situation when he said: "I used to stock them, but cancelled my orders when I found they were being eaten away on the shelves." He said a few customers had swiftly returned these male dolls, explaining that the idea of plugging leprous latex left a bad taste in their mouths.

Moving down the price scale you'll find plastic dolls like Bessie (see report) who, at around $150, is a middle-of-the-range make from Japan. She sports a full plastic head, detachable wig and three orifices, one of which vibrates. When Bessie, blown up and switched on, made her debut at *Penthouse* offices, a curious queue of staff quickly gathered to insert digits into her trembling oesophagus.

Further down the scale there's the love torso, zeroing in at just over $100. In latex and reasonably well-crafted, this poor darling is perhaps the most difficult to relate to if you're among those who feel you should have something in common with your bed mate. On the other hand

> It's advisable that you be fully acquainted with your partner's capacity or you could leave yourself flat

(and it certainly doesn't belong to this lassie) there are no legs to get in the way. Available at any sex amputique.

Then there's the working class girls, the rosy-lipped darlings of the yahoo set and of those entrusted to buy 21st birthday presents. Affordable, but still way over-priced at between $40 and $60, these are the most popular dolls going. Made in the same Hong Kong plastic factories that churn out blow-up Father Christmases and plastic duckies, these ladies offer two or three dayglo pink orifices for the delection of the doll connoisseur. Very few dolls in this price range will offer vibrating options but, if you use your loaf and insert a vibrator in the anal aperture of the doll (or any of the orifices present at the time, for that matter) you can add a new dimension to your encounter.

The use of other sex aids including vibrators, dildos, erection rings etc, should in no way be discouraged while engaging in plastic passion. *Penthouse* purchased a selection of buzzing, whirring and gyrating devices in the course of its tests and researchers gave interesting reports on how this assortment fitted into the scheme of things. After all, if you're contemplating coupling with a rubber doll, why not go the whole shebang?

A word of advice though: steer clear of ticklers or those Japanese love beads on a string that you're supposed to insert and pull out at the moment of ejaculation. Ticklers tend to exacerbate a pretty ridiculous situation and to hinder lubrication, and those beads are difficult to time under optimum conditions, let alone when you're groping a doll.

Getting On Top Of The Situation

The best piece of advice we can offer here is: be careful when boarding. Don't leap off your wardrobe or make any sudden moves. Maybe those three recorded words were "Please be gentle". The majority of dolls won't stand up to much energetic rough stuff. It's not always in the strictly oral sense that these babies go down on you.

If your companion suffers the misfortune of a puncture or a burst plug during a torrid love scene, be prepared for a sound resembling a drawn-out sigh of relief or a particularly loose fart.

Aficionados of doll-screwing tell us that once you get the knack of balancing and thrusting down pat (or down Tootsie or Fifi), if you're inventive and adept enough you can have some added fun. By cunningly manipulating a doll's air aperture, you can get the impression that she's emitting uncontrolled sighs at your prowess. Don't try this method if you can't simultaneously walk and chew gum, and it's advisable that you be fully acquainted with your partner's capacity or you could leave yourself flat.

Testing — One, Two, Three

Test pilot Michael Kent has often admitted to a penchant for necrophilia, so there were no problems involved in enlisting him on to the testing panel. Kent was hot to trot. Messing around with blow-up babes was not a surrogate situation as far as he was concerned. At first he thought it was going to be better than the real thing. "I often ask my girlfriend to play dead," said Kent. "But she always ends up giggling at the wrong moment. Some may like it hot . . . but many of us prefer it cold."

Unfortunately for him, Kent was taking a sickie on the day the sexual appliances arrived. This meant that the second test pilot, Richard Fleisch, had first pick of the plastic pudenda. Naturally he picked the deluxe model, leaving Kent with the cheapo, $53.95, cut-price Love Doll. "That's the way it usually goes for me anyway," whinged Kent when he saw he'd been allocated one of the cheapest inflatables on the market. "My mates always get the good-looking girls and I end up with the scrubbers."

Kent's Love Doll's red cardboard box advertised her as "An amazingly life-like companion . . . two entrances to please you." But her manufacturers had not even had the courtesy to give the young lady a name. The girl's complexion was an unpleasant shade of pink. Her least lifelike feature was the system of seams around her edges. The Love Doll had poor taste in perfume. Kent was not turned on by the scent of virgin plastic, fresh from the production line. She had big blue eyes and blonde locks that looked like loose ends from a fishing line factory, and she stood about five feet two when fully inflated. "I decided to call her Maggie," said Kent, "because she reminded me of a girl I once knew with that name."

The doll's body was made with a dangerously lightweight grade of plastic, but her head and breasts — those areas likely to come under the most extreme stress at moments of heightened passion — were constructed with a stronger, latex compound . . . tough tittie, but a sensible idea according to Kent, who likes to sink his teeth into the odd nipple. Here is Kent's report on his night out with an inflatable doll:

"It was a refreshing change to be able to ignore the expensive conventional preliminaries of courtship. I took Maggie straight home after work. It only took about 10 strong breaths to blow her up through the plug in the small of her back. I made sure she was really pumped up, to the point where she was almost bursting at the seams . . . if there's one thing I can't stand, it's a sloppy chick.

"I took her in my arms and carried her into the bedroom, pulling the curtains as I entered the room. I didn't want the neighbors catching a glimpse. Old Mrs Jamieson already thought I was weird enough after she caught me masturbating in front of the television set when Miss Piggy was strutting her stuff. I turned the lights down low, put on some soft music and had a quick snort to get me in the mood. I would have offered Maggie some, but she wasn't equipped to get off on it.

"She was stretched out on the bed in front o' me. My eyes wandered over her body as I checked her out. I didn't much care for her head: she was a strong contender for the paper bag award. But what do you expect for 54 bucks? However, she did have nice tits, a slim waist and a tight little arse.

"And what about those two tempting orifices? Maggie's mouth was wide open, her lips set in an inviting "O" shape. I planned on investigating them later on. But first things first: what about her lower lips? They were made from heavy duty, dark-pink plastic, puckered for my pleasure. I inserted my index finger between them. She was dry and tight, but I knew what she needed to loosen her up.

"There was an added feature with this doll, which a kindly colleague had added: a variable speed, vibrating, egg-shaped object which was inserted in her vagina and powered by batteries connected to the egg with a plastic-coated wire, which unfortunately hung out of her quite disconcertingly. It looked like there wasn't going to be room enough for me and the egg in there (and I'm not boasting: she was a tight fit). I took the egg out and after some thought, decided to dispense with it altogether. Its high-pitched whirr was disconcerting, and I had been looking forward to humping an object with a complete lack of response.

"Now we come to the crux of the issue. As far as I'm concerned, the point of this consumer test was to address the question: is screwing an inflatable doll better than masturbating? Frankly, it isn't. For the majority, masturbation is justified as manual relief, any pleasure resulting from the act being considered to be a mere side-effect. But the act of entering a blow-up doll as a surrogate sexual experience (at least in the case of a $54 cheapie) is so divorced from the reality of making love

> I couldn't suppress the gnawing suspicion that I was a genuine deviate who was about to commit a heinous crime against nature

with another human being that the act becomes completely ridiculous.

"Personally, I found it impossible to suspend my disbelief and lose myself in the situation, even with the lights off and a shirt on to counter the sensation of warm flesh on cold plastic. The lack of foreplay presented a problem, and I found I had to give myself a pretty solid hand-job just to get it up enough to penetrate the doll. I should have carried it on to its inevitable conclusion, but I perservered with Maggie. She needed lubrication, and when I was rifling my socks drawer for the KY jelly, I naturally began to wonder how I was going to clean it out. Just how hygenic would she be the next time around, and how many humps would it take before Maggie started to get on the nose?

"Thoughts of this sort turned me right off. I rolled off her and as I did so I caught sight of myself in the mirror. The whole scene was absolutely ludicrous. I pulled her plug and gave up. It had been a deflating experience for both of us."

Kent gave it his best shot — or tried to, at least. Doll-humping, like all human endeavors, is littered with losers and the sweet smell of success can be very elusive. Having almost destroyed his new car during a high-speed run across Sydney which led to the surreptitious purchase of the test items, Richard Fleisch wasn't too keen on a democratic toss of a coin. He had the $150 classy Jap job safely tucked away in the boot before Kent had the chance to assault her with chemicals or suggestive opening lines.

But Fleisch, too, was in for a disappointment of sorts. His taste for Asian chicks is well-known and he'd figured that the love-doll represented his best-ever chance. But when Fleisch blew her up in the office she turned out to be as Caucasian as Olivia Newton-John. Our man pressed onward and upward, regardless:

"When it comes right down to it there's only one real hassle in the field of doll loving: the need to avoid being branded a doll-lover, or even worse, a doll bludger. I share a house with two aggressively normal males, and 'Bessie', I already knew, would emit a low-frequency but very audible hum when I switched on her variable speed vibrating oral orifice. I had two choices: either get the whole thing up-front and justify it in terms of legitimate investigative journalism, or risk being busted with my meat sandwiched between a pair of cute but clearly non-organic lips.

"I decided on the first option. The upshot was that the lads told me to pack my bags and get out. Apparently there's something in the Australian psyche which decrees that if you're going to root something you damn well better make sure it's *alive*. On the way back to Mum's house I couldn't suppress the gnawing suspicion that I was a genuine deviate who was about to commit a heinous crime against nature. This must be the perennial problem of all doll-screwers: *getting away with it.* Finally I decided to hump her in the back seat of the car, at night, in the densest bushland I could find.

"As I mentioned, Bessie comes with jaws agape and ready to vibrate. Although there are two other functional orifices, neither is anywhere near as inviting. Her message was loud and clear. Blowing her up was no more than a formality, and did nothing to allay my anxiety. Anyone with an imagination fertile enough to convince himself that Bessie, when inflated, is just like a real woman ought to be put away.

To begin with, she's less than four feet tall. While this is no doubt advantageous to dwarves and child-fanciers, it would strain the credulity of any near-normal doll lover.

For some reason the manufacturer had made a great song and dance about the fact that Bessie was equipped with eyes which moved up and down. Apparently, doll connoisseurs regard this feature as essential, which only goes to show that they are not normal like you and me and probably never have been.

"In any case, I dispensed with all

DOLLS

foreplay apart from putting on Bessie's wig (I put it on her head, not mine). Then I switched her mouth up to full bore and began moving in on her, presuming that if the sensation was in any way reminiscent of the real thing, the result would be an erection.

"Now at this point I'll have to explain my inability to think in terms other than abstract. I am not mechanically-minded, as my high school woodwork teacher was fond of pointing out. As my penis became larger it became more and more difficult to continue, until finally it was quite impossible. It was not that I'd *forgotten* to purchase some sort of lubricant; it actually *never occurred to me,* and still refused to do so until I became so sore that I knew something was radically wrong.

"By this time my self-esteem had plunged to its lowest ebb. What sort of schmuck can't even get it together to hump a vinyl doll without making a fundamental mistake? Wearily, and with no enthusiasm left for the whole bizarre adventure, I climbed into my jeans, deflated Bessie so she couldn't be spotted, and drove to a chemist for some Vaseline. Readers may wonder at my perseverance, but I still had an erection, a job to do and a damaged ego to repair. Happily, the will to succeed at all cost resulted in my being rewarded handsomely.

"When I ultimately succeeded in making my entrance again, this time with the added luxury of lubrication, I knew it had all been worthwhile. Forget masturbation; for wankers all over the world, Bessie's special talents are an absolute Godsend. This was exactly what it ought to be like: no mess, no pain, no fuss, and no subconscious fear that your intimate might turn out to be some sort of outrageous feminist lunatic with an uncontrollable castration complex who's about to take you for a sucker instead of vice versa.

"This story has a sticky ending, but I must qualify my praise with some warnings. First, Bessie's wig keeps falling off, severely detracting from whatever romanticism you've managed to inject into this appalling scene. Second, there are no instructions about how to clean up after yourself, so to speak. And third, don't go at it too savagely or you could, presumably, end up with a barbecued pork sword."

Only one female member of staff was prepared to take the bit between her teeth and get down, get funky with a plastic boy. Her modesty forbids us naming her, but it should be remarked that the enthusiasm with which this employee scooped up a $50 Big John doll and as many swizzling, shaking and screwy devices she could shove in her handbag raised even the most world-weary eyebrows in the joint.

"After 10 months of editing Forum letters I was beginning to feel I was missing out in a big way. It was about time I got a bit on the side," she explained.

"When I got my plastic pal home, still furled in his blue box (I thought that was a nice touch — blue for boys), I had to explain the tricky situation to my live-in, flesh-and-blood Big John. In a few breathless words between puffs into my Action Jackson's thoracic region, I told him the call had gone out and that it was a far greater thing I was about to do than I had ever done before.

"He lifted the eight-and-a-half inch, vibrating, cucumber-like, fully detachable 'far greater thing' out of the box, inspected it cursorily, grunted and went to the pub a beaten man.

"Alone, I quickly blew Big John to his full size and stepped back dizzily to better inspect his synthetic charms. On his tippy-toes he stood a little over four feet tall; on his shiny chest black hairs and rudimentary pectoral muscles were drawn. His yawning face had a Eurasian quality reminiscent of Tattoo, the little helper in *Fantasy Island.*

> With his vibrating mechanism up full bore and covered with a sheet, he looked like a startled boyscout in an earth tremor

"Not lingering over appearances, I began ministering to him by gently fitting his detachable member into the apportioned slot on his person. Gathering him in my arms, I carried him to my bed, turned his vibrating mechanism up full bore, then covered him with a sheet up to his neck. He looked like a startled boyscout in an earth tremor.

"Methodically I set about dimming the lights and plugging in a selection of the devices I had brought home. On went the two-speed, five-attachment Foreplay To Love vibrator and I lifted it to my face as I had seen done in the ads. Big John's obvious arousal encouraged me to run it further down my body.

"Pausing to prolong the situation, I reached for the Electro-Squirmy Rooter, a shocking pink ribbed dildo with a little face on its head which waggles from side to side as the whole thing hypnotically gyrates like a living thing. I set it on its base on the bed head, letting its rhythmic swaying act as a metronome to the coming act.

"I undressed and padded to the bathroom for some baby oil. The bottle was empty. My mind flashed on Vaseline, then I remembered that I had piously thrown it out after I kept finding it on *Penthouse* magazines under the bed. Cooking oil? No way.

"Back to business. I climbed on to the bed and began gingerly straddling Big John's mighty erection. When the shuddering tip made contact it was some buzz. I was very carefully and a bit painfully trying to wedge the first half inch of it in when, to my dismay, it dropped off him and out of me, and rolled on to the floor. Head down, bum up, I groped anxiously for it in the half light. Doing so, I accidentally knocked over the Squirmy Rooter and it too fell on the floor and began constricting across the carpet like a bloated pink bardi grub.

"Everything was buzzing, humming and flopping from side to side and Big John's dick was nowhere to be found. Any excitement I had expected from my unfaithful coupling was fast evaporating.

"It was about then that I made the decision to give up, nestled chummily back between Big John's plastic thighs and applied the elegant simplicity of a seven-inch slim-line Honey Pet vibrator while entertaining my favorite fantasy about Santa Claus and the elves. As usual, it worked nicely.

"I didn't mind Big John. He was a nice guy. No doubt there are a lot of people who would find him right up their alley. But to my mind he's better suited to the likes of a latter-day Catherine the Great. I myself have always been a woman of humble aspirations."

Rolling Your Own

Not everyone has the ready cash to shell out for a flati-friend, or the bald-faced gumption to march into a sex shop and ask, with a straight face, to see the range. With full understanding of this situation, we share the ingenuity of a young gentleman who wrote to *Penthouse* recently, detailing his rewarding experiences with a home-made girl.

Employing good old common sense, commendable economy and a dash of modern technology, he rigged up a most versatile Miss.

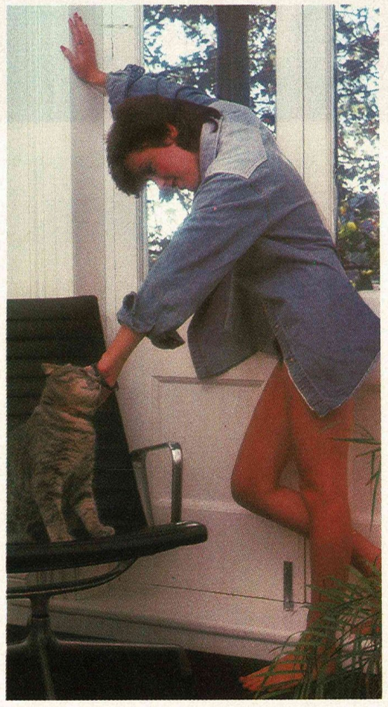
To keep matters brief, we'll just say he gathered about him an array of Mr Glad's heavy-duty plastic products and recalled aspects of the lost art of making little toys out of balloons to fashion his fake female. An old brassiere, hot water and an 18-inch color TV showing the Miss Australia Quest, chat shows and yoga programs fitted into the picture somewhere, and all to a pleasing end for this young inventor.

With those hot tips for the home handyman the situation is just about covered. We'll leave the rest to your imagination, you sick pervert.

BERNADETTE

NO REGRETS

Green-eyed Bernadette Bryant is an electric paradox. Our petite 18-year-old Pet of the Month is a skilled martial arts exponent; she displays a fiery independence, revels in the cool coupling of leather and naked flesh, and is not averse to rough stuff in the expression of her sexuality. A proud tigress? It may seem that way, but at the drop of a hat this sleek feline becomes a playful kitten, stretching languidly before an open fire or dreamily tracing raindrops down a window pane.



This Brisbane beauty says she's always had a streak of rebellion. One of my sisters is a police woman, the other is a teacher. "I'm the black sheep of my family," she says. "I've always been the wild one, and I've never regretted a single wild thing I have done."

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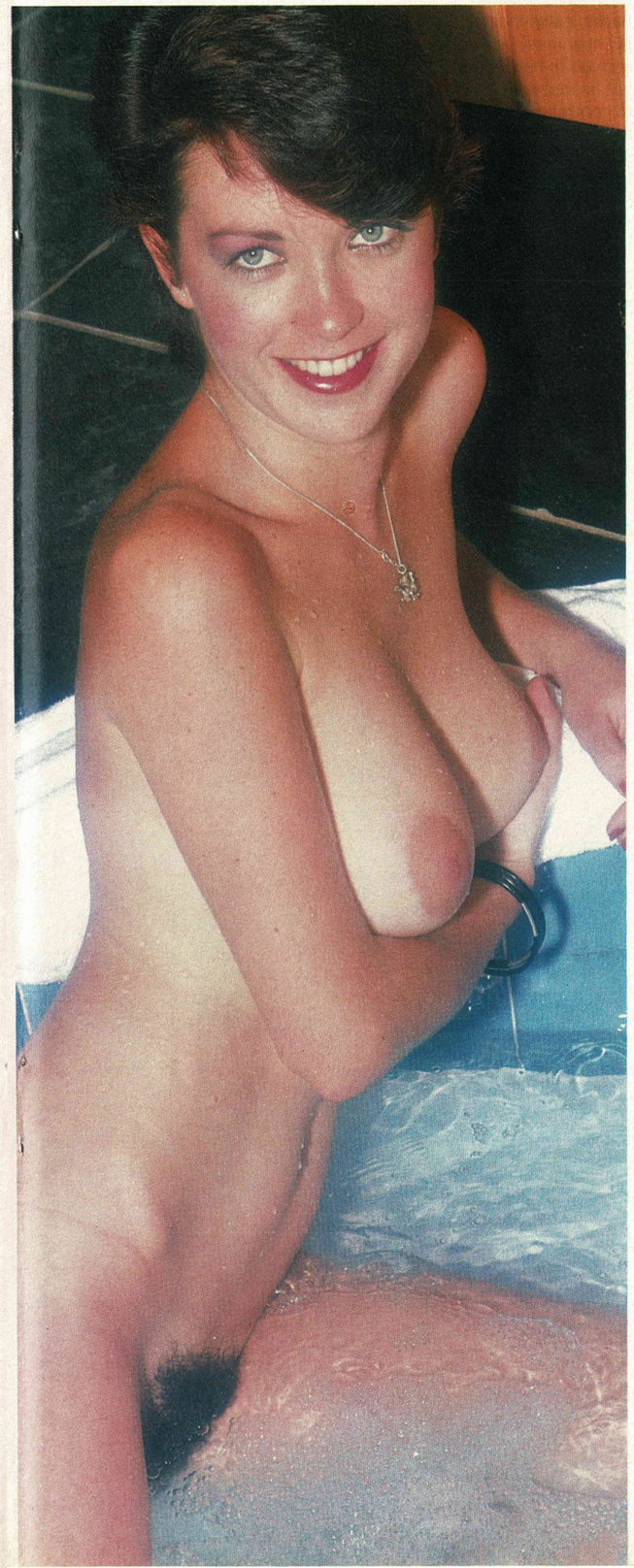
Bernadette has no plans to marry — she guards her independence too closely. "There's too much to do, to explore, there's a whole world out there I'm yet to savor." While her work in hairdressing keeps her busy, she is laying her plans to travel the world.

About her taste for leather, Bernadette is quick to point out: "Don't get me wrong. I'm not into leather sheets, whips and garter belts — or let's say I haven't tried that sort of thing. I'm only 18, remember!"



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Although her fantasies change with her moods, Bernadette seeks special traits in her men. "I like physicality, muscly backs, hairy chests. My man must be strong enough to handle me but he must never want to control me." With Bernadette we issue a warning: This lady is divine — but dangerous.

MISS BERNADETTE BRYANT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

MISS BERNADETTE BRYANT/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

"There is not a crime, there is not a dodge, there is not a trick, there is not a swindle, there is not a vice that does not live by secrecy." — Joseph Pulitzer

"A well-informed citizenry is the lifeblood of democracy; and in all arenas of government, information — particularly timely information — is the currency of power." — Ralph Nader

PSSST... WANT TO KNOW A SECRET?

BY ROBBIE SWAN

On December 1, 1982, the Commonwealth Government's long-awaited Freedom Of Information Act will swing into operation. It promises to be one of the most important and controversial pieces of legislation since Federation. Some commentators have gone so far as to suggest it will shake the very foundations of our Westminster style of government, and for this reason the present government has been extremely reluctant to inform the public of just what they can do under the legislation. But history shows that some of the most remarkable and far-reaching legislation has often been the least heralded.

But why Freedom Of Information? Surely information about our governments is available on the news each day, and through government bookshops? True. As far as information being disseminated goes, we do very well. But information disseminated is information given by an active party to a passive listener. The big minus for the passive listener is that he's told what the disseminator wants him to hear. Freedom Of Information legislation guarantees you a right to be the active party — to find out what you would like to know and not what somebody else would like you to know.

Australian governments of all political persuasions have been notoriously secretive. Former Australian Ambassador to the US and foreign affairs expert Alan Renouf went so far as to call the Fraser Government "the most secretive in Australia's history." And with Federal government now spending about 30 billion tax dollars and employing nearly half a million people, the Australian public currently has no chance of controlling or even scrutinising this activity.

Information is the key. With it, the public can monitor and direct change. Without it, the select few who have it will make those changes for us. And the persistent complaints in recent years of government mediocrity

Illustration by Frants Kantor

PSSST...

and inability to solve basic economic, social and environmental problems demonstrate that those "few" have been far from successful. All too often, agreements and policies are put through the shredding machine before the public becomes aware. Long-term policies affecting social rights have been based upon secret reports which are inadequate or fallaciously reasoned. Departments may even misinterpret the legislation they are about to administer, or government officers may be consistently reaching conclusions which are wholly at odds with acceptable interpretations. These sorts of actions are undertaken daily by servants of you and I — people whose only accountability, until now, has been to each other.

The variety of ways in which secrecy distorts the democratic process can be further multiplied. Secrecy ensures that reporters and news-gatherers remain dependent upon the ubiquitous "leak", the chance sensational discovery, the selective and politically-timed release. Social scientists are denied access to the largest social laboratory in the country. The community might silently suffer a massive invasion of personal privacy and political liberty at the hands of organisations such as ASIO or the Commonwealth Police. Historians often are forced to prepare a less-than-full account of recent events. And the growth of public interest movements (which have a staple diet of facts) is impeded.

Now, hopefully, all this will stop. We will soon be able to look at most areas of government policy and if we can't, we must be given reasons why not. If we don't like those reasons, we can take the issue to a third person to adjudicate.

The road to free information has been a particularly stony one, littered with Liberal and Labor governments, renegade Senators, dissatisfied public interest groups, embittered public servants and High Court rulings.

In 1972 Labor came to office on a promise to reduce unnecessary official secrecy, and instituted some welcome reforms. These included the release of more official reports and archival material, the circulation of some policy proposals and more consultation with community groups. A Department of the Media was created and most government departments expanded their information services. Government bookshops became trendy. The dissemination of information through new structures was already becoming very costly.

But dissemination was still the key word and apart from some innovative public relations work by Al Grassby and a fine campaign to explain Medibank, there was no attempt made by government departments to examine their own methods and attitudes. According to a Royal Commission questionnaire, less than a third of government agencies had ever thought of undertaking a program to make people more aware, to evoke a response or to change attitudes. It came as no surprise, then, to find that an average 50 percent of requests for government information in 1975 came from children engaged in school projects.

So open government in Australia met a grim, even if enthusiastic, beginning. One of Labor's final acts was to toss the question of a Freedom Of Information Bill to a faceless, bureaucratic, interdepartmental committee for consideration and recommendation — an act which prompted one Canberra journalist to remark: "Inviting a bunch of public servants to review the secrecy surrounding their own service is tantamount to asking a gang of poachers to rewrite the game laws!" It was also an act which was to embroil Freedom Of Information legislation in a mediocre melting pot for more than a decade.

> The object of the Act "is to extend the right of the Australian community to access to information in the possession of the government"

Soon after Labor was dismissed, many people were surprised and many senior public servants dismayed at the new Liberal government's announcement to proceed with a Freedom Of Information Bill. In 1978 it was introduced in the Senate and was immediately seized upon by politicians, journalists, citizens and public interest groups. It was strongly criticised as a deceptive measure which would enshrine discretionary secrecy; rather than allow freedom of information, it would, through its many exemption clauses, enable governments to withhold large tracts of information without the courts being able to interfere. With some of its own members ready to cross the floor and the weight of media and public opinion against it, the government then referred the Bill to the Senate Standing Committee on Constitutional and Legal Affairs, headed by Liberal Senator Alan Missen. The Senate Committee heard a near-record number of submissions. The number of people estimated to be represented by those who appeared was more than two and a half million. In the end the committee made 93 recommendations to amend the Bill.

Even so, the recalcitrant Liberal Government was set to refer the Bill to yet another bureaucratic whitewash, in the form of a third interdepartmental committee. The strong stand taken by some Liberal Senators clearly averted this. Senator David Hamer (Lib), a member of the committee, put it this way: "The Bill is still in the hands of the parliament and there it must remain, to be brought on when the *parliament* thinks fit. It must not be withdrawn for reconsideration by the public service, for then we might never see it again. It is for the parliament, not the executive and certainly not for the public service, to decide the detail of a Bill such as a Freedom Of Information Bill."

After 10 months of deliberation — described by the *Sydney Morning Herald* as an "inexcusable delay" — the government gave its response to the report. According to committee-member Senator Gareth Evans, 34 of the 93 recommendations had been accepted. Most of the crucial ones had been rejected.

From there the 1981 Freedom Of Information Bill emerged and was subjected to a torrid winter session in that same year. Critical amendments to the Bill were introduced, sometimes minutes before they were debated. The result was that no-one outside government (least of all the Opposition and journalists) quite knew what had happened. All that was clear was the 1978 Freedom Of Information Bill and associated Senate Committee recommendations were changed significantly — for better and for worse. Further amendments moved by a coalition of Labor, Democrat and Liberal Senators were agreed to by the government. And in a final compromise, the government introduced other amendments of its own, in order to head off a backbench revolt.

Crucial to the whole evolution of Freedom Of Information legislation were two important High Court rulings. In 1978 the case of *Sankey versus Whitlam* drew a ruling that the courts of Australia have the power to inspect the most confidential and sensitive documents held by the governments, when reviewing claims that the documents should be withheld from the public. Prior to this, governments could claim "Crown Privilege" to prevent disclosure.

Second was the Fraser government's attempt, in 1980, to suppress publication of the book *Documents on Defence and Foreign Policy 1968-75.* The Federal Attorney General Senator Durack, on November 8, 1980, explained to the public: "On the basis that the material to be published included confidential government information, the publication of which would be prejudicial to Australia's international relations, the government sought interim injunctions from the High Court . . ."

The High Court replied: "It is unacceptable in our democratic society that there should be a restraint on the publication of information relating to government when the only vice of that information is that it enables the public to discuss, review and criticise government action . . ." A strong and definitive statement for future legislation was now available.

An interesting commentary on the whole affair was offered by Alan Renouf a few days later, when he said: "The theory behind classification of documents is often . . . the less you reveal to the public . . . the less opportunity the public has to review your actions. Keep them in the dark as much as possible, and when there is any doubt, CLASSIFY!"

The Fraser government succeeded in having publication of the book banned on a technical point of copyright, but clearly lost out on the overriding matter of government secrecy.

So how does all this affect the average person on December 1? What sort of information can you get, and more importantly, what sort of information are you likely to want?

The object of the Act as it is stated "is to extend, as far as possible, the right of the Australian community to access to information in the possession of the government." This is to be done "by making available to the public information about the operations of departments and public authorities and . . . ensuring that rules and practices affecting members of the public in their dealings with departments and public authorities are readily available to persons affected by those rules." It also states that with regard to certain exemptions, a general right of access to all information held by government ministers, departments and public authorities now exists, and that the Act stands to facilitate prompt and cheap disclosure of information.

Information can include written or printed matter, maps, plans, photos, articles, things(!), sound recordings, videos or films. It matters not whether the information was created within the particular government agency or whether it was generated outside it. As long as they have it, you can have it too.

The importance of this is illustrated graphically by the plight of the Vietnam veteran. For example, a doctor gives certain information to the Veterans' Affairs Department regarding the medical condition of a digger who is claiming damages in respect of Agent Orange. Until now he may have been denied access to the medical information, upon which his legal case may have rested very heavily. Now, because Veterans' Affairs has received it, subject to certain exemptions he can also see it. Public servants claiming compensation will also be able to use information received by their respective departments.

The Act requires all government agencies to publish, as soon as possible, and no later than 12 months after formation, "a statement setting out particulars of the organisation and functions of the agency, indicating . . . the decision-making powers and other powers affecting members of the public."

Integral to this will be the definite identification of the decision-makers themselves, which should go a long way towards removing the frustrating anonymity which has surrounded and enshrouded public servants for so long.

The details of any arrangements which exist to allow the general public to participate in the formulation of that agency's policy must also be published.

And most importantly, each government agency must prepare a file register which outlines all the documents held by that agency and all the outlets and facilities a department may use in disseminating information. All the statements must be published annually in the Commonwealth Directory.

Each government department functions under an Act of Parliament. For example, the Department of Social Security functions under the Social Services Act. And all departments have a host of instructions, rules, guidelines, practices and precedents upon which they interpret the Act of Parliament. These are generally bound up into a "departmental manual" — the internal bibles of administration. The manuals can be, and often are, not merely supplements to the Acts and regulations, but in effect subsidiary legislation. They list, for example, the criteria one must meet to be eligible for a pension, or the guidelines used in determining whether something falls into this category or that. The Australian Council of Social Service, for example, has long been critical of the Department of Social Security for refusing to issue copies of the guideline book it uses for determining eligibility for benefits. Indeed, the high-handed approach of some public servants in this area has been less than diplomatic. On September 30, 1980, the Director General of Social Security, in relation to invalid pensions, wrote: "It is no concern of ACOSS . . . if I give an administrative direction to members of this department to set up task forces to review procedures." As if anticipating an early Freedom Of Information Bill, the *Canberra Times* replied not long after: "That argument is over and secretive bureaucracy lost."

Traditionally though, these manuals have been secret and carefully guarded — often because disclosure would reveal the many cock-eyed interpretations which have been given out. Each department has 12 months to get these together and publish them, but many departments don't know what instructions or information is current and will be flat out achieving this deadline. Defence and Social Security are

THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE

The US Freedom of Information Act, enacted in 1967, is similar to ours but decidedly more liberal. Ordinarily a request for information has to be determined within 14 days of receipt, as opposed to our 60 days. The US Act is supplemented by a Presidential order which regulates the classification of documents relating to national security. Effectively the order establishes a declassification process whereby many documents classified "Confidential" are declassified (and available for release) after six years; "Secret" after eight years and "Top Secret" after 10. An independent committee reviews refusals to disclose information which has been classified for 10 years.

Before Freedom Of Information legislation, the US Defence Department received only a handful of enquiries. It now receives about 50,000 annually and rejects only five percent. Health, Education and Welfare apply exemptions to about three percent of their requests and the Justice Department (which includes the FBI) refuses about 15 percent.

Some notable disclosures of information under the US Act include:

- Documents outlining shocking treatment of political prisoners in Vietnam.
- Internal CIA working documents outlining experiments on drug-induced behavior control.
- Reports by staff scientists in the Atomic Energy Commission that a major nuclear reactor accident could kill up to 45,000 people.
- FBI programs to illegally harrass and disrupt dissident groups by phone taps, break-ins and provocation of violence.
- Reports on radioactive contamination of New Mexico's water supply.
- Reports on the cancer-causing properties of chloroform (used in cough syrups).
- Papers listing risks involved with the use of silicone in cosmetic surgery.
- 100,000 pages on the investigation into the assasination of John F. Kennedy.
- Details of CIA assassination plots against foreign leaders.

PSSST...

two which are well prepared. Education, Finance, Foreign Affairs, Administrative Services and to a lesser extent Treasury, are all well behind. So it is fair to assume that early requests may meet with some hesitancy. It is no great secret that at least one permanent head — John Stone from Treasury — has been heard to say that he proposes to routinely refuse all requests for information.

But as Jack Waterford of the *Canberra Times* quipped: "That might well end up a blessing. A ham-fisted refusal, adjudicated upon fairly quickly by the Administrative Appeals Tribunal, might well lead to a more generous interpretation of the Act."

One of the most important benefits of Freedom Of Information Legislation is, curiously, that it will cause departments to tighten up a scattered and disarrayed plethora of policies and guidelines, hopefully making administration more efficient.

If government departments fail to publish these guidelines, no-one can be disadvantaged by them. For example, a migrant who fails to comply with some regulations within the Department of Immigration could not be deported for that failure.

Your right of access to documents is generally limited to documents created after December 1. There are two major exceptions. Firstly, if the document contains information relating to your personal affairs, you can go back five years and get it. Secondly, if any document you can get does not make sense or needs another document created before October 1 to give you a proper understanding of the original one, you must be given access to it.

All requests for information must be in writing and must be explicit as to which document is required. If you don't know exactly what you want — ask! The legislation spells out a specific responsibility for public servants to assist you to find what you want.

Once written, the requests should be sent to a contact point which will be listed in the *Government Gazette.* The contact point will direct your request to the relevant department. For most departments that contact point will be in Canberra.

Where information you require is stored in a computer or on a sound recording, the agency is required to deal with the request as if that information was a written document and must give you a transcription. But if your request is too general and involves lots of computer time, it may be expensive.

The time it takes a government agency to reply with your information will vary with the type of request made. A few days to a couple of weeks would not be unreasonable. In any event, you must be informed of a decision on your application within 60 days.

Your access to information is not limited to copies of a document. You can also go to the agency and inspect it yourself, or you can listen to or view recordings at the agency. Anything in shorthand or in code must be explained. Examples of this may be the many video tapes which are used by departments in training courses. And all those little boxes on government forms with one suspicious little letter in them must now be interpreted.

Where a decision is made not to grant a request on the grounds that the specific document is exempt, then if it is only certain sections of the document which make it exempt, the agency is obliged to delete these "dirty bits" and give you the rest. For instance, a report concerning Commonwealth relations with the States over Aboriginal Land Rights may be okay except for two pages on Queensland. Attorney General's, Aboriginal Affairs or whichever department had this document would be obliged to cull those two pages and hand over the rest.

If your request is altogether too general and would "substantially and unreasonably divert the resources of the agency from its operation," you may be refused access. Such a case might involve a request to Administrative Services for "all the info you've got on tendering" — obviously a huge task. But if this does happen, the agency is still required to consult with you, with a view to making your request in another form.

Section 26 of the Act is one which could well be used by its many critics to bring about further reform of the Act in the next couple of years. It states that if you are refused access to a document for any reason, you must be given notice, in writing, of the facts surrounding the decision and the reasons for it. Further, this notice must state the name and position of the person giving the decision and appropriate information about your right of appeal. Until now public servants have been notorious for comments such as "we have decided . . ." with an unintelligible initial underneath. This is no longer acceptable, and as far as the media goes, a refusal to grant access could well generate a keener and more controversial story than would a right of access.

The basic fee for information has been determined at $12.50 per request. This amount will provide up to 50 pages of photocopying and one hour of searching. Requests for policy and figures from departments like Primary Industry are not likely to be as easy, as they could turn out to be time-consuming and therefore expensive. However, private enterprise and public interest groups are more likely to want this anyway.

Whatever, there is provision in the Act

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for total or partial remission of costs. The reasons given for remission are:

1. If the charge could cause financial hardship to the applicant;
2. If the documents sought are personal documents;
3. If access to the information is considered to be of general benefit to the public.

This latter clause is illustrated in the case of a private individual who wishes to change the eating habits of his family. He finds out that the Department of Health has a number of interdepartmental reports on food additives which have not been made public. A request for this information would probably be regarded as in the public interest.

The exemption clauses within the Act are broad and numerous. A document is exempt from public scrutiny if it could "reasonably be expected to cause damage to":

1. The security of the Commonwealth;
2. The defence of the Commonwealth;
3. The international relations of the Commonwealth;
4. Relations between the Commonwealth and any State or the Northern Territory.

Obviously refusals of this kind constitute major political decisions and would probably be made by a minister or his permanent head. Any decision to refuse access to a government document on the grounds that it may damage the security of the Commonwealth, together with facts and reasons for the refusal, is going to be politically sensitive. In this sense the wide-ranging exemption clauses are held in check to a considerable degree.

Any and all Cabinet documents may be exempted and this is not surprising, given the fact that many government backbenchers do not even get to see their own Cabinet documents.

"Internal working documents" are exempted. These are basically options and/or policy advice for the government. But exemptions here must be clearly shown to be contrary to the public interest. Even such unlikely documents as a public servant's working diary, which is created and used by a department, could be accessible. Reports of scientific or technical experts, whether employed by that agency or not, including reports expressing the opinions of such experts, will not be exempted. This is especially important for conservation and environmental issues. If the government uses Harry Butler to research and advise on flooding the Franklin River in Tasmania, conservationists will now be able to look at Harry Butler's work sheets and his conclusions.

Documents are exempt if their disclosure would prejudice police or departmental investigations. So if the Tax Office has you under surveillance with an eye to prosecution you would be hard-pressed to sight your own tax files at that point. But again, they must give you reasons.

Parts of documents which disclose the identity of informers can also be deleted and in Taxation and Social Security, this adds up to quite a few. A document can also be withdrawn if its release would endanger the lives of investigators — mainly police and customs.

Methods of detecting breaches of the law can be exempted, so an application to the Customs Department for information about the training of "sniffer" dogs would probably be refused.

Privacy of individuals is guaranteed under the Act, in that documents which deal with the personal affairs of any individual (including dead people) are exempt, except to that person. Conclusive proof of identity, such as birth certificates, may be necessary in some cases.

Australian businessmen expecting a flood of information on December 1 may be slightly disappointed. This is due partly to the fact that while they crave juicy government tit-bits, they are very keen not to give away any of their own — and this has been noted in the legislation. Documents are exempt if they reveal trade secrets, or information which would damage business operation, either personal or corporate. For example, a request to see someone's tender to a government department would have to be cleared by the tenderer himself. But opening up of the departmental manuals will be of invaluable assistance and a great saving to many businessmen who presently find it impossible to negotiate the bureaucratic maze and rely on the thriving community of lobbyists and tariff consultants in Canberra for interpretation and advice.

Section 44 of the Act is one which must have left legal technicians and economists rolling in the aisles. It states that a document is exempt if it could reasonably be expected to adversely affect the ability of the government to manage the economy of Australia! Basically designed to protect Treasury and its working documents, this section limits information on exchange and interest rates, banking regulations, taxes and proposals for expenditure. Altogether too broad, and seemingly unnecessary. In any case, the persistent claim that chaos would result if economic forecasts and analyses were regularly published strangely enough ceased to apply when it was politically expedient for the Treasurer to table an interdepartmental committee report on economic strategy which, it was claimed, had been inaccurately disclosed by the Leader of the Opposition.

Section 45 of the Act is possibly the most confusing and retrograde piece of the whole legislation. It simply states: "A document is an exempt document if its disclosure under the Act would constitute a breach of confidence." It doesn't take a tertiary education to realise this is altogether too broad and vague, confusing at law and unfair on the decision-makers. Public servants could use this section to disallow almost anything. An early adjudication by the Administrative Appeals Tribunal involving a "breach of confidence" may be instructive, so this one section does not sink the whole of the legislation.

The right to amend your own personal records is without doubt one of the great democratic moves of the century. *Everybody* in this country has a file on themselves somewhere. Whether originating in Taxation, Social Security, Immigration, Customs, Police or ASIO, these files can be and often are tossed around within departments and between departments, and may be sighted by hundreds of public servants in your lifetime. The only way the bureaucrats can hinder or assist your cause in any dealings you have with the government is by referring to your file. From December 1, if you believe government information relating to your personal affairs is incomplete, incorrect or misleading, you can apply to have it changed. This is done by lodging an amendment notice, listing the changes you want. Whether your amendments are made in toto or not is left to the discretion of the minister. But even if the original information is not altered, your own amendments and comments must be noted somewhere on the document.

If you are unhappy about any decision made by an officer of the government which affects you under the Freedom Of Information Act, you can apply within 28 days to have the decision reviewed by another officer, and a fresh decision made. The department then has 14 days in which to make it. You can also appeal to the Administrative Appeals Tribunal about any decision or about any charges you have incurred.

And you can complain to the Ombudsman. This is one of the quickest and cheapest ways to enact changes on smaller matters. The Ombudsman is required to report directly to the Prime Minister. So if a government officer gives you a hard time getting information or simply making a request, or is obviously biased about you for some reason, the Ombudsman's office is the place to go.

Still another avenue of appeal is the Document Review Tribunal, which is yet to be established. This tribunal will advise the minister on the most sensitive areas of the Act, namely: Cabinet documents, documents which affect the Commonwealth's security, defence, international and State relations, Executive Council documents and internal working documents. It can't overturn a minister's decision to refuse access, but can strongly advise him that there are insufficient grounds for exemption.

Recent Examples Of Suppression Of Information

"There could be circumstances, I believe, in which a Treasury official could regard (his) overriding duty to Australia as being greater than his duty to the government. And ultimately our duty lies to Australia first." — Malcolm Fraser, Leader of the Opposition, July 5, 1975, on the ABC's *Four Corners*.

• In early January 1981, the Doctors' Reform Society released details of a study on the levels of carbon monoxide produced by cigarettes. This document had been suppressed by the Federal Department of Health and the tobacco industry for more than a year.

• December last year saw the publication of the "Financial Directive" issued by the Chifley Labor Government soon after its acquisition of QANTAS Airline shares in 1947. This directive defined the relationship between the Federal Government and the airline.

• Senator Dame Margaret Guilfoyle (Minister for Finance) replied, "No comment" on December 9, 1980, when asked why the three-year forward estimates of government spending prepared by the department were confidential. As long ago as 1974, Malcolm Fraser had called for forward estimates to be public information, as they are in Britain.

• The Tertiary Education Commission, a Federally-funded public body, has consistently refused to release copies of its minutes. So too has the Australian Education Council — a body comprising State and Federal Education Ministers.

• In Victoria the minutes of the Post Secondary Education Commission are not publicly available. The commission does not even provide data to substantiate decisions it has made — despite requests from Education Minister Hunt to do so.

• The public is unable to obtain information on what stocks of petroleum products are held in storage. Information regarding forecast of crude production and government royalties is also withheld.

• The military manuals prepared by Australian Defence Forces are not available to the public. Dr Keith Suter has been successful in obtaining a manual on land battles from the US Pentagon, but the Australian Government has refused access to its own similar manual.

• The Vietnam Veterans' Association claims the government has refused to release a general report on herbicide spraying in Vietnam, together with maps of herbicide spraying.

• Product tests carried out by many government agencies, the National Acoustics Laboratories, the Department of Transport and the Materials Research Laboratories, are not publicly available.

• Two academic researchers have pointed out that official secrecy has pre-empted the conclusion of research on whether the herbicide 2,4,5-T is linked to the increase in deaths of new-born babies due to congenital defects of the central nervous system.

• An environmental report commissioned by the Defence Department in 1976 had endorsed a secret 1970 report on dockyard development, which concluded that neither Sydney Harbor nor Williamstown near Melbourne was suitable for nuclear warships. When the *National Times* broke this news in June, the Federal Government was hard at it trying to tell Australians that everything was okay.

Other suppressed reports include:

• The lists of pecuniary interests of ministers.

• The Prime Ministerial appeal to the US Government objecting to the proposal to allow Continental Airlines to fly to Australia.

• The draft nuclear safeguards agreement submitted by the government to 15 potential uranium purchasers.

• The pecuniary interest statement provided by the Chairman of the Australian Broadcasting Tribunal to the Attorney General.

There are hundreds of other examples of government suppression of information to show that the Freedom of Information Bill is essential — even only as a token to the ideals of democracy.

THE MYTH OF MINISTERIAL RESPONSIBILITY

To most people, government ministers are viewed as the power people. They control the purse strings, are supposed to have an in-depth knowledge of their departments, and make all the policy. Freedom Of Information legislation will break down this myth and expose the real power-brokers — the senior public servants.

Usually, a minister will not have pursued a career prior to his election which will befit his particular portfolio. Within a few days he is often expected to take full responsibility for a new department about which he knows little, which is slightly short of ridiculous.

Witness the recent transfer of Ian Sinclair from Communications to Defence. The majority of ministers don't maintain the same portfolio for the three years of government anyway.

So from his first day as minister he is almost totally dependent on the permanent head of the department. Permanent heads are always career public servants with many years of experience in their field.

Generally conservative, secretive and inaccessible to all but their ministers and top subordinates, these are the unelected rulers of our country. The permanent head of Treasury, John Stone, had good reason for sniggering at Neville Wran at the recent Premiers' Conference: Stone wields as much power as any politician.

However, Freedom of Information legislation could substantially minimise many of these negative aspects by allowing interested members of the public, often with specialised expertise in an area, access to documents which show just how these senior public servants interpret legislation, why they interpret it in a certain way and how their departments are functioning, planning and spending.

Departmental heads are only accountable to their ministers and if the ministers are not familiar with certain areas of their departments (which must happen), there are no checks carried out on these public servants. Checks are applied every three years to ministers, in the form of State and Federal elections.

The most glaring weakness in all Freedom Of Information debate has probably been this naive assumption that "ministerial responsiblity" is viable. Inherent in this is another rash assumption — that no public servant will try to prevent disclosure of inefficiency or to hide corruption.

A report prepared for the New Zealand government in December 1980, headed by Sir Alan Danks, stated: "Public confidence demands that the bureaucracy should not be seen to be the final judge of its own virtue in this matter."

It also said: ". . . it is no longer possible, even if it were desirable, for ministers to act as the sole information source for all aspects of their portfolios."

And indeed, one minister complained to the Senate Standing Committee which investigated Freedom Of Information submissions before the Bill was finalised: "I feel like a member of a football team which never plays at home. The public servants have collectively about 85 percent of the information and we have about 15 percent — much of which is acquired from leaks and newspaper reports."

·STANISH·

When you're dabbling in the job market, you've got to read between the lines

A HARD DAY'S BLUDGING

Optimists call it the "job market" — as if there were thousands of jobs sitting there, waiting to be snapped up by the enthusiastic bargain-hunter. I don't know why it is, but in Saturday's paper the jobs offered in the classifieds seem more respectable and straight-forward. On Wednesday, every shifty, swifty and shonky tries to lure the unemployed into his ranks to help flog his rank products. (Equally unexplainable is the fact that all my offers seem to come from Wednesday's papers.) Like real estate ads, the fascinating futures offered in the employment section often hide a truth

HUMOR BY DAVID LYLE
Illustration by Paul Stanish

BLUDGING

which is very different and sometimes quite bizarre.

One of the earliest reality shocks surfaces in the smart field of public relations. Going up in the lift for my interview, I conjured up images of trendy offices, of dashing off the occasional press release, of polishing my Gucci shoes and racing out to a long lunch. My prospective employer's reception area disintegrated that notion. The interior decor was an eclectic style based on random indiscriminate behavior. The cracked vinyl chairs were Salvation Army rejects, and the normally forlorn sight of a dead pot plant looked like a case of mercy killing under the circumstances.

Four other losers were, like myself, sitting in the reception area. Soon, an oily man whose name contained lots of Cs and Zs took us into his office for an interview, which consisted of writing down our phone numbers and enquiring if we owned cars. After that we filed back to the all-purpose reception area that had now converted to a lecture theatre. Here we were informed that public relations meant flogging pots and pans. Not just any pots and pans, but Portuguese ones especially designed to cater for those people gullible enough to equate high prices with good quality. These pots featured innovative layers of steel and copper to provide heat where it was needed most. If you believe that, then you'd believe Malcolm Fraser has a heart, and that it bleeds copiously for the unemployed.

The real test of public relations skill came after we'd been piled into a battered Cortina and driven to the outer limits of suburbia. During the lengthy drive, through suburbs no-one in their right mind has even dreamt of, I remembered Hansel and Gretel and began to wish I'd dropped a trail of white pebbles out the window. Our group leader, an aggressively ugly woman wearing a short dress that revealed a sickening amount of her white legs, gave us a pep talk and hurled us out at the public.

Unfortunately, the public was ready for us. At the mention of pots (sorry, cookware), suburban doors can slam in a reflex action that would make Pavlov salivate. One is tempted to write a sociological paper entitled *The Interdependence of Architectural Styles and Homeowners' Unwillingness to Communicate with Public Relations Experts (Pots and Pans Option).* The core of the paper would state that the more balustrading a house supports, the less likely a pot flogger is to get to first base. The best bets are the houses with useless bits of macrame swinging on the front porch or expensive toys rotting in the garden. These finds are as rare as locating someone who's willing to serve you in Myers. There are some dos and don'ts that the pot flogger comes to recognise very quickly. Never rouse anyone watching the Mike Walsh Show. They tend to be either old, drunk, unemployed or otherwise indisposed. They dislike cookware.

If any of you are unlucky enough to end up in the door-to-door racket, let me give you a tip: dogs are unfairly maligned. They are rarely leashed, but tend to prefer licking to biting. This can be turned to advantage. After being licked by some demented labrador, the doorstepper should tie a handkerchief around his hand and ring the front door bell. Breathing heavily (sobs tend to be a bit over-the-top in men), the doorstepper should present his bandaged hand and allow the housewife to buy his products as an act of reparation. If the housewife fails to recognise this as the Christian thing to do, then veiled threats of having the dog put down will often activate her conscience.

> Never rouse anyone watching the Mike Walsh Show. They tend to be either old, drunk, unemployed or otherwise indisposed

After four hours and a possible pot sale to a lady who still was unsure whether she should cook in them or use them for storing plants, I ended my career in public relations. The moral: unless you actually like being told to piss off in an infinite variety of foreign languages, then you should avoid anything that involves "meeting people" or "interviewing prospective clients".

My next attempt at securing employment, again arising from the Wednesday papers, was (I thought) a much safer bet: indoors and in show-biz. I should have been warned by the "good with people" line in the ad. This show-biz job was at the end of a flashlight in a picture theatre. I figured that at least it would be warm and I'd get to see lots of movies. In fact, it was extremely warm — the theatre specialised in hot movies, or at least, the same hot movie over and over again. My job didn't involve too much ushering of patrons to their seats. Most of them were regulars who darted to their well-worn vantage points like well-directed bullets.

My job was that of crowd control. The rules were simple. The patrons were allowed to enjoy the show provided they didn't spread themselves around too much. I had a running battle with one of our regulars who, feeling the heat, was always trying to remove his excess clothing, including everything but his shoes and socks. The uninitiated, who are inclined to ridicule the raincoat brigade, think it's the voluminous cut of the coats which accounts for their popularity with the blue movie set. My experience at the front line (the military terminology is apt, as ushers often see the patrons beating retreat) is that raincoats are essential for coping with all the moisture that flies around in such establishments.

You can imagine my thrill when the management decided to change programs. Anything had to be better than the previous fare, even the Kung Fu movies the boss had chosen. Wrong again! In blue movies the patrons were glued to their seats, as it were. In the Kung Fu flicks, the kids go wild and race around the theatre like lizards on heat. The place didn't need an usher, it needed a traffic cop. The crunch came at the end of each session when the new Bruce Lees came out fighting. They wanted to kill something and I was the first person they saw. Had I not given it away, my face would have been so swollen and battered I'd have looked like Kerry Packer.

It was back to the streets. I was determined to get an honest job door-knocking, but this time in market research, where I wouldn't have to sell anything. The offices of the company whose ad I answered were very smart. All high tech and gleaming. You could eat your food off any part of the office, including the beautiful girl with the glossy hair and soft eyes who womanned the reception desk. Ensconced in the free-form furniture, surrounded by imported magazines, I waited for my appointment and decided this was for me — home on the receptionist's back. My reverie was disturbed by a sharp-faced woman in a crumpled beige suit and sensible shoes. She was as plain as the nose on your dog.

Once in her office (two pot plants, Picasso poster, expensive desk set and a jar of never-used pencils) she began talking to me without so much as a please-sit-down. The gist of her talk focused on the lofty place in the social order occupied by market research. It seems that MR is the epitome of objective academic study. Not only is it a scientific discipline, it is part of the true democratic process whereby the little man can make his voice heard.

All this evangelical zeal was starting to make me nervous. I had a queasy *deja vu* of a florid-faced Irish priest putting his hand on my knee and asking me look deep into my soul for a sign of my vocation to the priesthood. When I tuned in once more, the tone of her sermon had changed. Now she was extolling this marvellous company which was about to welcome me into its flock. "What does the average man want?" she snapped, belting the desk into submission with her fist. Before I could answer "Your receptionist", she barked: "Cheap holidays". This came as news to me. I hadn't noticed too many people wandering around the streets crying out "Oh for a cheap holiday!"

And by now I had noticed a discrepancy between the two parts of the day's lesson as delivered by Sister Crant. If we were doing objective market research, why were we getting involved in el cheapo holidays? When I disrupted her litany of holiday destinations to ask that question, she paused and fixed me with a cold stare. It was the sort of stare a mother gives you when you return her daughter's misplaced underpants the day after a date. Wearily, she tried to talk around this rude interruption but the message was clear. It was really a cheap holiday company and her idea of market research, when stripped of the highflown phrases, consisted of researching the question of whether a householder was home or not, and then whether he could be turned into a market for a holiday.

Despite this woman's assurances that everyone was panting for cheap trips, the company would pay only for the suckers I signed up. Now that is commission selling and commission selling is a company's way of telling you they don't believe in their product. If a company believes they have a really hot product then they won't pay you only for the items sold, but by the hour. If, however, they know they are trying to push products as popular as scratched records then naturally they'll pay you only by the few items you might sell. So I departed, consoled by the discovery that the receptionist's hair was dyed and her arse was flabby.

One might postulate that after all this experience I would be sufficiently classified-wise not to be conned any more. I thought so too, until the events which unfolded today.

I am not deterred by the cracked terazzo floor leading through the dankness to the door of a dilapidated apartment. I've gone for bad jobs in classier surrounds. I knock a few times and listen to the echoes fade in the hall. I check that I'm on time. I knock again and suddenly feel a hand on my shoulder. Spinning around, I peer at a short old man in a brown jumper, corduroy trousers and fluffy pink slippers — very cute. "You want her?" he asks in a thick accent, nodding towards the door. Then he wheezes on me, with breath that should have been outlawed by the Geneva convention. "People come up here all the time. They try to knock her up. I get no sleep. She doesn't hear. She has furniture piled up behind that door. If you want her, knock her up around the back."

Trying to recover from his quaint terminology and paint stripper breath, I wander around to the back of the building and climb the wooden fire escape. Wooden fire escape! This isn't going to be an ordinary interview.

I knock again, this time on the back door. Soon it is opened by a dishevelled woman surrounded by an explosion of Pekinese. She invites me in and I follow her through a tiny kitchen, trying to avoid the swirling Pekes who are yapping madly and begging for a solid drop-kick. We end up in an overheated sitting area with strange cluttered rooms darting off into general gloom. We sit down. No coffee is offered, and this is a bad sign in the employment scene.

She is Oriental, and before you start thinking of smooth-skinned Eurasian beauties with exotic pasts, let me say that this woman has the figure of a Won Ton, skin like John Laws and a past that appears to extend no further than the suburban bus routes. We run through name, address, age etc and then on to height, color of eyes, color of hair, length of appendage . . .

> I cover my embarrassment by explaining that I rarely have a ruler and an erection on hand at the same time

Length of appendage? "I beg your pardon?"

"Length of appendage when erect?" comes the cool reply. I try to cover my embarrassment by explaining that I rarely have an erection and a ruler on hand at the same time. She impatiently enquires whether I'm big, small or average. We settle on average. Now I know you think I should have gathered up my unemployed dignity and stamped out. But if the best offer you'd had all week was flogging holidays to people who only wanted to watch Mike Walsh, you'd have ridden it out too.

"Are you AC or DC?" she asks. I try to stall by emitting a hearty chuckle that sounds like a bathtub gurgling. You see, I've never known which was AC and which was DC, and at a moment like this I can hardly afford a mistake. "DC," I respond, and she looks at me very strangely. I wonder what I've said.

Now that the particulars have been taken, we sit back while she explains the routine. Elsewhere, this would be called a job description. Visits pay better than escorts. On a visit, one takes a kit consisting of towels, a can of talcum powder (what for?) and a bottle of baby oil (that I can understand) and then one gives the client a $30 massage. One can keep one's shirt on or off during the massage, but one never offers to do anything more than massage. One waits to be asked. How old-fashioned, I think. The waiting is to fool the police spies who abound and can nab the masseur for soliciting if he makes any offer. However, if the client makes the first move then it is entrapment, and the case would be thrown out of court. The fee for the post-massage massage is negotiated separately between the masseur and the client. She claims that she doesn't take any of this money. I wonder what the fee-for-service guidelines are.

As well as the visits and the escorts, she is about to launch a new service for swinging couples visiting town. I would meet the couple at the airport in a limousine and take them to their hotel. Once they're booked in, I take the man to his appointments and then show the woman the sights. Judging by the lady's lascivious grin, I gather that I wouldn't be required to leave the hotel room during the tour.

"Now we'd better get a photo," she coos, reaching for a Polaroid. I'm informed that some of the guys strip, wear bike leathers or straddle saddles. After looking me up and down she decides the "essential me" wouldn't come across on a saddle. I confirm that I've never come across on a saddle. We settle for a head-and-shoulders shot, posed decorously in the only uncluttered space in the flat, behind the kitchen door.

I've played ball so far. Now I decide it is time to cut and run. But there is yet another question: "Do you do group scenes?" I know she's talking about lots of tangled limbs, but by this time I'm relaxed and questions about my attitude toward doing it with Skippy wouldn't throw me. "Naw, no problems," I reply, trying to sound like John Holmes, but managing only to imitate Skippy's playmate, Sonny.

No sooner is the group issue over with than there is a knock at the back door and I have the chilling thought that my prowess is about to be evaluated. In comes a black guy, apparently a fellow employee. I wonder if the dossier on the length of his appendage is framed and hanging on the foyer wall. Perhaps even alongside the appendage itself . . .

But by now the madame has fresh fish to fry and my interview is wound up as I'm guided to the door. I ask when I will hear from her, and she replies that she is unsure, as it is a new business and she is still setting up contacts. "I understand. You're just feeling your way." I let that be my last gaffe of the day and sprint back to the warmth and safety of the employment classifieds. They're always quite interesting to read at night, if you know what they say between the lines.

The latest fun flying machines
can get you airborne in next to nothing

MINIMUM PLANES, MAXIMUM BUZZ

BY JEFF BROWN
PHOTOS BY VOYTEK EYMONT/RAPPORT

The freedom buzz is what flying is all about, but as any Walter Mitty type knows, modern aviation isn't interested in the buzz. It has been swamped by safety regulations. And what thrill-seeking dreamer wants to spend the time and money required to fly the aerial equivalent of a vanilla blancmange? For the real freedom buzz of flying, *minimum* is the magic word: minimum money, regulations, instruments, technical expertise and hassles of any kind. Minimum aircraft — 1980s-style Wright brothers planes — are Australia's answer to the rulebook. They're for people who just want to *fly* . . . Seat of the pants flying — real wind-in-the-hair, bandits at two o'clock Biggles

PLANES

stuff — is what led to the development of modern minimum aircraft. It all started 79 years ago, when the Wright brothers flew the first minimum aircraft for 12 seconds. But from then on, aircraft became monuments to technology, designed to remove the human weaknesses of pilots; the freedom buzz went west. What buzz, apart from the stirring of an impending ulcer, could a pilot find sitting like a redundant computer component on the flight deck of a 747?

That's why Australia's minimum aircraft fliers include 747 pilots who want to enjoy flying the same way mechanics, real estate agents, accountants and street-sweepers do. Their ages range from 17 to 70, but few among the estimated 1000 minimum aircraft pilots in Australia are women.

Steve Robards, 25, with moustache and leather flying helmet, looks like he just "what-ho chapped" his way on to a World War I airstrip. He graduated to minimum aircraft after four years of skydiving and three years of hang-gliding.

"It really is a freedom buzz," he said. "A mate and I chase each other through the trees a metre above the ground, hopping fences. You get a speed buzz, even at only 60 km/h. It's just like dogfighting. At those moments I feel like I'm the Red Baron."

Fifty-year-old Col Winton, an ex-hydroplane racer, feels the same way: "I always wanted to fly. It's magnificent — I feel like a World War Two Spitfire pilot in my plane. I like to fly and bank about a foot above the ground. Some people complain, but I don't consider the things I do stupid. I'm never reckless," he said.

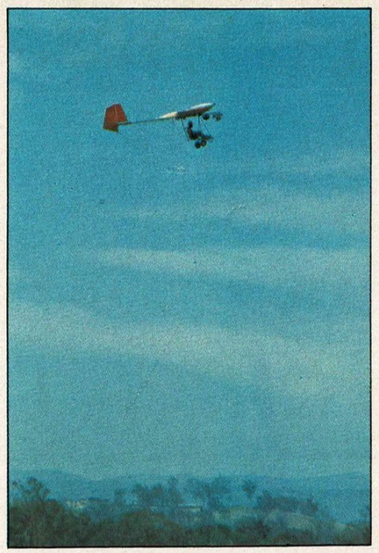
Neville McGarry, 23, found the buzz on his first flight. "I just went up; it was incredible," he said. "It's something you can't explain. There's the bumping along the ground and as soon as you're in the air it's as smooth as silk. God, my heart went into my mouth the first time I did it . . . The only thing I'd ever flown before was a kite on a string."

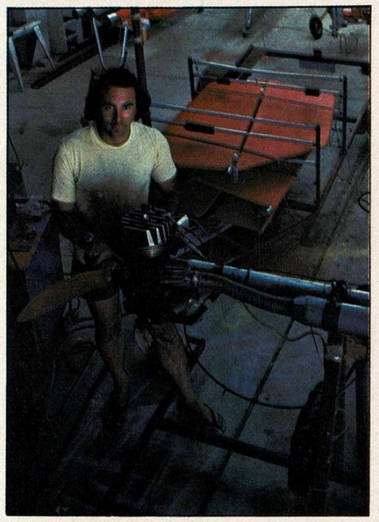
Lewis Bevis, 67, an ex-RAF pilot, knows what flying is about but wasn't ready for what he encountered on his maiden minimum flight. "It's the most hairy experience I've ever had," he said. "I didn't find any relationship between this and a conventional aircraft — it's totally different."

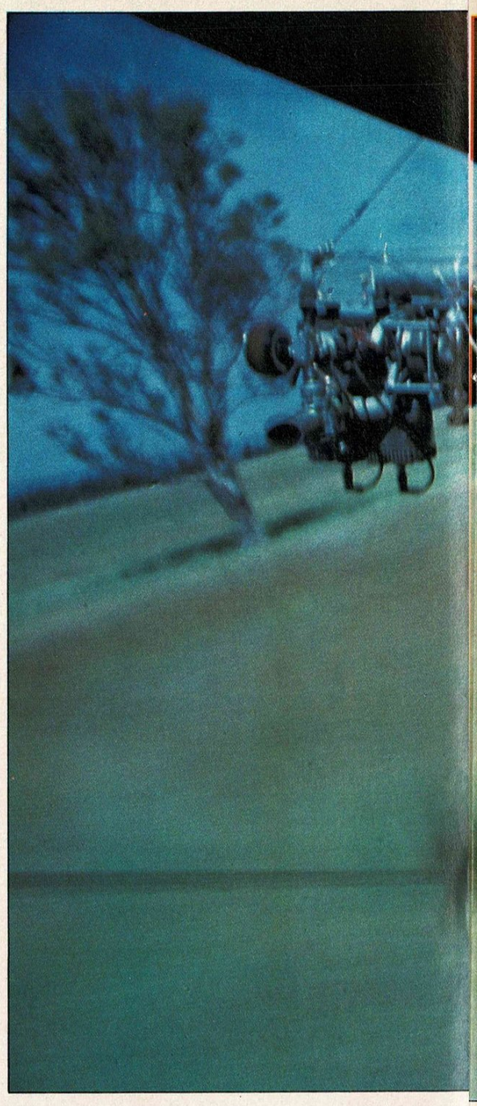
Builder/designer Gareth J. Kimberley, an ex-president of the Minimum Aircraft Federation of Australia, said most owners teach themselves to fly by trial and error. "At the moment people teach themselves by steps, taxiing faster and faster until they can control the aircraft at flying speed, on the ground. Then they lift off in a small hop, then a bigger one, until they are airborne."

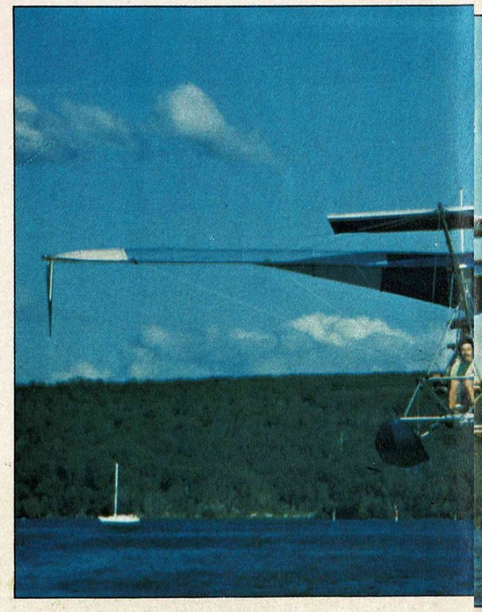
Minimum aircraft manufacturers predict a boom in the sport this summer because of impending changes in Department of Transport regulations and also because of the low costs. New minimum aircraft range from $3150 for the Skycraft Scout up to an estimated price of $11,000 for the Hornet, a still-experimental flying wing design from South Australia. But most of the aircraft sell for about $4000. Running costs for a year, even allowing for mishaps, are about $350 — a fraction of the cost of flying a normal light aircraft.

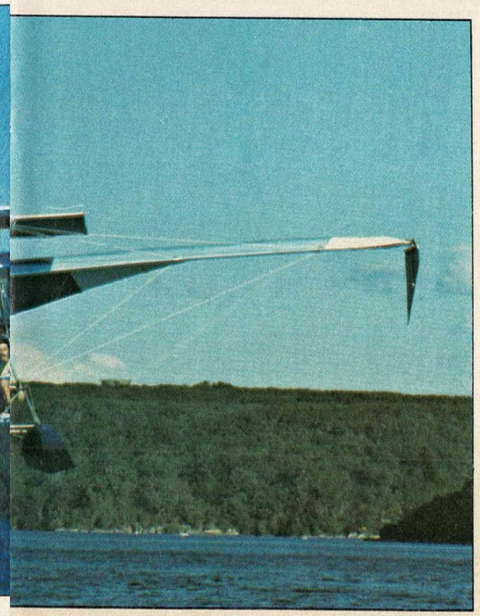
Although minimum aircraft were born at Kitty Hawk with the Wright brothers, a

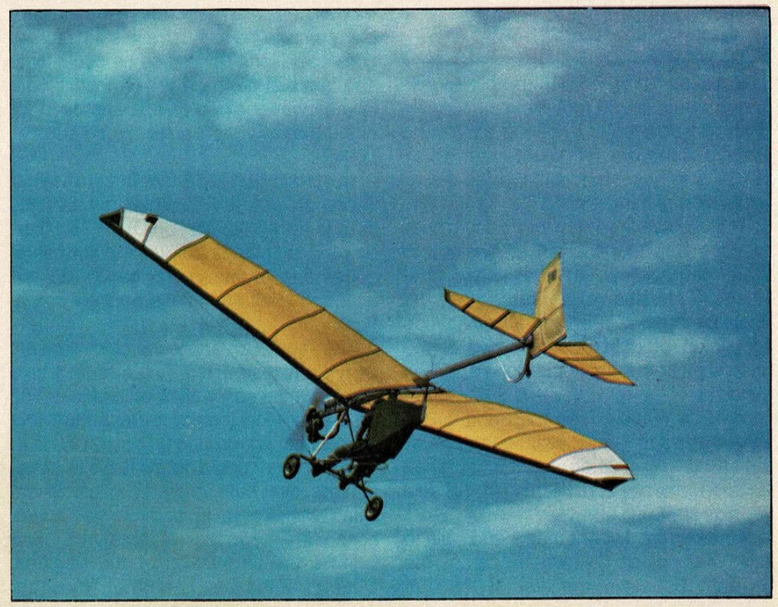




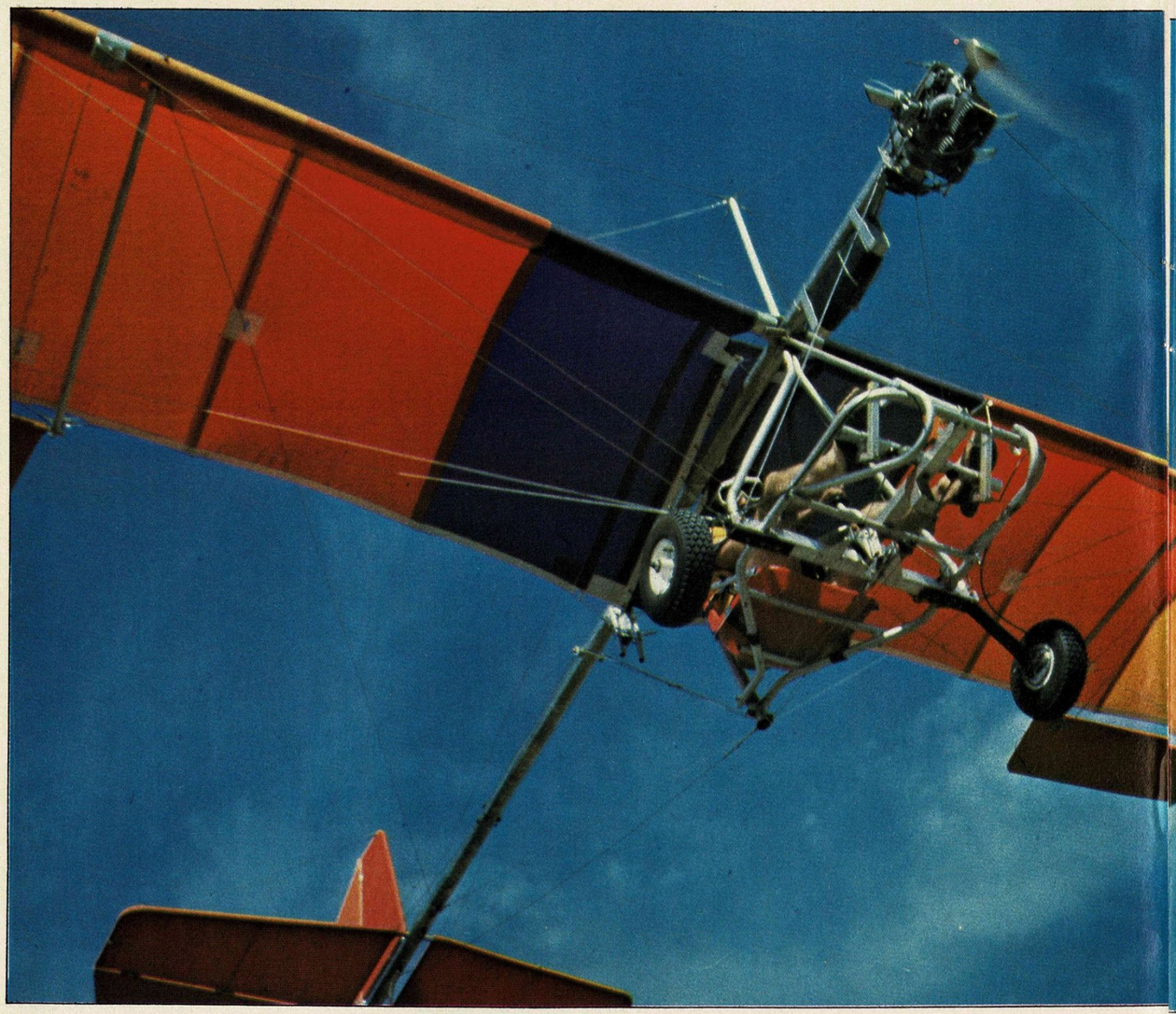


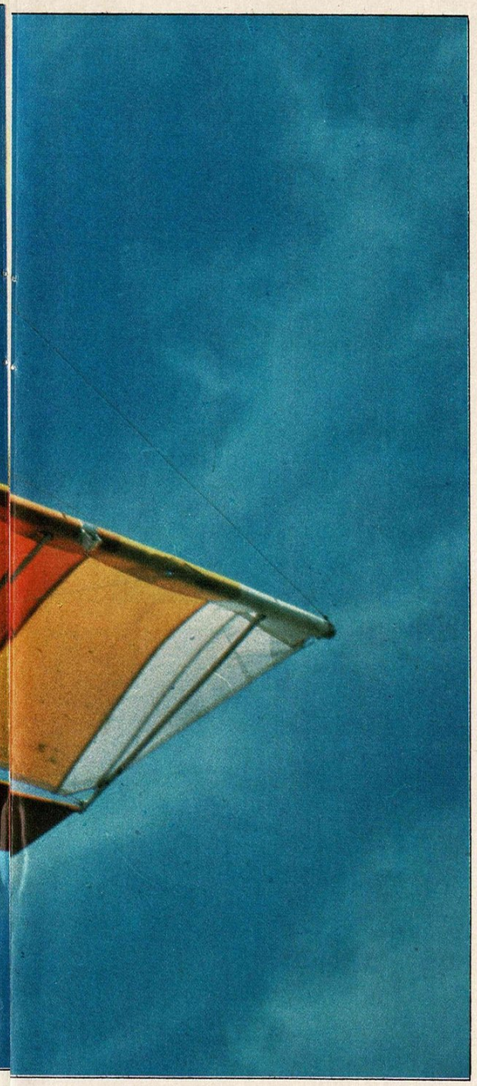


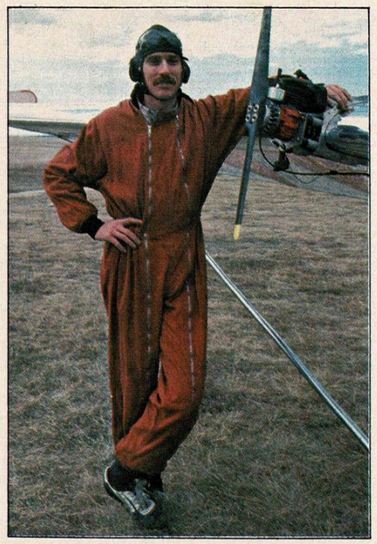


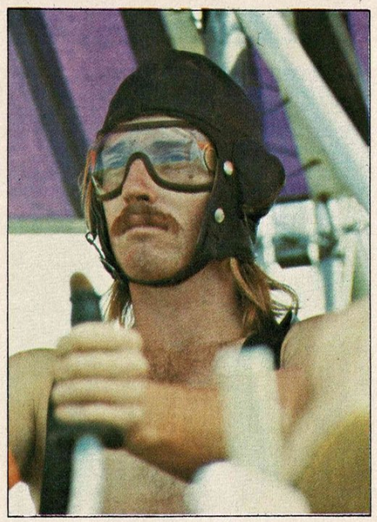


Clockwise from above: Designer/manufacturer Steve Cohen in his Sydney factory. Cohen flying one of his early planes, a STOLaero, and coming in for a landing at St Marys, Sydney. Ron Wheeler's canary yellow Skycraft Scout is one of the popular locally-made aircraft and provides fun flying for about $3200. It's also available with floats, as is the Eagle, a US plane, pictured here over the Hacking River, Sydney.









The aircraft were limited to a height of 91 metres above the ground and were not to be flown within five kilometres of a licenced aerodrome, within controlled airspace, within any prohibited or restricted area, within 100 metres of members of the public, within 100 metres of any building, within 300 metres of any sealed road, or at any regatta or race meeting or public gathering.

"This means if you want to fly minimum aircraft you have to get out in the country, away from any towns or built-up areas, so that if you have a prang you won't hurt anyone but yourself," Gareth Kimberley said. "The Department of Transport's concern, of course, is public safety."

Aeronautical engineer Frank Bailey says the DOT regulation is a good one: "I take my hat off to the DOT for ANO 95.10. They were right on the ball; they gave us the 91 metres that nobody else uses."

If current discussions with the DOT bear fruit there will be a new clause added to ANO 95.10 within the next few months which will loosely follow New Zealand regulations. This means that minimum aircraft registered with a club will be able to use air space up to 1524 metres outside cities and built-up areas.

In the three years after ANO 95.10 was announced 400 minimum aircraft took to the air, most of them home-built. Ron

Clockwise from top right: Steve Robards, one of the pioneers of minimum flying, in front of a Lazaire plane, and at the controls of a STOLaero. Robards putting the Lazaire through its paces at St Marys. Crashes happen; a strong wind gust caught this American Whing Ding biplane out on takeoff. The STOLaero evolved into the Condor with full aircraft controls; now its maker, Steve Cohen, is developing a new, much more advanced minimum aircraft.

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NASA scientist named Dr Francis Regallo provided the key to modern minimum aircraft. He developed a fold-up delta wing for the recovery of spacecraft which NASA didn't use, but which led to the introduction of hang-gliding.

The obvious next step for freedom buzz seekers was the addition of engines to their hang-gliders. It was then that Australia stepped to the forefront of the sport because of a unique air navigation regulation brought about by two of the sport's pioneers, Cec Anderson and Ron Wheeler.

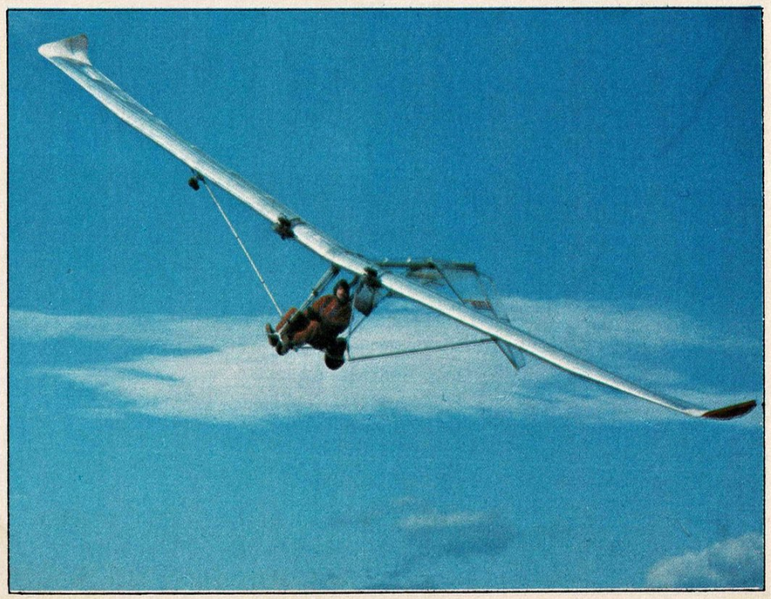
In 1974 Wheeler designed and built a light, high aspect-ratio, flexible wing glider with a conventional aircraft configuration and performance approaching that of rigid wing aircraft.

Wheeler used yacht masts and sails to build his plane, which became the Skycraft Scout — the first of the true modern minimum aircraft. The next problem was to have Australia's air navigation regulations revised so he could fly it. The fact that he managed to get his Victa lawnmower-engined device approved for flight speaks volumes for his persuasive powers . . .

In November 1976 the Department of Transport granted minimum aircraft the right to fly. Air Navigation Order 95.10 exempted the planes from all the normal requirements of the Air Navigation Act, but imposed strict limitations on their operations.

The regulation applied to power-driven, heavier-than-air, fixed-wing aircraft with a maximum takeoff weight of less than 182 kg and a wing loading of less than four pounds per square inch.

The aircraft could not be flown in cloud, at night, over built-up areas, in instrument flying conditions, in commercial operations, in aerobatic manoeuvres, and without the permission of the Regional Director of the Department of Transport.



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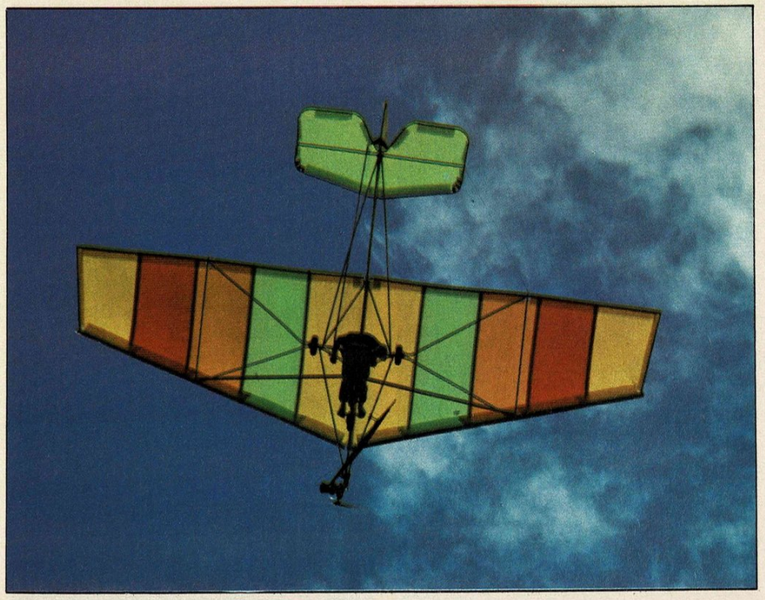
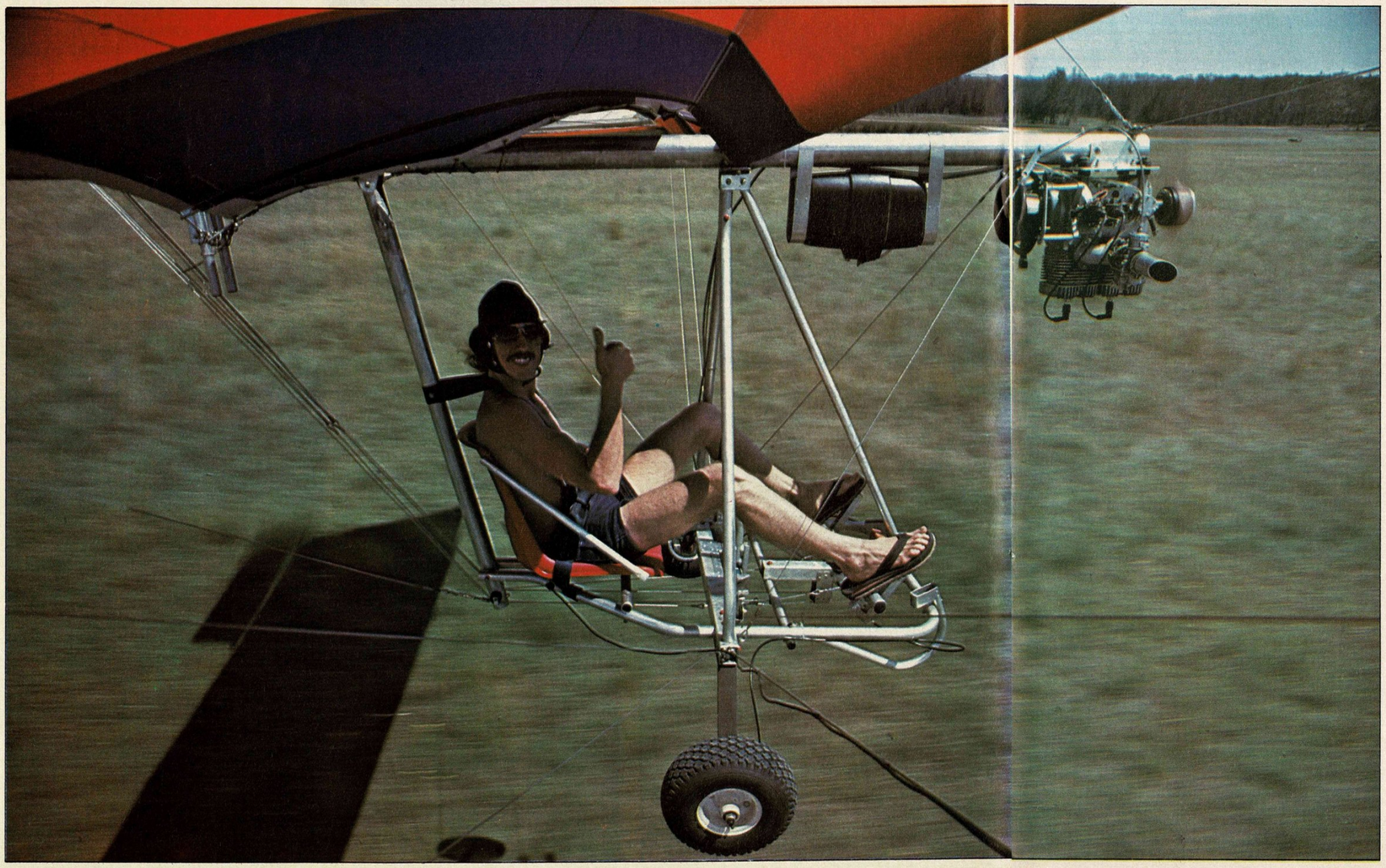
Wheeler's Skycraft Scout was one of the first to be manufactured, and sold more than 500. Other Australian minimum aircraft include the Avenger, the Jackaroo, the Lazaire, the Resurgan, the Cygnet, the Grasshopper, the STOLaero and the Skyrider.

There are five major manufacturers in Australia and at least one is turning over more than $250,000 a year, producing six aircraft a week. Today the industry is probably worth $2 million a year and according to men like Steve Cohen, maker of STOLaeros, Condors and Avengers, the proposed regulation changes and money being invested by new backers will see the sport and the industry take off in much the same way as windsurfing has.

Minimum aircraft don't need a formed airstrip; any grassy paddock which is reasonably level and more than 100 metres long will do. Most of the planes take off in 40 metres and can land in less.





In Sydney, *Penthouse* met the minimum aircraft men in a paddock on a private property at the end of Stockdale Rd, St Marys, about 35 kms from Sydney, on a Sunday morning. (To contact clubs in your State, see the box at the end of this story.)

The day started with a heart-stopping flight: Steve Cohen took off and climbed to 30 metres when his plane's twin-cylinder, two-stroke snowmobile engine burned out a piston. He glided down to a nearby paddock and carried the plane back to the airstrip piece by piece.

"There was no problem," he said. "I once ran out of fuel three times in one day. The only problem was that each time I had to walk back to the strip for more fuel. Without power, minimum aircraft can land on a patch of grass about twice the length of the plane — or maybe six metres more. They come down like parachutes and are very easy to control."

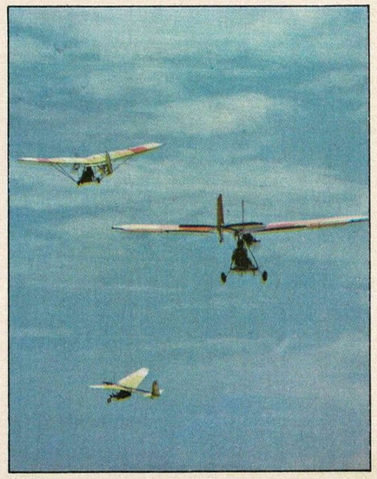
Another mishap involved commercial pilot Tawfek Hany, who had a wheel fall off when he was practising bumps. He had forgotten a split pin when he was assembling his plane and as it retouched it flipped end over end. He was shaken but unhurt, and more concerned about missing a day's flying than anything else.

The fliers admit the sport is dangerous — where can you get thrills without danger? Col Winton, a designer and builder, said flying minimum aircraft is more dangerous than riding a motorcycle on public roads and takes a bit more skill. "It's more like *flying* a motorbike than anything else," he said. "For the beginner that can be scary. As it is, new fliers are taught by club members — really the only way into the sport is through a club — but safety aspects could still be tightened up. Pilots should have doctors' certificates and they should be given lessons before they are allowed to fly. They should, I think, have to get a club or Minimum Aircraft Federation of Australia licence."

Steve Cohen agrees. "I'd like to see more pilot education," he says. "It's extremely easy to learn to fly these aircraft, but learning what happens from a stall or a spin and how to recover takes time and experience. They should learn the basic rules of the air and the theory of flying. If a buyer of one of our aircraft isn't a pilot, we won't sell him an aircraft unless he's prepared to take a compulsory training course with our commercial instructor."

The barnstorming days of minimum aircraft are over, thanks to the concerted efforts of men like MAFA president Tim Campbell, Steve Cohen, Ron Wheeler, Col Winton and Cliff van Praag . . . But the fun days of flying for everyone are just starting.

Clockwise from below: The sky at St Marys sometimes looks like a World War I dogfight; here a US-designed Weedhopper circles above an Australian STOLaero and a Skycraft Scout. Steve Robards, thumbs-up, shows some of the feeling of minimum aircraft flight by his smile. A Weedhopper, controlled partly by body lean, passes overhead.



FREE FLYING CLUBS

NEW SOUTH WALES
Minimum Aircraft Federation of Australia
Tim Campbell, 63 Emily St, Marks Pt, Newcastle NSW 2280.
Associated Scout Owners Fliers Club
Cliff van Praag, 3/35 Fletcher St, Bondi NSW 2026
G.W. Flying Club
Bill Johnson, 35 Nelladan Ave, Tregear, NSW 2770.
QUEENSLAND
4/400 Club
June Cameron, 53 Allendale St, Salisbury, Queensland 4107.
Col Winton, 23 Foxwell Rd, Coomera Queensland 4210.
Lance Billman, Box 5415, PO Townsville, Queensland 4810.
VICTORIA
Minimum Aircraft Club of Victoria
Graham Percy, Dandenong Rd, Carrum Downs, Victoria 3208.
Victorian Ultralight Club
Max Kremke, 20 Twyford St, Box Hill, Victoria 3128.
SOUTH AUSTRALIA
South Australian Ultralight Club
Joe Walker, Box 43, PO Eastwood, South Australia 5063.
AUSTRALIAN CAPITAL TERRITORY
David Waghorn, 23 Howitt St, Kingston, ACT 2604.
WESTERN AUSTRALIA
Super Light Club
Gary Mason, 47 McDonald St, Como, WA 6152.
PAPUA-NEW GUINEA
Sail Balus
C. Bunker, Box 1078, PO Goroka, Eastern Highlands Province, Papua-New Guinea.

TECHNICAL DETAILS

SKYCRAFT SCOUT
Controls: Full three axis controls.
Construction: Alloy tubing, stainless steel cables, dacron wings and tail.
Wingspan: 8.6m
Engine: 244cc Robin aero.
Dry weight: 59kg
Max speed: 105 km/h.
Stall speed: 32 km/h.
Price: About $3200. Floats $500 extra.
GRASSHOPPER
Controls: Full three axis controls.
Construction: Fibreglass and alloy tubing, wing leading edges and wingtips of fibreglass, rest of wing and tail plane dacron-covered.
Engine: 17 kW two-cylinder two-stroke.
Max speed: 110 km/h
Dry weight: 115kg.
Price: About $7000.

TURBO TURN-OFF

BY NOEL CHRISTENSEN

Simplicity and efficiency are vital parts of bike performance, and turbochargers, so far at least, are neither simple or efficient on bikes

Traditional market leader Honda started it. As a very strong contender, and one set to take over if the champ bobs instead of weaves, Yamaha smartly followed suit. The lesser lights of Suzuki and Kawasaki are lagging a bit, but they'll be there when the whips are cracking and the heads are counted.

In what?

The turbo charge — the first distinctively 1980s contest in the motorcycle marketplace and one in which the four Japanese companies are more than happy to show their hands.

In the Seventies the superbike — in most cases a four-cylinder monster, but sometimes appearing as a twin, triple or sextuplet — came a long way, baby. From the original superbike, the Honda CB750, which was then the bike to end all bikes, to the closing of the decade and monsters of almost double that capacity, good healthy sales competition perfected an animal that became almost that — perfect.

It was the same sort of competition an infant Nipponese industry, a decade previously, had engaged in to flood the world with machines powered by engines considerably smaller in displacement than half a litre. But the current update, if you wish to make intelligent conversation with a bike rider, is turbo.

Honda breasted the tape a clear leader by a few months when it released the CX 500 Turbo. The silver medal goes to Yamaha for the XJ650LJ and we're still waiting to hand out the bronze, but you can bet your boost gauge Suzuki will beat Kawasaki to the line. Turbocharging, apart from a few bolt-on special kits sold at speed shops to closet speed freaks, is brand new to the bike world. Mechanically, a turbo is another motor, bolted on to the existing engine, connected by a series of pipes and using the energy of exiting exhaust gas for power to force feed combustion mixture to the primary motor.

The main drawback with a two-wheeled turbo-powered machine is *lag* between the time the throttle is turned up to the time when boost pressure is sufficient to start cramming the engine with the petrol/air mix. It's a bloody lot to ask an educated public (let's assume that turbo owners are not going to make a beeline from a 250cc or something smaller to a fully-blown flagship of the fleet) to forget all about instantaneous power and be put on hold. Okay, it may only be for a moment or two, but lag is not what motorcycles are about.

The way to overcome lag time is to adopt a riding style which monitors closely the turbo operation through a boost readout, and go for broke when the situation allows. It's a little impractical around town, but certainly possible on stretches of country road, where both Yamaha and Honda turbos breathe a little easier.

Some people have voiced strong disapproval of both bikes when they're "off boost" — that is, when the turbo is puffing its lungs up and not breathing into the motor directly. They've also criticised the

Photo by Noel Christensen/Bike supplied by The Cycle Spot, Haberfield

transition from one phase to the other. Honda's liquid-cooled twin-cylinder Vee motor is very puny below about 4000 rpm and unless it's given copious revs and a gentle clutch release, it bobbles away from lights. Yamaha has done better with its availability of power — the 650cc four-pot engine is strong enough off boost to pass as a non-blown powerplant, and therefore is definitely the more rideable.

In both bikes when the turbo does enter into proceedings the available power is enormous and produces an unbelievable power influx, which is no doubt magnified by the delay in dialling it up and the comparatively mild non-boost showing. The Formula One drivers of turbocharged cars must experience the same thing, especially those quick enough to qualify at the front of the grid and then find there is not enough standing start power on hand to win the drag race to the first turn. Or worse still — as we've witnessed more than once this year on the Nine Network — turbos unable to conquer inertia on the start line stall and then are hit by cars coming flat chat from the back of the grid.

As yet, no turbo bikes have made it to the race tracks in Australia for a contest with their normally-aspirated brothers. Only one race has even made provision for a turbo entry, and that is the Castrol Six Hour race at Amaroo Park on October 17.

Although lip-service has been paid to turbos, by-laws have effectively ruled out the possibility of a contest. As with Formula One, to calculate the equivalent capacity of a turbocharged engine the size is doubled, which puts the Yamaha at 1300cc — well over the ceiling of 1100cc. Thus an ideal opportunity has been missed to compare the best of today's conventional machinery with the first of tomorrow's. Apart from that, six hours of the tight, scratchy Amaroo Park circuit would have been as tough a test as these bikes would be asked to face anywhere in the world.

By nature, turbos run hot and the slightest flaw in the engine is like a wobble in the knees of a weightlifter.

To cope with the added power and higher running temperatures, Yamaha has taken necessary precautions. The blown engine runs on a lower compression ratio and milder camshafts, and with a far greater network of lubrication channels than the normally-aspirated 650cc four.

Stronger pistons, clutch and transmission round out the conversion for the turbo stresses. The turbo itself is mounted behind and below the motor, well away from the exhaust ports. It feeds to carburettors fitted with reed valves to prevent blow-back of fuel through the system at speeds when the motor is relying on normal aspiration. Once boost pressure has built up, the valve closes and from then on it's chug-a-lug via the turbo.

To be doubly sure that over-boosting won't take place (read "self-destruction" in the biggest possible way) there is a blow-off valve in the intake surge tank and a pressure-activated wastegate on the exhaust port side of the turbo itself. When neither of these work there is a visual check on the three-color boost dial on the dash — green for vacuum, blue for turbo operation and a red patch at the end meaning "Sayonara turbocharger".

To confirm that the era of the poppet valve is dead and buried, the XJ650LJ has an electronic ear which monitors detonation and retards timing until detonation ceases. And there is a sensor in the engine to advance or retard timing to suit the level of boost in the intake manifold.

All that sort of talk should convince you that you are not mucking around with a common or garden variety motorcycle here. No sir. The high technology level of some parts of the engine/turbo units prevents, to a degree, home maintenance — the alternative to which is a $25 an hour workshop bill.

> You are not mucking about with a common or garden variety motorcycle here

So far the Yamaha and the Honda have proved themselves models of reliability, which is why their inclusion in the Castrol Six Hour would be so interesting. But both have failed dramatically to prove their economic worth on trips. Supposedly, turbocharging gives better fuel consumption, as it controls more rigidly the diet of petrol and air mixture for combustion.

On an 1100 km journey to and from Sydney, the XJ turbo consumed super petrol at an astonishing rate whilst being ridden on boost: with two people up on some stretches, it drained the 19-litre tank in little more than an hour, interrupting the trip and emptying the pocket of four or five bucks each time.

In its favor, the shaft-driven bike steered well at high speed and could manage a top speed equal to that of 1000cc bike. The sharp-looking fairing, apart from adding a touch of class to the appearance of the machine, kept rider and passenger out of the wind blast, except for the rider's hands and feet.

The only criticism of both front and rear suspension was that bottoming occurred over some of the more uneven strips of the Pacific Highway, although there was no real drama at any time.

A bit uncomfortable was an annoying, high-frequency engine vibration, which tended to blur vision just that touch off sharpness, making the reading of road signs a short-term proposition.

The bike is brilliantly styled with racy moulded alloy wheels, shark grey metallic paint job and sports seat. Instruments in the fairing comprise a speedo, tacho, boost gauge and a large array of warning lights which turn a potential malfunction into an LCD symbol pinpointing the location trouble spot.

The Yamaha turbo sells in Sydney for $4999 against the Honda's price tag of $5700, which doesn't include registrations costs. If you've got that sort of money you'll buy one if you want to be in on the ground floor of the coming thing this decade.

Should you prefer to lag with traditional motorcycle characteristics such as instantaneous power response at the turn of a throttle and less weight, there are comparable power options available which would see you with a bag of money in your hand as well as a new bike. In fact, enough money for a down payment on a turbo bike when they advance enough to compete with normally-aspirated motorcycles!

SPECIFICATIONS

Make and model	Yamaha XJ650LJ
Engine type	four cyl/four-stroke DOHC
Bore x stroke	63 x 52.4mm
Displacement	653cc
Compression ratio	8.2:1
Induction	4 x BS30CV carbs, turbocharger
Redline	9500rpm
Starting	electric only
Gears	5 speed constant mesh
Clutch	235, wet multi-plate
Lubrication	wet sump with oil cooler
Primary drive	gear
Final drive	shaft
Front suspension	air adjustable telescopic fork
Rear suspension	oil damped coil spring
Front brakes	twin discs
Rear brake	drum
Dimensions:	
Weight	252kg (wet, 556lbs)
Wheelbase	1440mm, 56.7in
Rake/trail	28 degrees/116mm
Tyre sizes:	
Front	325V19
Rear	120/90V18
Fuel capacity:	
Main	16.3 litres
Reserve	2.7 litres
Oil capacity	3.5 litres
Price	$4999

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DIAMONDBACK

Hackett puts his best foot forward and nearly ends up in deep water

FICTION BY GEORGE BEARE

Illustration by Ian Ruffin

As a rule Merriweather Investigations avoids divorce jobs. That is, unless we're going bad or, as in the case of Wally "Third Degree" Burns, the client is screwing the chairperson. I was summoned on a Saturday afternoon because Merriweather doesn't do any of her own shit-sifting; she employs me for that. It was a fairly run-of-the-mill sort of bookie's flop, a ground-floor duplex above a secluded cove on the north side of the harbor. They were lounging on a big sunbed on the pool terrace, Wally within arm's reach of a hooded computer terminal, a battery of phones and a CB radio set-up because he had a business to run and he was a gadget freak. Merriweather flashed me a smile as if I was the hound that had just fetched the morning paper, and Wally dipped into his Esky and chucked me a frosty tin.

"Across the other side of the cove here," he said, gesturing imprecisely to clue me in on where the other side of the cove was, "there's a big black catamaran moored. Sixty footer. Strickly illegal, no mooring around here. My missus creeps around there and they get to it down in the well at the back end. You can see it all from up there on the roof." Another vague gesture indicated in which direction I was most likely to find the roof. "The camera's already set up up there — a Pentax with an 1100-mil MOT mirror lens. You'll be able to count the hairs on his arse through it."

It was, now I think of it, a pretty weird sort of job; while banging the beautiful, pear-shaped bottom of Helen Merriweather, Wally was simultaneously retaining her professional services to get the goods on whoever was doing likewise to his wife. I glanced up at the roof eight or 10 storeys away, silhouetted against a scalding cobalt sky.

Wally handed me a walkie-talkie. "Take that with you so we can communicate."

I didn't know how to work the damn thing. Wally took the seven-dollar cigar out of his face and snarled: "Ya press the tit to transmit and let it up to receive, dummy." Then he gave Merriweather a look, as if requesting some explanation for my lack of elan. She just smiled benignly upon me.

I pressed the indicated tit and nothing happened.

Third Degree Burns bawled: "Ya gotta switch it on, ya cretin!" He then asked: "Who puts this drongo on the bus in the morning?"

"I've got it," I said, having located the on-off switch. I turned towards the roof. "How do I get up there? You got a lift?"

"A lift? What are you, a daisy as well as a doozy?" Can'tcha climb a few flightsa bloody stairs?"

"Hackett's only got one leg," Merriweather told him.

"What the hellaya trying to sell me here, Merrylegs?"

"He's a Vietnam veteran," she explained.

"A bloody war hero? Ya trying to sell me some broken down reffo from the Ho Chi bloody Minh Trail with half a leg and even less of a wit?"

"Larry Hackett is my most efficient operator, Third Degree."

That was possibly because I was her only operator.

"Okay Mr Efficient Operator, get your shrapnel-peppered posterior up on that roof and commence operating; or you want me to have my man carry you up there?"

"I'll get there," I said, grimly, and hobbled away. Inside, Wally's man pointed out where the stairs started. They ended 20 minutes later with my shirt and strides saturated in sweat and the stump

DIAMONDBACK

of my right leg raw where it was socketed just below the knee into the plastic job kindly provided by the Department of Veterans' Affairs.

The sun on that roof would have spit-roasted a suckling pig. I paused a moment for a pull on my beer can. The walkie-talkie crackled and Third Degree's snarl spilled out of the speaker: "Are you there yet? Jesus Christ, he's probably dropped dead on the bloody stairs. Why'dja hire a wino like that, Merrylegs? You get him cheap or something?"

I could hear Merriweather tittering in the background.

I pressed the tit and transmitted: "I'm here, you baldheaded slob. What do you want?"

"Hey, you crippled creep, you watch that mouth, ya hear? And when you transmit you observe standard operating practice, like ya say: Hackett ta Burns, like that, and then ya say Over; and when ya finished transmitting ya say Over and Out. Got it?"

"Roger," I said. "Over. Shite-hawks at twelve o'clock high. Over and Out."

"Burns to Hackett. Desist with the piss-taking. Or I'll come up there and pull ya other bloody leg off. Now, ya see the camera? Over."

"Camera present and correct. Over."

The camera stood on a tripod by the roof parapet, its fat telephoto lens aimed out across the sparkling water like the barrel of a cannon. I peered over the parapet down onto the pool terrace and noted that Third Degree had instigated an amatory manoeuvre on the sunbed. He had Merriweather's G-string off and was fooling around with what he'd discovered underneath it.

When he came on the air again he sounded slightly breathless. "Can ya see the catamaran? Over."

Across the amorphous mass of scrub and bush which covered the cliffs down to the water I saw the two-masted cat moored off a deserted beach about two kilometres away. Aiming the camera at it, I got a view through the massive Russian lens. I might have been standing a metre away. Lillian Burns was lying naked on a pile of towels and cushions, a shimmering blonde with a deep, all-over tan glistening like irridescent metal. The guy with her lay belly down, his head towards me covered by a white towelling hat and sunglasses. He appeared to be lapping his drink out of her navel. Or something.

I reported my observations back to base. "Hackett to Burns. They're working up to something. I'll start the camera clicking. Over."

This time his voice was decidedly hoarse. "Burns (grunt, wheeze) to Hack-Hack-Hackett (gasp). . .Working up to what? Over."

"The same thing you are. Over."

"Hey listen (wheeze, cough, gasp), you perverted degenerate (wheeze, wheeze), ya sposed to be observing what the hell's going on out on the cat, not perving over the side of the roof. Ya (gasp, grunt) hear?"

"Get rooted," I riposted, realising that was precisely what he had in mind at the moment. Then I had another squint down the lens. "Hackett to Burns. They're at it. Over."

"Ya mean they're performing? (Grunt, ooooooooohhhh, howl, cough, aaahhhh) is that what ya telling me, Hackett? We got-tem in (heave, haaaahhh) flagrante de-de-de-licto?"

"We've gottem, Burns. They're going like a train."

"You little bewdy bottler! Ya got that bloody camera clicking, son? Over."

"She clicking like a grasshopper's gonads, mate. You're going to have a ball-by-ball account of this one. Over."

"Whacko the did!" Third Degree bawled, and in extremis apparently neglected to release his transmit button and sent me a series of gargling, gurgling, snuffling grunts spiked by a few ladylike sobbing whimpers from Merriweather, before he continued: "Burns to Hackett. What position they in? Over."

I took another fizzgig over the roof, then reported: "The missionary. Same as you. Over."

"You perving creep I'll kill yaaaaaaaa-hhhhrrrrgggg(grunt, wheeze, gasp, grunt, heave). Oh Christ oh Christ I'm gonna dieeeeeeeeeee. . ."

Flushed with the sense of a job well done, I took the camera down to Third Degree's darkroom and processed the film. When I had a neg I cranked it through the enlarger and ran off a set of contacts, dried and glazed them and went over them with a magnifying glass. Lillian Burns really was a noteworthy piece of construction.

Then, in one of the frames I noted something that arrested my slavering. The man had his back to the camera. Down the middle of his back was some kind of mark, or stain spreading equidistant each side of the spine. Wherever his back appeared there was this mark. It was not an imperfection, not a fault in the negative. It was there, on his back.

Oh Christ, I thought.

I blew up several of the frames showing this joker's back. Third Degree was hammering on the door and yelling. Fishing one of the prints out of the hypo, I put it under the light. The stain, or mark, was in fact a tattoo — a very intricately worked, brilliant cascade of diamond-shaped scales after the pattern of the skin of a particular snake.

Also in the blow-up I noticed something else. In the bright water below the cat's nearer hull a black, sickle-shaped shadow appeared, which might have been a trick of the light or — and I couldn't kid myself it wasn't — a dorsal fin. Further, on the deck forward of the cabin housing (which incidentally shielded him from the fun and games going on in the stern well) there was another figure, with a camera just like I'd had up on the roof, sporting the same sort of Howitzer-barrel lens. And it was aimed straight at me.

I knew then what I should have done with my day's work. I should have burned it. But Third Degree used his master key to invade the dark-room and grab the prints out of my hand. I limped out after him, through into his big, split-level living room where Merriweather was sipping a long, ice-laden drink.

"See it?" I croaked. "The guy's back?"

"Well zap me with a spud bar," said Burns, grinning like a crocodile. "It's me old mate Diamondback."

"Ratler?" Merriweather chirped. "Danny Ratler is donging Lillian?"

"The meanest son of a bitch between here and Woop-Woop," I reminded them both. "And see the other guy there with the camera taking pictures of me taking pictures of them? By now Danny knows we've got these prints, so if you don't mind I'll just take them out the back and start up the barbie."

"The hell you will! What's up with you, Hackett? This is evidence. I'm gonna squeeze this snake for every ounce of juice he's good for."

"You think Danny Ratler is going to lie down and let you run a steamroller over him? You'll finish up three kilometres off South Head trying to swim home in a concrete overcoat. We all will."

Third Degree grinned again. "Scared are we, Hackett? Scared of a damn loud-mouth Yank dope-pusher are we, Hackett?"

"Honey," Merriweather put in, "maybe there is some cause for concern here."

"You too, Merrylegs? Incipient panic instigated by a cock-happy septic tank with tattoos on his back? Okay, he might be able to dump one or two dago street vendors in the briny; but that's the pack he moves with, down there under the streets, in the sewers, and the cops might not give a damn about that because what the hell are one or two dago street vendors more or less? But up here above ground, in the daylight, mate, Diamondback Ratler has got to go by the same book as the rest of us or he's dead and he knows it. The guy's not stupid. I can tell ya that because I know Diamondback. I've known Diamondback since you two were having your snots wiped in kindergarten."

"Bullshit, Burns," I said quietly.

"Bullshit?"

"I knew Ratler in Saigon, Burns, before he ever came down here. I knew him when he was up in Laos and Burma organising his bloody opium trains and his heroin factories. One night, in an alleyway behind a bar in Saigon, I saw Danny Ratler kill a man with one chop of his right hand. A bloody great US Marine and Ratler broke his neck like a blade of grass. The guy was dead before he hit the footpath."

"Hackett," Merriweather breathed, eyes aglitter, "you're beautiful when you're aroused."

Third Degree said: "Just give me the key to the dark-room, me old china. And, ah, keep out of alleyways at night."

I turned, in appeal, to Merriweather; but she just shrugged, saying: "Maybe Wally's right, Larry darling. Anyway, they're his pictures. He's paid for them."

"You're mad," I told them, knowing it was I that was mad as I handed over the key to the dark-room.

In the morning a messenger delivered an envelope to my digs at the Cross and hung around while I opened it. It contained a photograph of me and the camera on the roof of Wally Burns' building. Stapled to it was a note scrawled with a purple felt-tip:

Hackett baby: This sort of behavior is a definite no-no. Put all your prints and the negs in the envelope and give it to the boy and then we can pretend it never happened, okay? Sealed with a loving hiss. Diamondback.

"There's nothing to go back," I told the boy.

"I was told there'd be something to go back, sir."

"Well there isn't, so piss off," I said and slammed the door.

I rang Burns and told him about this development. He was vastly amused. The

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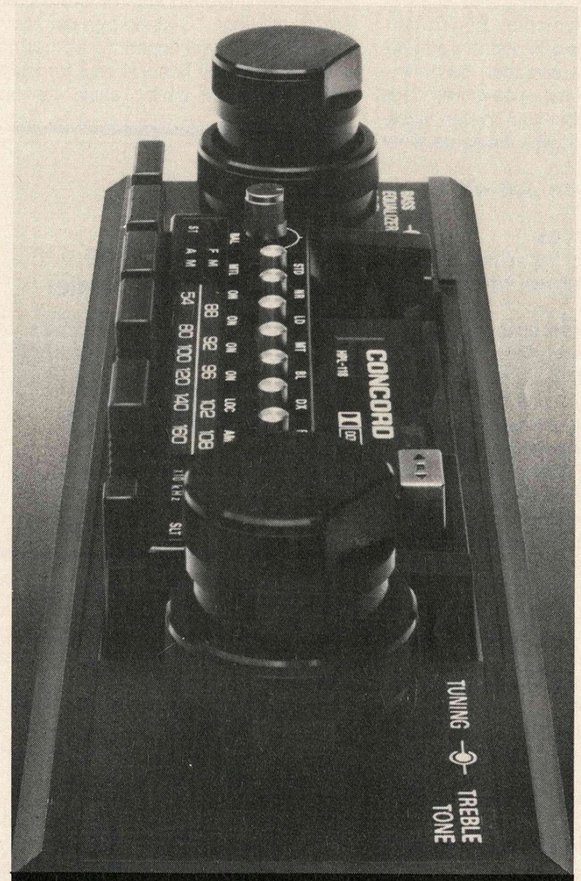

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Concord speaks for itself.

prints and negs were now locked in his solicitor's safe. His advice on how to handle Ratler was: "Tell him to get himself a good lawyer. He's gonna need one."

What I needed was a Scotch. I opened a bottle. It was two-thirds empty when there was a knock on the door. The spy-hole revealed a magnificent blonde, with lips like copulating saffron caterpillars and great tarred and feathered eyes, standing in the hallway. Lillian Burns. I was to get the soft touch, it seemed, before the squeeze. Deciding to give the soft touch a go, I opened the door.

She undulated, in smiling and wearing, incongruously, a Humphrey Bogart raincoat with epaulettes and belt. A big handbag hung from one shoulder. Below the coat her tanned, machine-turned legs were bare, her feet in high-heeled, backless silver sandals. It was the same silver as her toenails.

"Hi, Hackett," she said when I had relocked the door.

"Can I take your coat?"

"Sure." Dropping the shoulder-bag on the couch, she turned her back and started unbuckling.

I took the coat by the epaulettes, and as she withdrew her arms from the sleeves the inside of my gullet came over all hot and furry. The coat, and the sandals, were all she had on. Now she didn't even have the coat. I had it. She turned, still smiling, to give me a full frontal. I couldn't help noticing she wasn't really a blonde. But who the hell's perfect?

"Larry," she said, "I've come to collect some pictures you took yesterday. In return, you get what you see."

"That's a — that's a very flattering and, ah, tempting offer, Mrs Burns," I rasped. "But I can't deliver."

"Oh?" She didn't seem as disappointed as I would have liked.

"The pictures are in your husband's lawyer's safe. I can't get at them. No way."

"Oh dear. Danny isn't going to be pleased about that."

I was sweating like a horse, gasping like a beached grampus. "Could I, ah, offer you a drink?"

"Under the circumstances," she said, "I think we ought to go back and have a drink with Danny. I hate to bring him bad news like this. He gets awfully upset. I think you'd better tell him yourself."

"Well, thanks for the invitation, but I do have a few things to tidy up this afternoon. Some other time, maybe?"

"No," she said. "Sorry." She took up her shoulder-bag and unzipped it. From it she pulled a torn silk dress, a bra and a pair of panties which looked like they'd gone 15 rounds in the back seat at a drive-in movie. These items she deposited on the floor. The next item out of the bag was a little, chrome-plated Beretta .25 semi-auto. This item she aimed at my guts. "It'll have to be today, I'm afraid."

She had subtly relocated the focus of my attention, from the points of her breasts to the round black spout of the gun. "What good do you think that's going to do you?"

"Don't be misled by its diminutive bore, Hackett," she cautioned. "It's loaded for a bear, with long-nose hollow-points. I can blow your head off and be completely within my rights."

"How do you figure that?"

"You lured me here to blackmail me with some filthy pictures you took of me." With the silvered toenails of one foot she stirred the shredded apparel she'd dropped on the floor. "Gripped by a paroxysm of frenzied lust you ripped my clothes off. In defence of my honor, I was forced to waste you." She smiled again, her lips

It was cutting the oil-smooth water clean as a scalpel and below it, silently cruising, about six metres of Great White shark

moist and soft while the knuckles of the hand gripping the little gun gleamed like clean bone. "Now be a good scout and go and unlock the door. I've got some friends outside."

As I could have predicted, her friends were much uglier than she was, not to mention heavier. They had a car downstairs waiting for me.

The big black cat was still moored off the deserted beach on the other side of the harbor. Danny and I hadn't met since Saigon and he greeted me effusively, with a lot of sincere handshaking and backslapping and orders to menials to fetch drinks for his good ole buddy Hackett. His eyes, however, remained untouched and rather baleful.

He had on a pair of worn old jeans hacked off above the knee and he glistened and stank of some expensive suntan oil. He had arms like hawsers and a torso and neck armored with plates of muscle inches thick. The scales shimmered down his back. On his front, under the sparse mat of yellowish hair on his belly and chest, was the creature for which he was named, coiled, its notched tail erect, head back, jaws distended to strike — the diamond back rattlesnake. He had no fingernails and the cutting edges of his hands had grown protective carapaces hard as horn. I remembered the big marine in Saigon — and God knows how many more men who had crossed him — whom Danny had despatched with a chop of one of those hands.

We stood on the side-deck looking out across the still, silent water, sipping our drinks. At the top of the scrub-covered bluff across the cove, through the branches of the tallest gums up there, you could just see the corner of the roof from which I'd been taking pictures the previous afternoon.

"What the hell did you think you were doing," I asked him, "doing it here, right under Wally's nose?"

The warmth and bonhomie vanished as if a cloud had veiled the sun. Diamondback's lips tightened over his clenched teeth. "I like it here, baby. It was convenient for Lillian. It never did occur to me her old man might get some slimy private dick up there taking goddam snoop shots."

Lillian joined us. Perhaps out of deference to the approaching cocktail hour she had put on a few strings of coral beads and a nifty little crocheted G-string.

"I mean, what kind of a scumbag is that old man of yours, honey?" Danny asked her. "He's screwing himself witless all over town and he goes and pulls this kind of a stunt on *me*."

"He's the same kind of a scumbag you all are, sweetie," she smiled at him. "What's good for the gander is verboten for the goose."

"You reckon he's up there watching us now?"

"No," I said. "That job's been done."

"You should have known better, Hackett," Danny said. "You of all people."

At that moment there was a slight, gurgling disturbance in the water below us.

"Ah!" said Diamondback. "Here's Denis."

There was that sickle-shaped fin again that I'd seen in the picture I took yesterday. It was cutting the oil-smooth water clean as a scalpel and below it, noiselessly cruising, was about six metres of Great White shark.

Keeping a tight grip on my bowels, I said, "Denis?"

"He's one of our household pets," Danny said. "We chuck him a few buckets of goat guts, chook gizzards, blood, and like that, every day. So he hangs around." He looked across at Lillian. "About feeding time for Denis, isn't it?"

She said nothing; but there was a look of cold fire in her eyes and goose-bumps mottled her skin. I noticed that her nipples stood rampantly erect.

In the water Denis scythed silently along. His eye was on me. I stepped back

"It's either a subtle interaction between charged solar particles and the magnetosphere — or else the gods are angry!"

DIAMONDBACK

from the edge, looking around at Ratler.

His eye, too, was on me.

"Maybe today," he said, "Denis has himself a party."

I started to back off; but what in hell could I do? Hopping around this cluttered deck I had no hope of evading a man who could move like a whiplash, and even if somehow I did, there remained the two orang-utangs who'd brought me down here. I glanced at Lillian Burns, as if for succour; but she was hanging onto a rigging line, tongue moving between peeled teeth, waiting. As I faced Ratler again, a cold sweat enveloped me.

"This is going to hurt me almost as much as it's going to hurt you, Hackett ole buddy," he said, speaking very quietly. "But I've gotta convince him I mean business."

I said, "Look Danny, let me have a word with him first, huh? I swear to Christ I didn't know it was you, Danny, when I took those pictures. I can talk sense into the crazy bastard. I can, I swear it. Lillian, for Chrissake back me, I'll get your pictures for you, I swear it. . ."

I was blubbering. Pleading. For my life.

"Hackett, baby," Danny said, advancing, arms loose, his voice tinged now with an edge almost of regret, "you took the pictures. That was a betrayal. You betrayed me, ole buddy. I do not forgive betrayal."

"Oh Jesus," I sobbed as he lunged at me and I jerked sideways, staggered, and sprawled across the roof of the cabin housing, grinding my coccyx on the chrome handrail. He came for me again and I peed myself because beyond him as he pounced I saw the shark, lazily weaving, and then Danny had me. He took me by the right ankle.

I could feel nothing. I didn't register the steel-trap bite of his grip around my ankle. He nevertheless firmed up his grip. The shoulders and neck swelled, and with a long hiss he drew in air and swung. He was, reasonably enough, expecting me to lift off the cabin roof and sail awkwardly across the sky and plunge, shitting myself, into the water. But I didn't.

It was after I'd known Danny in Saigon that I'd gone up country and stood on the AP mine and been shipped out. The last time we met, I'd had two whole legs.

And now, under the immense stress of his unorthodox clean and jerk, the straps tying the artificial piece to my knee and thigh tore from their anchorages and the leg came away in Danny's hands. For an instant he managed to hold it, to hesitate at the height of this tremendous rolling heave into which he'd launched himself while he tried to figure out what the hell had happened. Then his own momentum swung him around, right to the edge of the side-deck, where he again managed to arrest it, but again only for a split second while he tottered on the balls of his feet, arms windmilling and my piece of leg, complete with sock and Hush Puppy, sailed off into the sky.

In that moment, probably for the first time in his life, seeing the shark sliding through the still water below him, Diamondback knew terror, and he screamed.

Then he tipped forward, downward, and was engulfed.

Lillian Burns emitted a hysterical whoop and the orang-utangs came thudding along the deck. Danny broke the surface, his face scarlet, and still screaming. It was a soundless, distant kind of scream. Denis wheeled, came at him like a torpedo and hit him, taking him around the pelvis and the buttocks, lifting him high in the water and driving him through it sideways, raising a churning bow-wave. The shark's tail thrashed and flailed the dead calm until it boiled around them, then the boiling foam grew pink, then a deep, arterial crimson and the shark dived, hauling Diamondback under. The water closed in again and there was only that spreading cloud of crimson, deepening to black.

One of the orang-utangs bent over the side and started noisily chucking up his lunch. The other reeled back and sat down hard on the cabin roof. Lillian Burns, still gripping the rigging line, searched the water with gaping eyes, her body tight as piano wire, her tongue moving between her lips.

I waited a while, but nothing else happened.

"You better call the cops," I said; but she didn't hear me. I could hardly hear myself. I cleared my throat and said: "You got a ship-to-shore?"

"No," she said.

We went ashore and she called the law. Then she dropped me where I could get a cab and went back to the catamaran to wait for the cops. It had been an accident, there was no reason why I should be involved. I went home and had a shower, got dressed and strapped on my spare leg. Then I sat down with what was left in the Scotch bottle. In the early evening, Burns phoned me.

"Ya see the news? That snake Ratler got himself took by a bloody shark! He's cheated me, Hackett! He's cheated me *again*?"

I'd had all I could take of that clown. I just hung up on him. I sat down again. The room was getting dark, but I didn't need light. I knew what I was waiting for.

She got there about eight-thirty, in the Humphrey Bogart raincoat, although this time without the gun. As she slid out of the coat, dropped it on the couch and turned, smiling softly, to face me, I thought of Third Degree Burns.

You sorry son of a bitch, I thought. I'm cheating you too.

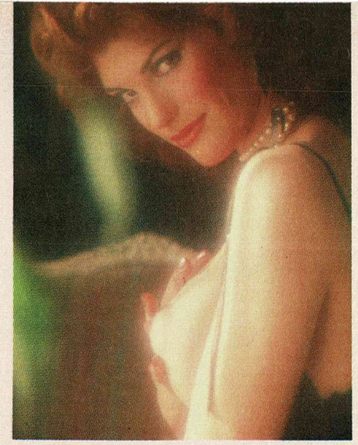
"67, 68, 69 . . ."

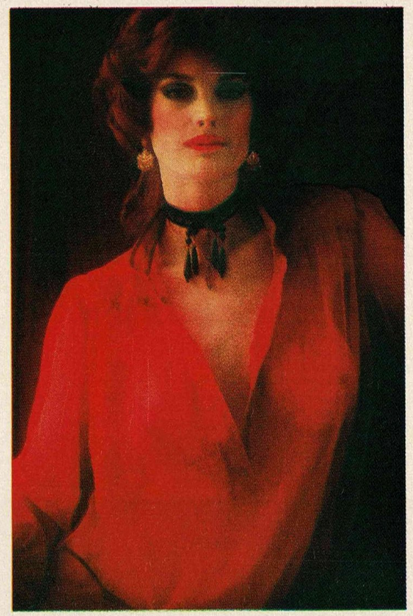
DONNA

Wildflower

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

Our long, lithe beauty Donna Barnes is a lot more than a gorgeous handful to her avid admirers. For a start, she's nearly six feet tall; that's a lot of wild and headstrong woman for anyone to handle. But still they throng to her, falling at her feet and showering her with costly gifts. Then there's her fierce pride in herself and whatever she does.





When Donna pins up that luscious mane of chestnut hair, it somehow makes the gesture of letting one's hair down seem tame in comparison. And those beautiful rosy-tipped breasts have been called "the most perfect in the world". Covering them up has been likened to a global tragedy.

When Donna pins up that luscious mane of chestnut hair, it somehow makes the gesture of letting one's hair down seem tame in comparison. And those beautiful rosy-tipped breasts have been called "the most perfect in the world". Covering them up has been likened to a global tragedy.

Donna's busy lifestyle keeps her a moving target. She warns that she's never passive for long. "If a man takes me to bed, he'd better be open-minded and flexible. I intend to show him how to please me — just exactly what turns me on. . .and how. . .and where. . ."

Donna feels she is blooming at 30. "I'm actively involved with several fascinating men, and I don't intend to ever settle down, to stop changing or growing. Wildflowers don't bloom well in tiny gardens — especially with a picket fence around them."

Donna feels she is blooming at 30. "I'm actively involved with several fascinating men, and I don't intend to ever settle down, to stop changing or growing. Wildflowers don't bloom well in tiny gardens — especially with a picket fence around them." ○—

Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

THE PENTHOUSE HISTORY OF
CRIME IN AUSTRALIA — PART VI

THE BOOKIES' BOOM

BY DENIS WHITBURN

Well, what's it going to be?"
Police Sergeant Christensen asked George Parker when apprehending him for SP bookmaking.
"Tote or street?"

"Neither," Parker replied.

"All right." Christensen turned to Constable St Vincent: "Charge him with street. That will cost him 50 pounds."

Only minutes earlier, Parker had been observed by the police as he approached the Railway Hotel at Chatswood Station, Sydney, accepting bets from two men. While studying the racing board inside the hotel, Parker had been apprehended by the officers and taken out to a car, where Sergeant Christensen was waiting.

By no stretch of the imagination could Parker be called a hardened criminal, or part of the underworld milieu being forged during the Thirties in Sydney. Yet this was not his first run-in with the law. Settled into promising employment at the outset of the Depression with the Water and Sewage Board, he was the victim of an unfortunate accident which resulted in the loss of one hand and partial loss of the other. He used the $2000 compensation to go into business for himself, as an SP (starting price) bookmaker. Within three years, he had bet himself out of the business — but not before coming under the scrutiny of the North Sydney police.

During that time, Parker was arrested on numerous occasions for street betting, taking bets in a pub and using his home for betting purposes. While he was living in Chatswood, his rooming house was visited by a constable looking for one of the other boarders. Noticing that Parker had two phones (one connected directly to the Postmaster-

BOOKIES' BOOM

General's Department, the other to Telesports' direct racing information service), the constable quizzed Parker as to his reason for the double connection.

"One's an old line and out of use," Parker told him, but knew that he was not believed. "Maybe, if you kept your eyes shut," Parker suggested, "I could cough up the price of a new suit of clothes?"

Later, under cross-examination by a Royal Commission into allegations against the police in connection with suppression of illicit off-course betting, Parker swore that the constable returned to the house a few days later and accepted the bribe. Not surprisingly, the officer concerned denied the charge and the commission stated that there was nothing "whatever in the evidence to support the allegations, beyond the uncorroborated statement of Mr Parker." Bearing in mind the levity of the charge, in which the guilt of the accused had to be proved beyond any reasonable doubt, the judge in charge of the commission, Horace Markell, could only find that this had not been done.

Back in business by the mid-Thirties, Parker once again faced the police, mulling over the choice of the two charges. He had only taken up the "book" in the previous week and already he had been lumbered. The arresting constable told Parker he was being foolish falling for the street charge — if he pleaded guilty to "tote", the charge would only cost him five pounds. Parker saw the sense in this, returned to sergeant Christensen, pleaded "tote" — and was fined 20 pounds, not five.

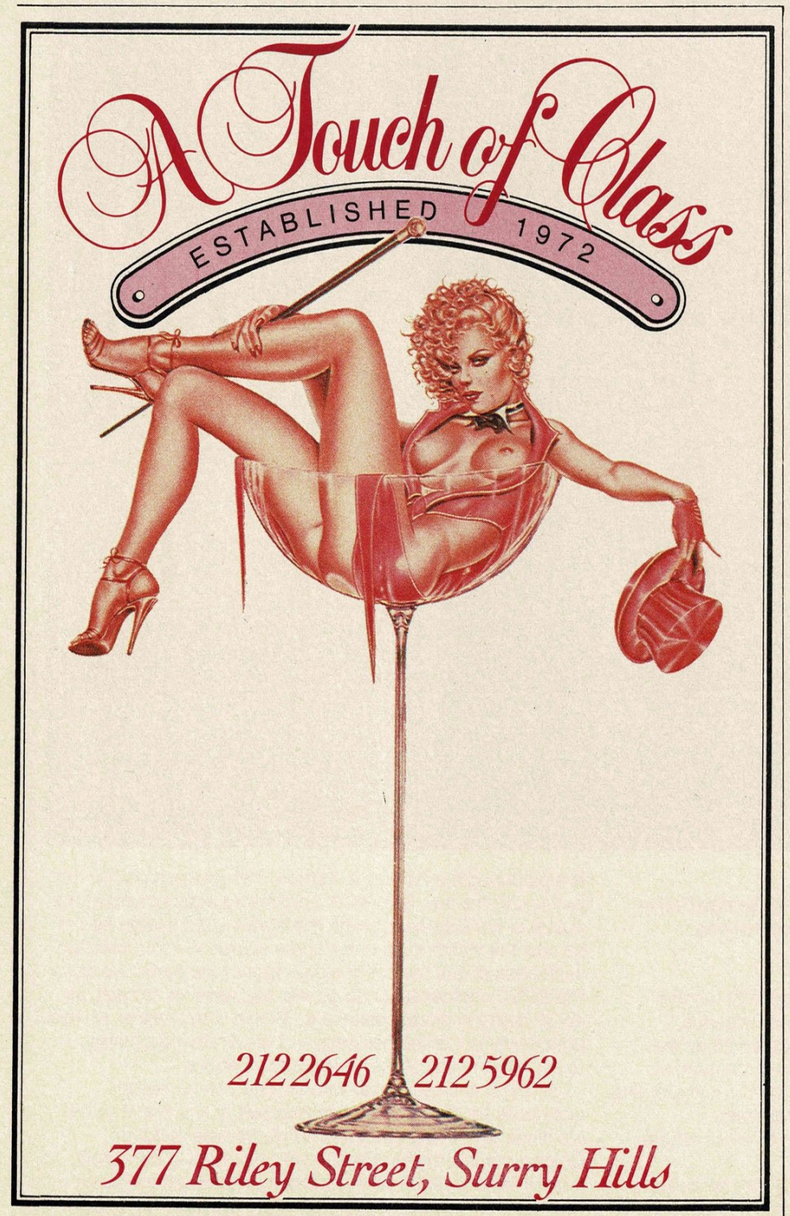
By comparison with the millions of pounds grossed annually by Australia's SP bookies, George Parker's fine amounted to penny-ante proportions. The point of highlighting Parker's introduction into the illicit betting rackets (his run-ins with the law over charges and fines) is that the very existence and survival of SP bookmaking depended on the hundreds of George Parkers on the streets, in pubs, and running telephones out of their homes, scattered across every city, town and country village in Australia.

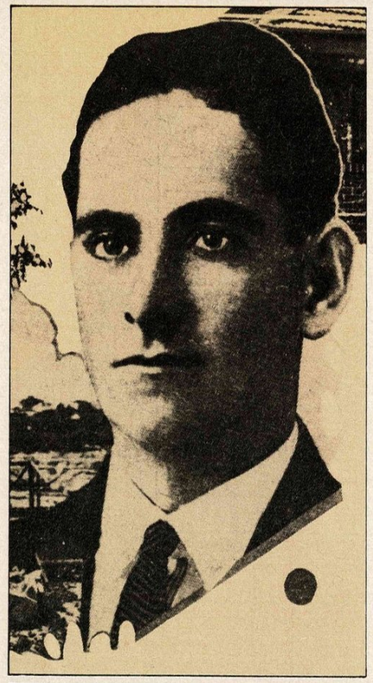
Starting-price betting was a cottage industry of individuals that added up to corporation or heavy industry proportions when gathered together — as the bookies were forced to do by the late Thirties to ensure their survival.

With the advent of the "Consorting Clause" within the NSW Vagrancy Act and "drawing on such Draconian, pre-modern legal practices as ostracism, rustication and arbitrary detention," as Alfred McCoy observes in his study *Drug Traffic*, "the courts and police simply cast out the pariahs" involved in the razor gangs subsisting off cocaine trafficking in the Thirties. It was, McCoy states, a serious blow to the economic base of organised crime in Sydney, the combination of cocaine and prostitution having financed the rise of an underworld corporation through the Twenties.

Left with prostitution and sly grog as the mainstays of their rackets, the underworld gangs were about to be affected by yet another social upheaval which would show the way to revenues just as attractive as those which had been culled from fading drug interests. With the Depression unfolding, the great pool of the unemployed, who could always find a few bob for a beer and a twopenny bet on a horse, contributed to a boom in off-course betting. The local SP bookie holding fort near the telephone and within earshot of the radio became part of the woodwork in every pub in Australia. During the last 50 years he has taken on folk lore status in story, bush poetry and song. To some institutions, such the NSW Labor Party, he is an entity "utterly beyond the influence of law enforcement."

Illegal betting has been around since the first horse races were promoted in the early 19th Century. The sharp off-course bookies got into their stride in the 1880s with John Wren, in Melbourne, taking the lead with his audacious Collingwood Tote pulling in thousands of pounds a week, which funded his advancement into legitimate businesses and his political stronghold over Victoria during the early part of this century. Although South Australia legalised totalisators at licenced tracks in 1879 and the totalisation system operated





Jack Keane . . . bookie mowed down in underworld warfare

successfully in Tasmania and New Zealand, the other States debated, argued and refined legislation for another 30 years before legalising the tote.

During that time, off-course betting was only one of the illegal gambling activities the Australian working man deemed were his due for his week's hard slog. A State Labor member argued the case for gambling in 1908, when the Police Offences Act was being proposed by the conservatives, by insisting a mini-scrip gamble on the Stock Exchange was "infinitely worse than gambling on a racecourse." The advent of the Depression, when the focus of interest in the weekly race meetings swung from the tracks themselves (in most country towns as well as the capital cities) to the SP bookie in the local pub, made illegal off-course betting one of the few growth industries in Australia — and threw the Australian Jockey Club (AJC) into a frenzy of political lobbying to bring about its end.

Pressure on the police to wipe out SP bookmaking culminated in gambling offences becoming the dominant category of arrests in the history of the NSW force, with 20,000 convictions over a six-year period from the outset of the AJC's protests in 1930. So organised had the network of SP bookies become that as the police carted off one offender another would be waiting in the wings to take his place on the street or in the pub. In an effort to bring the racket under control, the police nurtured their own network of informers and undercover agents, and took to beating "verbals" or false confessions out of bookies. In other instances, policemen merely turned a blind eye to the bookie — as long as he continued to "pay tribute" for the privilege.

Dissatisfied with the effect the police crackdown was having on the SP bookies, Sir Colin Stephen, Chairman of the AJC, applied further pressure to hopefully bring about the banning of radio broadcasting and to limit newspaper publication of race results — moves the press saw as a breach of its freedom. Within the year, a Royal Commission had been instigated: the *Inquiry into Allegations against the Police in Connection with the Suppression of Illicit Betting.*

Tabling his findings in late November of 1936, Judge Markell placed his finger on the core of the problem facing the police in suppressing the SP bookies. According to evidence given by Police Commissioner Mackay, 75 percent of the community saw nothing wrong with starting price betting. "The result is that the police, so far from getting assistance from the public, meet with hostility, or at best, passive resistance. Though illegal betting is heavily punishable by law, it carries no disgrace in the minds of the general community." Figures going back to 1930, and covering the 20,000 convictions, showed just how widespread the practice was "in spite of the inhibitions of the law, which is apparently powerless to stop it."

"In these circumstances," Judge Markell went on, "perhaps the conscience of certain members of the police engaged in this duty has become blunted, and acting upon the principle that the end justifies the means, they have failed to appreciate the seriousness of interfering in an unwarranted manner with the liberties of individuals, or even telling falsehoods in order to procure the conviction of persons whom they feel are guilty of an offence to which no moral stigma attaches." A familiar view when the Labor Party's attitude of SP bookmaking being "the working man's due" was taken into consideration.

Following on from the inquiry, the Country Party also rose to the defence of the SP bookie, when certain members voiced the opinion "that on farms and stations the men's principal relaxation is to sit beside the wireless and put their bets on SP." They were convinced that without that diversion, many men would not stop in the country.

The anomaly was that while the government made moves to wipe out illegal off-course betting and while the opposition parties were objecting to those moves, the SP bookies operated largely due to "activities coming within the control of the Commonwealth Government — telephones and broadcasting."

Two companies, Telesports Limited and Eaton's Agencies, with private direct telephone lines to subscribers, provided all race information including starters, riders and prices. Radio stations broadcast similar (and vital) information: starts, place positions, jockeys, scratchings, totalisator odds, everything essential for the punter to gauge his bets — and for the SP bookie to accept them. The only action taken by police in respect of telephones was the immediate disconnection of the service of a person convicted of SP betting. By curtailing telephone and broadcast services, learned opinion had it that off-course betting activities could be reduced by up to 75 percent, thus lessening the amount of police work in this area.

Pivotal to the broad working class base of SP operations nationally was "the local" — the pubs where the punters congregated on the afternoons of race meetings (usually Wednesday and Saturday) to place their bets. Judge Markell believed that if it was possible "to prevent the dissemination of racing information per medium of telephones and/or broadcasting in public houses . . . this would go a very long way towards putting an end to the present unsatisfactory state of things."

Unfortunately for the promoters of legislation to close down the SP "industry", Judge Markell was unable to suggest a "tangible manner" in which this

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BOOKIES' BOOM

could be done — merely mentioning the matter "for what it was worth." A half-century later, the SP bookie still operates through the joint facilities of telephone, radio and "the local".

In the year following the tabling of the 1936 Royal Commission, Telesports' bill on 100 telephones amounted to $60,000. Eaton's, with 65 connections, paid out $40,000. Both registered companies, they were the antecedents of a covert SP exchange operating in NSW since the Thirties.

Against a flurry of press criticism, the "SP Bill", as it became known, was debated and nudged through Parliament after being launched by a court order from Judge Markell in May 1938, enabling Inspector Keefe, head of the Metropolitan Anti-Vice Squad, to raid three city hotels and declare them common gaming houses. The raids served as an overture to a threat to similarly classify another 200 hotels — a threat the publicans could not ignore no matter how much they enjoyed the influx of trade on those Wednesday and Saturday afternoons. Taking immediate action, they barred the SP bookies, who reacted with equal speed. Seventy men and four women gathered at a secret meeting in Campbell Street, Sydney to discuss the threat to their business. The meeting proposed a tax on each punter to build a bank of $2 million annually, the proceeds to be split between hospitals ($1.5 million) and the race courses ($500,000).

Truth newspaper, a virulent opponent of the SP Bill in its presented form, claimed it to be full of anomalies, injustices and impossible clauses: "It could not, in any way, bring about the object for which it was intended; it would not stop SP bookmaking. It is a deplorable, meddlesome, bungling attempt by the government to satisfy certain interests . . . and it must be tossed out holus bolus."

The greatest iniquity in the Bill was a clause throwing the onus on the accused to prove his innocence, when the onus had always been on the Crown to prove a man guilty. On this point alone, the newspaper insisted, the situation could not be tolerated — it was "a blow to British justice." The Bill would also give police the right to force entry and search any office, home or building without a warrant; and the AJC, which already had in *Truth's* opinion "exhibited a tendency to intolerance", would be given "the power of a dictatorship over the free press" by disallowing the reporting of race information. The newspaper was not opposed to controls on SP bookmaking, but it would not tolerate legislation in the proposed form. Also playing a two-way support role of both anti-betting legislation *and* "the working man's due", a Labor Party spokesman voiced a reality: the gambling spirit of the Australian could not be suppressed, whether it was moral or immoral. The Australian *would* bet.

Not that both parties were ignorant of the darker side of the SP rackets. In advocating government-operated off-course betting establishments, the Labor Party was aware that this would bring about "the end of child runners, welshing bookmakers, standover men, and other evils of the present vicious system." *Truth* could boast of an ongoing public enlightenment, through its reporting of "the betting rackets at the back of the shootings, bashings and killings" continuously occurring in Sydney, of the "murder after murder . . . committed in the SP vendettas, now that the underworld had a fresh bounty, in place of the cocaine profits of the previous decade, to split up."

The friendly local SP bookie had, by the late Thirties, attained his popular folk status: that of a knockabout bloke, one of the boys, open for business come race day under the shared blind eye of the publican and the local boys-in-blue. For many, they were as much victims as were the cocaine-addicted prostitutes trapped in the roundabout by the crims and queens of the underworld, paying dues to police and standover men alike. The strong-arm merchants colored their activites by referring to their dues as "informal tax."

Already on the periphery of hardcore criminal influence, SP operations would — as pressure was applied by the AJC on the government, by the government on the police, by the police on the bookies — be drawn into the heart of the underworld. "The government will have accomplished precisely the opposite of what it set out to accomplish," the *Daily Telegraph* predicted. "SP will be so closely wedded to crime that it will be almost impossible to clean up the mess."

The pressures on the SP bookies were reflected in increased race course attendances, satisfying the proprietors that at long last they were seeing a turnaround in their fortunes. Off-course betting was doomed to extinction once legislation had been passed. Or so it seemed. Adaptable to forced change, the bookies transferred their operations from "the local" to nearby shops, increasing the use of the telephone as their main instrument of business and using runners to handle collections and payouts around the pubs — all for a price.

The SP bookie was a "shooting shot for men sufficiently vicious to threaten not only physical violence unless their demands" were met, as *Truth* reported, "but who have not hesitated to shoot their selected victims when the latter prove reluctant to share their profits." In the tradition of the underworld, police attempting to bring about arrest and prosecution in standover cases "battered their heads frequently against the old 'wall of silence'." On the odd occasion, a crack

Jack Finnie . . . standover thug shot at point black range

showed in the wall and a victim was prepared to take the witness stand, as was the case with Samuel Young.

While taking bets at his home in Waterloo, Young was called to the window by Charlie Madden and his sidekick, John Earver, who demanded money — the "informal tax". Standing with his hands on the window sill, Young refused in no uncertain terms and in a flash, Madden whipped a knife from behind his back and pinned Young's hand to the sill.

"That'll show you we mean business," Madden snarled, but before he could further the assault, Young's "cockatoo" (the lookout posted to warn of impending police raids) came to his assistance. Madden pulled the bloody knife from Young's hand and swung it into the other man's stomach. In moments, the two standover men had retreated, empty-handed.

Madden, gangster and gunman, was expert in armed robbery and was feared as much by fellow criminals as by the victims he stood over. He had figured in a number of vendettas and had been charged, on three separate occasions over three years, with shooting with intent to kill. Unlike the three victims of the shootings, who refused to testify for fear of reprisal by Madden's associates, Young took the stand (despite having to admit running an illegal "book") and saw Madden sentenced to 10 years imprisonment.

Justice was not normally rendered so swiftly or so cleanly. The nature of the underworld beast dictated respect for the code of silence; to ignore it brought about "justice" equally as swift and bloody, as bookmaker Jack Keane learned late in 1938.

At about six o'clock on a Tuesday in late August, two underworld figures, Jack Finnie and "Mickey" McDonald, visited a former confederate's house in Mascot. Finnie had graduated from the ranks of Australia's leading boxers and at one time showed promise in the bantamweight league, with potential to take out the championship title. His boxing days well behind him, Finnie was now active in standing over two-up schools, beer houses and SP bookies. After knocking on the door, Finnie and McDonald entered. Seated in a chair inside the hallway, a gunman calmly levelled a revolver and, with deft marksmanship, shot the two down in the dim light.

A bullet plowed through Finnie's neck at point-blank range, narrowly missing the jugular, tearing through the opposite side and splintering a door panel. Two more shots were fired, one lodging in McDonald just below the breast and hitting his spine. Taken to the Royal South Sydney Hospital, both men were uncommunicative, denying any knowledge of the gunman's identity and, as *Truth* reported, letting the police know "with charming candor" that their affairs were no business of the law.

Four weeks later, at 5.15 am, the bullet-riddled body of Jack Keane was found on the footpath of a vacant lot within sight of the house where Finnie and McDonald had been shot. The police knew he was not the gunman who had carried out the earlier shooting, but they did discover that Keane knew the identity of the man and had threatened to commit the unpardonable sin: revealing the name of the gunman to the police. Keane's murder (three bullets to the head) was both a punishment and a warning to anyone else who might entertain the idea of breaking the underworld code.

In the days following Keane's murder, police found they were competing with friends of the victim to get their hands on the murderer before they did. Obviously here was an unhealthy situation that had to be dispelled before it got out of hand, as one shooting leap-frogged into another revenge killing.

Violence was no stranger to the racing and bookmaking world. A popular racket with the thugs in the early Thirties was to prey on the racehorse trainers following a meeting. The strong-arm men would attack their victims, usually springing them from behind, and batter them into insensibility, relieving them of their day's winnings. No trainer, bookie or punter was immune to these well-organised gangs; to breathe a word to the police of the assault and robbery was unthinkable. To do so meant receiving flowers — either in a bunch at a hospital bedside, or in a wreath.

The shooting of Finnie and McDonald, Keane's murder, and the incident between Madden and Young were all part of the wedding of SP operations to the core of the underworld, as predicted by the *Daily Telegraph*. The newspaper also gauged the annual turnover of SP bookies in NSW alone, at the time of the Markell Royal Commission, at more than $10 million. Clearly there was a large, rich cake to be divided, one which would ease the loss of lucrative cocaine and drug trafficking and overshadow prostitution and sly grog hustling.

The Stevens Government in NSW believed a stranglehold was being placed on SP operators, with the introduction of an Act in 1938 making it illegal to broadcast races over radio and use telephones for the purpose of exchanging betting information. Within days, the SP bookies had come up with a way to transmit the necessary information from the race tracks through "tick tack" signallers using gestures in the form of a code picked up outside the track by telescope. The information was passed on to a central Sydney exchange now replacing Telesports and Eaton's, and fed out to hundreds of SP bookies State-wide, with the full knowledge of the Postmaster-General's Department, which charged $2 per meeting for the service. The new Act was little more than an irritant, the outcome of the Australian Jockey Club's near decade-long political campaign to wipe the SP bookie from Australian society.

The truth of the matter was brought home a couple of years after the introduction of the Act, when Prime Minister Curtin, aware of impending war with Japan, was informed the reason his urgent call had not gone through from his office in Canberra was that 60 SP bookmaking calls were booked to go through ahead of him.

The success of the SP bookies in eluding the AJC and the law in the 40-plus years since the passing of the ineffective Act of 1938 can be measured in the annual gross of the SP turnover, tabled by Alfred McCoy in early 1979 at $1420 million. Big dollars generated by the friendly, knockabout fellow at the bar next to the telephone and within earshot of the radio. His presence reinforced the irony of a statement made by the NSW Chief Secretary in the months following the Act of 1938 when it could be seen not to be working: "We have never aimed for 100 percent suppression."

PART SEVEN: A world goes to war again and the underworld becomes the benefactor; the black marketeer vies with the sly grog trade and illegal gambling dens for the Yankee dollar.

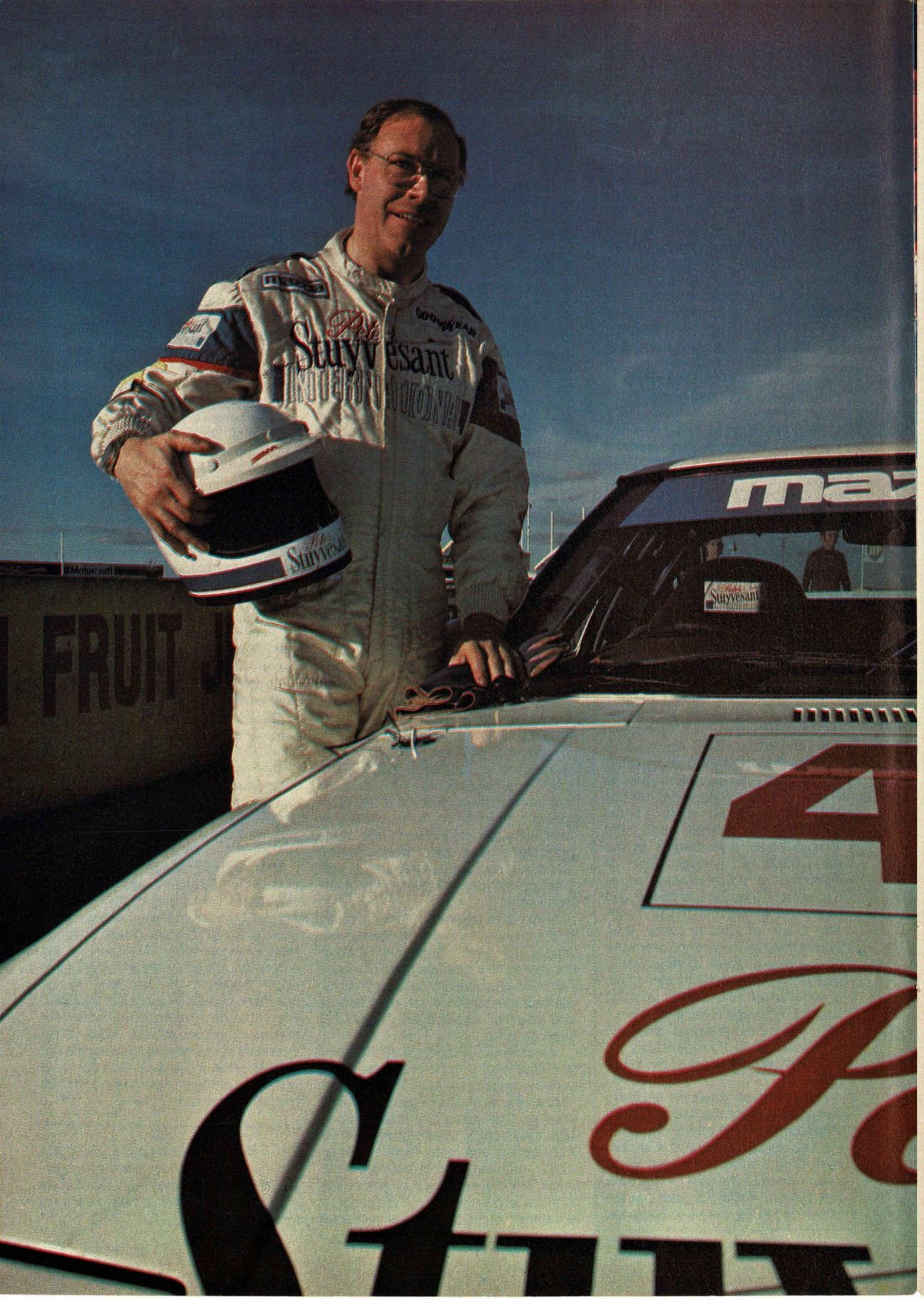
DRUG RUNNING

The rise in SP operations was not to the complete exclusion of drug trafficking. With pressure on the government to crack down on the off-course bookies, the police force — satisfied that the Consorting Clause had brought about the expected effect of clearing the city streets of drug pedlars — concentrated their efforts on the new threat to law and order. The "Chinese Connection" continued to supply the market, spread Australia-wide, with cocaine and opium shipped out of the Far East. An addictive need for opium by the Chinese alone was deep-rooted in tradition, and no amount of stringent Western laws would erase that need — not in the short term.

No matter how tight was the customs security on the docks of the Australian capitals, the drug traffickers found ways of eluding the law. Described by the well-informed in the rackets at the time as the biggest "parcel" in the history of the dope game in Australia, the incident of the Japanese liner the *Mishima Maru* highlights the uphill battle fought by customs men. Close to $40,000 worth of coke and "twang" — as opium was called in North Queensland — was landed in Sydney through the assistance of an indent agent.

Commanding a strong percentage of the American drug trade, Japanese interests were keen to expand business into Australia, a country then perceived as a market with growth potential. Once a pliable indent agent was found and his cut of one-third of the value of the landed drugs agreed upon, the *Mishima Maru* was chosen as the first "delivery" vessel. Out of Yokohama, the liner's shipment of general merchandise in boxes and bales was landed and declared with the bills of lading and then transported by lorry to the premises of the indent agent. Pulling into a lane along route, the lorry was quickly relieved of two cases, and the cache of coke and "twang" removed. With the cases repacked, the lorry continued on to the agent and the shipment was delivered to the storeroom.

A similar ruse, this time involving damaged containers, would be instigated nearly 40 years on, when the new entrepreneurs of a revitalised drug trafficking game once again turned to the East — this time the Golden Triangle and outlets from Hong Kong around to Bangkok.



PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

ALLAN MOFFAT

Penthouse: Who's the best touring car driver in Australia?
Moffat: I think you're talking to him

Australian race circuit promoters acknowledge that Allan Moffat can be the difference between making money and losing it: for them, it's a fact of life. Moffat is a magnet. That has been the case since he burst on to the local motor racing scene in 1968. A confirmed entry from Allan Moffat adds 5000 paying spectators to the crowd figure.

Moffat triggers strong and divergent responses in the people who pay to watch him race. He cannot be ignored — even outside motor racing. Drop his name in the middle of a crowded room: half of those present will passionately support him while others will make it clear they don't think he is a very nice man.

Moffat is black and white. He has beliefs and opinions and he isn't afraid to air them. He has a very public life yet he refuses to make himself a public property. Moffat likes to keep a healthy distance between himself and others, literally and metaphorically. Entry to his compound at a race circuit is by invitation only.

There are confirmed stories of Moffat pointedly ignoring out-of-favor journalists waiting on the wrong side of the rope barrier for an audience. On the other hand, Moffat will quietly invite in, as *Penthouse's* Peter McKay once saw him do, a crippled youngster for a chat, a photo and an autograph.

Moffat was the first of a new breed of competitive race drivers in Australia. Before him came the independently wealthy hobby racers like Lex Davison, Arnold Glass, Bob Jane, Ron Hodgson, Alex Mildren, Len Lukey and Bib Stillwell. But Moffat came along and showed that someone with the arse out of his trousers could crack it, using his talent and a persuasive tongue to convince others to bankroll his motor racing. He is the consummate commercial animal, a man who knows too well that he would sink without outside help. He asks big, but undeniably delivers the goods.

Insiders, some who've been close to him for many years, claim they don't really understand Moffat. "He can be a strange bird," one said. "But that's the secret to his appeal . . . everyone wants to get close to discover what he really is like." He is full of surprises. Just when you believe you have unravelled his personality it swings around and takes off in another direction.

His relationship with sections of the press ebbs and flows. Moffat feuds regularly with individuals among the specialist motor racing media and makes no bones about cold-shouldering anyone who has served him up in print. Yet his livelihood — his capacity to attract and hold sponsorship — is dependent on his ability to draw attention to his team. He manages. Consider the Moffat career record.

There were the Hardie race successes at Bathurst in 1970, 1971, 1973 and 1977. The Australian Sports Sedan Championship in 1973, 1976 and 1977. And the sports car title in 1980. Abroad, there was victory in the Sebring 12-hour race in 1975, driving with the BMW team. And a class win earlier this year in the Daytona 24 hour enduro, this time in a Mazda. It's a career consisting mainly of highs. But there have been a couple of roller-coaster plunges to the depths, the most recent just two years ago when he became a driver without portfolio.

Only Allan Moffat could describe 1980 — when he won the Australian Sports Car Championship in a Porsche — as a lost year. This was part of his limbo period; he'd finally stopped racing Fords on a regular basis and was locked in a bitter fight with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport and rival teams, desperately trying to win approval to race a Mazda RX-7 fitted with the non-standard, big horsepower, peripheral-ported rotary engine. He accepted the Porsche drive simply to stay active, duly won the national title, but garnered little pleasure from the experience. Touring cars — and racing in the annual Hardie classic at Bathurst — have always been Moffat's first priority.

That year — 1980 — with the Mazda fight unresolved, Moffat elected to race a Falcon at Bathurst. The outcome was disaster. The built-in-a-month Falcon went for just two laps. But now, undeniably, he's soaring like an eagle. He has a winning racecar in the Mazda RX-7, enthusiastic support from Mazda and a hot-line to the Mazda factory at Hiroshima. And like the hard-timer who went overnight from a park bench to the Hilton, he is luxuriating in a Lotto-sized racing budget from Rothmans.

Moffat's working base is a nondescript former service station on the fringes of ritzy Toorak. This interview by *Penthouse* Motoring Editor Peter McKay was conducted in the spartan, serviceable front office, an outstretched arm away from two cars from Moffat's chequered past, his famous Mustang and Capri.

Moffat was born in Canada but moved with his family to South Africa during his early teens. He watched his first motor race at the Kyalami circuit near Johannesburg, enjoyed it but wasn't overcome by the urge to become a Fangio. In 1961 dad was posted to Melbourne and Allan Moffat was on the move again. He joined VW as a cadet and in '62 slipped on to Stirling Moss's crew for a race meeting at Sandown. Still he wasn't hooked. "I loved the action but didn't see myself as a driver," recalls Moffat. Nevertheless, he bought a Triumph TR3 on the never-never and dabbled — unsuccessfully — in the occasional race. By then Moffat's family was back in North America, and

number one son followed, accepting a job hawking cookware door-to-door through Ontario's bleak winter. Seeing the '64 Indianapolis 500 rekindled his enthusiasm for racing. He scrambled on to Team Lotus as a helper and at the end of the season borrowed $4500 from his dad to buy a leftover Lotus Cortina. The car was shipped back to Australia and Moffat raced in the Sandown six-hour race, leading early, crashing and finishing fourth.

Back in the States, Moffat was befriended by a trump from the Ford competitions department. He worked hard, cadged an occasional drive and was rewarded the following year with a works drive. Moffat was on his way. In 1968, after campaigning across North America for two years, Moffat was again in Melbourne. From January 1969 the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport gave the green light for advertising on race cars and Moffat had struck a sponsorship deal with Coca-Cola. And a Ford Mustang was on the water from the Ford factory . . .

Penthouse: Why race?

Moffat: When I first became involved at an amateur level while I still held a job at Volkswagen as a marketing cadet in the early 1960s, I've got to say that racing was certainly more exciting than the nine-to-five existence at VW. I tried to give it up for a few years until 1964, when I went to see the Indy 500. That race changed my life. Suddenly racing seemed more important, more purposeful, than any other endeavor I could think of.

Penthouse: Do you get a charge from racing . . . a buzz out of driving a car fast?

Moffat: No. Perhaps I've always been aware of the fact that we are flirting with the inevitable and I've never found that too thrilling. "Satisfying" would be a better word. It's satisfying to finish in a winning position after a great deal of development, hard work, planning and organising. I would never describe it as thrilling. The demands of driving a top-line touring car are less-than-thrilling.

Penthouse: Do you remember the words of Rick Mears at Indy this year? He had just run second in the closest finish in the history of the race, and a commentator put the microphone in front of him and said, "You must be disappointed" and Mears replied, "How can I be disappointed . . . we have just had a great race." I can't see you ever saying that.

Moffat: Probably you can't see me ever saying it because of the manner in which the Australian press has built up my win-at-all-cost image. But I assure you that I could very easily respond in that fashion. If you do everything possible to achieve a win and some other factor denies you victory, there is a certain satisfaction in knowing you have done your very best, that your team has done its very best, and the equipment has not failed you. If it's just the situation of the day, the luck of the draw, then there is a tendency to say: "Fine, I have done my very best and we will have to wait for victory."

Penthouse: How large is the Moffat ego?

Moffat: Well, big enough to want to try hard and big enough to want to sacrifice many things in life to achieve a certain goal. And, I would like to believe, small enough to still be normal.

Penthouse: Do you sit back and analyse your success?

Moffat: No, no. I don't. Other people may have a vision or an image or an appreciation of what I do. To me what I do is something personal and I don't

> I'm constantly striving to do better and I'm thankful I'm capable of achieving what other people might regard as success

tell myself I'll get a pat on the back because I've just won a race. I don't analyse it in those terms. I'm constantly striving to do better for the future and I'm thankful I'm capable of achieving what other people might regard as success.

Penthouse: What are your strong points as a race driver?

Moffat: I wouldn't want to highlight them too much or I might benefit my opposition, but I think there certainly are a few that would be contributing factors to driving fast. I prefer to keep those to myself.

Penthouse: What about your weaknesses?

Moffat: I would be prepared to say that I would be happier with myself if I could be less impatient on occasions. It is sometimes very difficult when you are in second spot and there is a car in front of you that is lapping not quite as quickly as your potential, and you're striving to get past. That's sometimes where impatience impairs your judgement and mistakes can happen.

Penthouse: Do you use any particular method to bring yourself to a mental peak before climbing behind the wheel?

Moffat: I do have somewhat of a countdown, but it happens automatically. Anyone familiar with trying to achieve anything extraordinary will appreciate that it is done in a mental atmosphere which is not the same as sitting quietly and having a chat or relaxing at a dinner party with pleasant company. To achieve any endeavor you have to activate your faculties. I think I am very lucky that it happens automatically. People who think they know me are sometimes quick to say I have to psych myself up and go into almost a witch-doctor's trance. That is untrue. That is what people who don't know me think they are seeing. What I am really doing is concentrating on the job at hand. I don't get nervous, my teeth aren't rattling, my knees aren't shaking. I just feel very aware of the many hundreds of hours that my team have put into a project. I am aware of the personal planning and time and effort to get the vehicle on to the start line and I know there is only one person who can transfer that into a victory, and that is myself.

Penthouse: It's said that no-one, not even close friends, are game to approach you in the half hour before an important race.

Moffat: That again is media exaggeration. People who don't know me are at least polite enough not to impose just prior to a race. People who do know me are aware that they can talk to me at any time and people who know me very well are aware that 15 minutes before a race is not exactly the best time to bring up some major problem. After all, the mechanics can work very hard, promotional people can work very hard, sponsorship associates can get very excited about all the pre-race activity, but it is only the driver of each car who can get his car to do the best it can. It is really no different from driving down Pitt Street or Swanson Street in five o'clock traffic. You can turn the radio on and enjoy yourself and drift into dreamland and drive very cautiously and almost in a daze . . . your automatic reflexes will get you down those various streets without too many incidents. If you snap your fingers and tell yourself that now you have to get out of that syndrome and get down that street as fast as you can and dodge all the obstacles, the first thing you have to do is turn the radio off, and the second thing you have to do is get out of the daze, and the third thing you have to do is decide whether you really want to do this. Motor racing is exactly the same. I would like to make the point that the media over the years have painted the atmosphere in my camp as being a bit Belsen-like, and that's not true. We do run a tight ship, I do not enjoy having people I don't know around me, and certainly prior to a race is not the time for an outside distraction. I don't think I am rude about it.

Penthouse: There is a conception, maybe a media conception, of Allan Moffat as a serious, perhaps humorless individual: a loner. Intense, a touch smug, fiercely competitive. How accurate are these descriptions?

Moffat: I think there is a certain degree of accuracy in some of those adjectives. I am not trying to run a popularity contest. In real terms the job at hand is to propel the race car. If that isn't done the operation is a failure and big companies don't support failures. I have always been serious about what I have done and I'm not ashamed about that. I have always applied myself to the very best of my abilities because mechanical failures are bad enough to swallow. I wouldn't enjoy having to ask myself whether I really did do my best, or having to come up with a range of excuses after every race to cover my performance. I don't think it would be any different if I was in any other business.

Penthouse: When you're in the car are you conscious of the crowd?

Moffat: Only at Bathurst. You approach some of the corners coming across the mountain where the crowd is close to the fence and the drivers can see spectators brandishing the big thumbs up or thumbs down banners. I am aware of them. Of course, at any circuit drivers are aware of spectators during the warm-up lap or on the slow-down lap, particularly if you get a loud cheer. You must bear in mind that with the noise of the car you don't hear anything other than the engine.

Penthouse: A layman might think driving a race car is a pretty cushy job. After all, he might drive from Melbourne to Adelaide without raising a sweat and yet you climb from the car after a 100km race looking like something the cat dragged in. Here's your chance to set the record straight . . . what's it like out there?

Moffat: I think the first myth to dispel is that a good race car is just a hotted-up engine with some fat tyres and special brakes and a paint job. Our race cars are really like fighter planes. They are built from the ground up. Every nut and bolt is crack tested and torqued to the right specification. The whole car is hand-built to my specific requirements. The only similarity between my car that goes down Conrod Straight and the RX-7s you see around the roads is the shape. Our car is tailored to race. It is then up to the driver to extract the optimum performance from that machine. He must determine exactly when to change up a gear so that the engine is always working at its best. He must leave his braking to the last, yet at the same time keep the car steady and take care of the tyres and brake pad material. He must watch his gauges diligently, though not so much with a Mazda. He looks for signals from the pits on every lap and perhaps reacts to this information by speeding up or slowing a shade. He is constantly on the alert for any slight change in the car's handling or grip or performance . . . something that might indicate the need to make a dash to the pits. The driver checks his mirrors for a possible challenge many times each lap, but also has to be primed to pass slower cars ahead. And there is always the unexpected, like lap 121 at Bathurst last year. Remember too, all the time the car and driver are balancing on a knife's edge. It's tough physically and so demanding mentally. The average driver would lose maybe six pounds

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during a long race like Bathurst.

Penthouse: Ever get scared?

Moffat: Not often, but it certainly happens occasionally.

Penthouse: Can you recall a particular time when you were most concerned?

Moffat: Yes. The most nervous I have ever been was on the Mulsanne Straight in the 1980 Le Mans 24-hour race in a twin turbo Porsche 935, at night in a car that I hadn't driven a lot. Very fast, very powerful and a circuit that I hadn't come to grips with. It was simply a matter of acclimatising, but my concern at the time is something I won't forget in a hurry.

Penthouse: You have said that Australia is your home and that you'd never base yourself abroad. Yet you continue to keep your international track career bubbling along with the occasional shot at Daytona or Le Mans. Does success internationally mean much to you?

Moffat: It's important because I believe that if you don't set high standards then you lull yourself into a false sense of security and it's quite easy to think in terms of being on top of a local situation. But you compare yourself against the international standards and it's a good way to come back to earth in a hurry. I don't say that in a disparaging manner, but after racing here for 10, 11 or 12 years on every circuit there is in Australia, you tend to get a little bit ho-hum. Certainly, every time I go overseas and race with top international drivers I feel it improves my mental approach, if not my driving.

Penthouse: Motor sport is a male bastion and your strong views on female race drivers have been aired many times. Yet you found yourself paired with a lady co-driver at Daytona this year and not a dissenting word was heard. Mellowing?

Moffat: Well, bear in mind that I was an invited driver and as such was not consulted as to who I felt would be a good choice of co-driver. Naturally, having been advised of the other drivers it was my prerogative to decline. I have always taken the view that the lady drivers have perhaps not quite as sincere a role. It's handy to get into the business for a while and see how we go and get a lot of publicity. But I was very pleasantly surprised with Kathy Rude at Daytona because the car was not handling as nicely as it should have been and certainly was a handful on the banking. I was very impressed with her.

Penthouse: What about the local petticoat brigade?

Moffat: We really haven't seen the skirts flying too efficiently over the years. With respect to the Australian girls, I've never seen any first-class results. And more to the point, I've never seen a determined, consistent effort. If you asked me to nominate an Australian equivalent of Kathy Rude, I'd have to say there wasn't one.

Penthouse: Australian race fans have traditionally shown greatest affection for sedan-type racing, leaving a love of open cockpit machinery to the Europeans. Can you explain that?

Moffat: I think if our open wheel racing was as exciting and as cut-and-thrust as Formula One racing there would be a greater appreciation and support of it. But we're a small community by world standards and I think people here and elsewhere can relate easier to the type of car they drive themselves, and hence the popularity of sedan racing just about everywhere. The open wheel car is rather sophisticated to say the least, and not quite as identifiable as your normal Mazda or Holden. I think it's just that our people haven't been educated . . . certainly any Formula One race I've seen was terribly exciting and the way they go about driving them is even more exciting. Traditionally the touring cars have provided the most excitement in Australia.

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Penthouse: You've never been drawn to open-wheel cars?

Moffat: I have driven them, but to be honest I didn't like the wind in my face and the front tyres bobbing around in front of me. And I also didn't feel comfortable in the laid-back bathtub position. I think if I had the opportunity to drive today's Formula One car, where the driver sits more upright, then I think I would be more favorably disposed toward that category. But in my case it was as much economic necessity as it was personal preference. There has been a need for me to make every mile a paying mile and there was never any question whether I should be participating in an open-wheel type vehicle or a sedan in Australia.

Penthouse: Do you miss the so-called "good old days" when it was motor sport rather than motor racing?

Moffat: I think that's a euphemism. The good old days were usually that period when you and your friends kidded yourselves you were having a good time. I look back on the past with a certain degree of horror. I sometimes wonder how I got through it all. I concentrate on the horizons, and not on what is behind me.

Penthouse: Your touring car racing during the early Seventies is memorable for some great track battles with Bob Jane. On occasions these battles continued back in the pit . . .

Moffat: Jane had an avowed desire to beat me. If he couldn't do it in the conventional fashion then he'd outspend me. That was more personal than it was good sense. We had some great battles on the track. He was less than gentlemanly on many occasions and I probably reciprocated in kind. But he certainly wasn't the only fellow I had tough races against.

Penthouse: You may have had other battles with other drivers, but few that actually continued back in the pits after the chequered flag was shown?

Moffat: Yes. I wasn't wise enough to get out of the car and do something about them. I was the new boy on the block and stood by and took a few whacks that should have been returned instead of turning the other cheek.

Penthouse: Through your formative years you drove Fords and then you drove for the Ford factory for the five years to 1974, when the decision was taken by the FoMoCo heavies to withdraw from motor racing. But you stayed loyal . . .

Moffat: On reflection, I should have accepted the corporate decision and moved in other directions. But one is loath to discard all loyalties and that certainly is not my character. So for another five years I kept battling on against odds that today I look back on and wonder about.

Penthouse: The Ford bail-out of '74 came as a shock to Moffat, the number one driver?

Moffat: Pete Geoghegan and I had won Bathurst in 1973 and at the end of that year, team manager Howard Marsden recommended that Ford get out of racing. Ford was terrified of the potential of the new V8 Torana and virtually threw in the towel. I expressed my disappointment in the decision. And I think we subsequently proved there was life left in the Ford 351-cubic inch V8 . . .

Penthouse: During the period between your double-whammy Bathurst success with the Ford Dealer Team Falcons in 1977 and the link with Mazda in 1981, your career appeared to be marking time.

> The average driver would lose maybe six pounds during a long race like Bathurst

Moffat: It was an unhappy time. But fortunately I drove Alan Hamilton's Porsche to a win in the sports sedan championship, there was a cameo run in a Ron Hodgson Torana at Amaroo, a one-off drive in the Holden Team Commodore at Sandown and a forgettable Bathurst appearance in a new XD Falcon. But I was essentially a driver looking for a home.

Penthouse: How did your long-term supporters, the Ford devotees, react when you turned traitor and went to Mazda?

Moffat: I never turned traitor. That is a term the media like to use because it's a nice, cosy expression to make me appear to be the bad guy. The Ford Motor Company decided to get out of racing in 1974, as I've said. I was silly enough to keep going with the Falcon to prove Ford was wrong. We had Ford Dealer Teams in '76, '77, and '78. In '79 they finally pulled the last plug, right when the car was ready to head into the 1980s primed for success. All the pathfinding work we did in the late Seventies with the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport over dry sumping and durability items ultimately benefited Dick Johnson. But I was not a traitor. I was told there was no longer any support from Ford for my company and that immediately put me in a vulnerable position. Ford executives did not want to race the XD Falcon. They did not want a racing image for the XD. A year later, Dick Johnson showed them how wrong they were.

Penthouse: For some time after you and Ford parted you were a race driver without a car . . . the Confederation of Australian Motor Sport took a long time to ratify the Mazda RX-7 for touring car racing. At one point the RX-7 got the green light and then opposition from rival camps pressured CAMS into withdrawing that ratification. What were your feelings at this point?

Moffat: I was very distressed because in any venture one needs an element of hope. It was a hard pill to swallow . . . it proved just how strong the prejudice and the opposition forces were to the concept of the peripheral port Mazda. I was miserable because I'd definitely made up my mind that if I couldn't go racing with Mazda then I wouldn't go racing at all.

Penthouse: In order to best show CAMS and other competitors the potential of the Mazda RX-7 you even went to the length of shipping an American car here for a meeting at Sandown. That car was appreciably slower than the car you're racing now . . . I don't suppose you're going to admit that you are guilty of a giant con job, that you knew all along the RX-7 with a peripheral port engine would ultimately outrun the Falcons and Commodores?

Moffat: That's an easy conclusion to reach in 1982 when you speak of an episode that took place in December 1980. That vehicle was the car I'd driven at Daytona. It was the only car free and the only one remotely like what I envisaged for my team. I've got no qualms at all about saying it was no snow job. The car went as fast as I could drive it on the day and as a matter of statistical record, when I drove my own car at Sandown many months later the lap times were only one-tenth faster. The improvement subsequently is through tyre technology, gear ratio technology and generally extracting everything from the car. And remember, too, I'm not so concerned about scraping the paintwork or knocking off a flare . . . one tends to drive a borrowed car more conservatively. But to suggest that my bringing in the American car was a ruse is rubbish. All that car did was prove that the claims from the Toyota group about the horsepower of the Mazda were absolute fabrications. Peter Brock drove the car that day and he was happy to get out of it. It buzzed along in top gear, but it had no torque. I'm positive he would have climbed out of the Mazda and said to himself, "Well, I'm glad it's Moffat and not me." Brock endorsed it. He encouraged the acceptance of the car.

Penthouse: Well, you must have known something because you tried damned hard for two years to persuade CAMS to give the Mazda the green light . . .

Moffat: Let's get this one straight. Having tested the car in the United States, if I thought it didn't have a hope in hell, then there was no way in all conscience I could accept Mazda's offer. From the very first time in Seattle when I drove the Mazda, what impressed me was not the lap times but the fact that the mechanics never lifted the bonnet. Four hundred miles of testing and they didn't have to look at the engine. We couldn't do four miles of testing with the Falcon without checking that the engine was hanging together. I saw the reliability factor — and the morale factor — with the Mazda. At Seattle there was proof positive that this car had durability, and we have a lot of races in Australia that require mechanical stamina. That was the single factor that impressed me most . . . not having to put together parts on a wing and a prayer. There were other influences. Mazda is in racing. It's not a whim; it's a corporate policy. They have an ongoing development program and certainly their products looked much better than those coming out of Detroit. Remember, too, that in 1980 CAMS formulated a new set of rules for the Eighties. Freedoms allowed for the improved reliability of all touring cars and the V8s were required to run engines to an emission level currently being produced. In other words all the muscle engines of the Seventies were scrapped in favor of the low-compression V8s of the 1980s. So when we made the decision to go with Mazda we understood the V8 horsepower shouldn't escalate as it had done in the last decade. Now General Motors is producing more hot-rods for Brock . . . another run of 200 specials.

Penthouse: Tell us what first drew you to Bathurst . . .

Moffat: I'd never even seen Bathurst when Ford took me there in 1969 to co-drive a third Falcon. I'd only just become resident here. I wasn't really drawn to Bathurst. It was just another track among many I hadn't seen. But it captured my imagination and after 1970, when we were fortunate enough to win, I was hooked.

Penthouse: Now Bathurst seems to be your reason for racing?

Moffat: Yes, it is. It's the most important race in the country and as such I've concentrated my energies on that and have done for the last 10 years or so.

Penthouse: What is the magic of Bathurst? Is it the track or the race?

Moffat: I think it's the event. It has historical appeal, the track is difficult to drive, the race is our Indy or Le Mans, and it is long enough to ensure a driver doesn't really luck into a win. At Bathurst you have to work for victory. It's no chicken run.

Penthouse: You make a habit of grabbing some fine international race aces to co-drive with you at Bathurst. You've had Vern Schuppan, who is an Australian although most of his racing is done abroad, John Fitzpatrick, Dieter Glemser, Jacky Ickx and Derek Bell. Why shop outside Australia when surely the upper echelon here is certainly on a par with the best in Europe?

Moffat: Who did you have in mind? Who would you like to see paired with me over the years?

Penthouse: I suppose you're going to say the good drivers were never available . . .

> I look on the past with a degree of horror. I sometimes wonder how I got through it all

Moffat: That's what I'm going to say.

Penthouse: Some people may think it strange that you bring a motor racing legend like Jacky Ickx all the way to Australia and then hog the lion's share of the driving at Bathurst . . .

Moffat: You've got to bear in mind again that I have to decide on the best strategy, and with all respect to the talents of my co-drivers, I'm the one who knows the car best and I think it's been the right decision to have been in the car at the finish in case something went wrong.

Penthouse: With a one-meeting-old racecar, you and co-driver Derek Bell went to the 1981 James Hardie 1000 at Bathurst and finished third in the crash-shortened race. Many keen observers believe your Mazda RX-7 would have won had the event gone the full 1000 kilometres. Would you have beaten Johnson's Falcon?

Moffat: You never beat anyone on paper. But I think the way we were going it did augur well for us and there were plenty of rumors to suggest Johnson was in a heap of trouble. That was last year's race . . . I'm more interested in this year's 1000.

Penthouse: Okay, let's talk about this year's Hardie . . . the race is a month away and you are the early warm favorite. A fair appraisal?

Moffat: I think that's being overgenerous. I think people are discounting what's running down the Holden production line in the shape of a special Commodore to go racing. I think you're discounting the desire and the intent of the Holden Dealer Team to let people know they're number one in this country and I think you're discounting what is going on behind the scenes at Ford. We're happy with our performance to date, but then everyone else will come out with their Bathurst rockets and we feel we don't have that much up our sleeves. And even if a team has a strong mechanical package, there's always the danger of getting hit, or side-swiped or maliciously torpedoed by another car.

Penthouse: Your RX-7 has gotten progressively faster as this season has unfolded and the faster it's become the greater the outcry from your touring car contemporaries. They're saying the Mazda isn't a true touring car, that it's a sportscar. Mazda itself advertises the RX-7 as a sporty . . .

Moffat: I think in true terms Mazda advertises the RX-7 as a sporting car. It's no more a sports car than a Ford Capri, or an Alfa GTV, or a Chev Camaro, or a Torana Hatchback. They've all been racing as touring cars for years. The RX-7 has been on the tracks here for four years. It was never a problem to anybody until it threatened the dominance of Ford and Holden, the two marques that have won the last 16 Bathurst races. The car has been homologated internationally and meets all touring car parameters. The other guys have been literally driving with their elbow on the window sill for years, running around on three-quarter throttle, taking races whenever they wanted. Peter Brock has won the last seven — *seven* — Sandown 400s. What's that if it isn't dominance? We've gone out in the short period of half a season and won four races . . . all of a sudden we are considered the greatest threat known to man. It's just a pathetic indictment against the guys making these statements. Instead of sharpening up their own act, they find it easier to make excuses for their shoddy performances. I happen to be that excuse.

Penthouse: Do the demands of a big-dollar sponsor weigh heavily?

Moffat: Certainly they do. Because nobody gives away anything for nothing. I'm expected to produce. It requires a lot of planning and it takes

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plenty of my time. My diary is full on a day-to-day basis.

Penthouse: It shouldn't come as any surprise when I say that probably no other name in Australian motor racing brings such strong — and diverse — reactions as that of Allan Moffat. You must be aware that half the spectators think you're great and the other half reckon you're a prick, but how do you accept being alternatively adored and disliked?

Moffat: I can't change that. We're in an impossible situation where we can't please all of the people all of the time. Even so it's rare that someone — probably someone with a skinfull — would come by our tent and try to give us a hard time. Usually he'd be ushered away by other fans who just want a quiet word or a look at the car.

Penthouse: Are you a shy person? For instance, what would be your feelings as you walked into a room full of strangers?

Moffat: I would be uneasy. I think that anyone not ill-at-ease should be in Hollywood. I have trained myself to operate — if that's the word — in the same manner as I do when I'm behind the wheel.

Penthouse: Who's the best touring car driver in Australia?

Moffat: I think you're talking to him.

Penthouse: On a scale of 10, how do you rate Peter Brock?

Moffat: Closer than I'd like.

Penthouse: Dick Johnson?

Moffat: I'd like to plead the fifth amendment on the rest . . .

Penthouse: Bob Morris, Jim Richards, Allan Grice, Kevin Bartlett . . . ?

Moffat: All very capable drivers given the right circumstances. They're all genuine professional drivers and to a degree we all respect each other's necks. That's really the base line . . . if you get torpedoed at the end of the back straight at Sandown when you're doing a hundred and a bit, you can't really have much regard for the guy that did it.

Penthouse: Any memorable incidents — good or bad — with race fans?

Moffat: The worst one I recall happened on the cool-down lap at the Hume Weir circuit. I'd just won a race in my Capri when a great explosion scared the life out of me. Some bunny lobbed a beer bottle into the windscreen and it went off like a hand grenade. The nicest thing came after winning Bathurst in 1977. As I drove off the circuit, Mr Fraser was waiting for me. He wanted a ride to the scrutineering bay. I think he found that day the heat in motor racing is just about as hot as it gets in Canberra . . .

Penthouse: Stories about Allan Moffat invariably bring up the hardship you faced when trying to keep body and soul, and a racecar, together during the Sixties and even into the Seventies. How tough was it?

Moffat: I can best illustrate it this way . . . the manager of the St Kilda branch of the ANZ would advance me 40 pounds to go to Sydney for a race meeting on the understanding that when I returned to Melbourne on Monday morning I'd have to repay the loan. Try that sometime. It meant driving the ute myself to Sydney or even Brisbane with the racecar on a trailer behind. It meant stringing out hire purchase commitments that would have been hard to meet if I'd had a steady income, let alone an existence that depended so much on winning to stay ahead of the creditors. I said earlier that I don't like looking back into my past . . . now

> I have trained myself to operate in the same manner as I do when I'm behind the wheel

perhaps you can understand why. On many occasions it really was terrible.

Penthouse: You're better placed now, though. There's an RX-7 in the drive, a Porsche 911, a nice home, tailored clothes on that well-fed body, and probably even a bank manager who smiles when you walk through the front door.

Moffat: Motor racing has been good to me. I now earn an above-average wage from it. I have worked very hard to achieve that.

Penthouse: You're a very private man for a person with such a high public profile.

Moffat: My public life isn't very important to my ego. Some people are desperate to get their photo in the newspaper, or in the race program. It's never been a big deal to me. It's the process of the endeavor — and the end result — which is important to me, and having achieved that it suddenly becomes relatively unimportant. Some people live for the limelight. I do not.

Penthouse: Other drivers have well-chronicled recreations away from racing. Peter Brock, for instance, is renowned for his fishing exploits. Do you have a life away from the wheel?

Moffat: Probably not as much relaxation as I should. Having time to myself is important. I know what it's like to have no future and I know what it's like to be in the depths of depression, wondering if life is worthwhile at all. Now though, at a time in my life when I feel very capable of executing the job required of me in a racecar and of knitting together a fine team, I'm just happy to keep it all going. I don't think about when I should go fishing next.

Penthouse: When have you been so low that you failed to see reason to go on?

Moffat: Oh, it was many years ago in Canada when I was selling door-to-door. No future, no purpose . . . that was the period following my first stint in Australia when I tried racing as a novice, didn't think I could make it, and stopped. Fortunately, I then made that trip to Indianapolis which convinced me I should try again at all cost.

Penthouse: There are no little Moffats. Does full-time motor racing preclude you and Pauline having a family?

Moffat: I don't think it necessarily would. I've always taken the attitude that you've got to have plenty of time to love and nurture them. The business I'm in doesn't give me that time at the moment.

Penthouse: You're 42. Any thoughts about retiring?

Moffat: In motor racing terms, a driver is just getting going at 40. I'd like to pluck out a Mario Andretti quote for an airing. He said it was almost impossible to make a mistake in a Formula One car given the years of experience behind him. I don't know if I'd go that far, but certainly I feel very comfortable driving at the moment. I can go right to the limit and if I have to take a chance, I know exactly what risk is involved. This is where people confuse the skill of the young drivers . . . temporarily they may be going rather quickly but no-one really realises how close to disaster they are and how close to disaster the youngsters don't know they are. I'm not concerned about being in my 40s. Age is immaterial. I am fit. I have no physical disabilities. As long as I'm mentally alert and other pressures don't interfere with my driving, I think it would be a great waste to stop right now.

Penthouse: How long will you continue?

Moffat: That's hard to foresee.

Penthouse: Five more years?

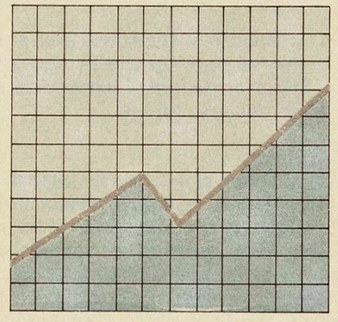
Moffat: That's certainly a possible figure.

Penthouse: What does an ex-race driver who hasn't held a regular job since 1964 do to earn a buck after he stops competing?

Moffat: Something will come up. Fate has been kind. I wouldn't want you to be concerned about my future.

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

DO YOU GET OFF ON PAIN?



Last month's psychograph tested your sadistic impulses. Now it's time to examine the other side of the S/M coin: masochism. If you answer the questions below honestly, this psychograph can give you an idea of just how much you enjoy being dumped on, psychologically and sexually.

Sexual masochists — those who get off on being beaten, blindfolded, bitten, and wrapped in chains — represent a minute part of the population. Nevertheless, they outnumber sadists three to one, say researchers Chris Gosselin and Glenn Wilson of London University's Institute of Psychiatry.

Psychological masochism, on the other hand, is much more common. Vast numbers of us are, as famed psychoanalyst Edmund Bergler says, "lovers of humiliation, defeat, and refusal." We go around inviting abuse and don't feel good unless we feel bad.

Oddly enough, there's not always a great psychological distance between sadists and masochists. In their excellent books *Sexual Variations,* Gosselin and Wilson note that it's often extremely difficult to differentiate between sadists and masochists because they share many of the same personality traits, impulses, fantasies, and behaviors. However, it has been found that, in general, masochists tend to be more introverted and neurotic than sadists.

In everyday life, masochists confuse the issue even further, because they will often act in sadistic ways in order to provoke the retribution they so fervently desire. In such cases, sadism and masochism really are two sides of the same coin. Consequently, it's possible to score high on this masochism scale even if you landed in the top ranks of last month's sadism psychograph. Hell, even the infamous Marquis de Sade, after whom sadism was named, was a closet masochist: he frequently had his valet whip and spank him.

There are several theories about the origin and development of masochism. Bergler suspects it develops in the earliest stages of infancy. When we first learn that we can't get everything we like, he says, some of us decide to like everything we get. By convincing ourselves that we enjoy everything that's dumped on us, we maintain the illusion that we are still in total control of our fate.

The term *masochism* owes its existence to Leopold von Sacher-Masoch, a 19th Century Austrian cavalry officer who became a successful novelist. The heroes of his books (actually fantasy versions of himself) are invariably maltreated by strong women, who force them to do degrading things.

To see how much *you* love being dumped on, answer these questions thoughtfully and carefully.

PART 1

1. Which of the following statements comes closest to describing you?
   (a) When I have sex, I like to be the one who initiates and controls the action. I want to direct what will happen
   (b) If I had my way, I'd be completely passive during sex. I'd like just to lie back and let my partners do whatever they wanted with me
   (c) At various times I like to be both active and passive in sex

2. Have you ever voluntarily been bound, gagged, spanked, or whipped during sex?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) occasionally
   (c) rarely
   (d) never

3. Have you ever secretly enjoyed being forced to engage in erotic practices against your will?
   (a) yes, frequently
   (b) sometimes
   (c) rarely or never

4. Do unusual items of clothing specifically designed to be erotic, such as leather or rubber underwear, turn you on?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do you like having items of clothing ripped off you by your sexual partner?
   (a) yes, very much
   (b) sometimes
   (c) no

6. How do you feel about having your anal area manipulated or entered during sex?
   (a) I like it very much
   (b) Occasionally it's all right
   (c) I dislike it
   (d) I don't care much one way or the other

7. Have you ever been seriously bruised or injured by your partner during sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

8. Do you prefer a sexual partner whose lovemaking style includes biting, scratching etc?
   (a) yes
   (b) sometimes
   (c) not usually

9. Do you like a partner who calls you degrading names during sex?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

PART II

How strongly would you say the following statements apply to you? Check (a) if a statement applies *very strongly;* (b) for *quite strongly;* (c) for *moderately;* (d) for *not much;* (e) for *not at all.*

1. Whenever I go out for recreation — to parties, games, movies, etc, — I rarely enjoy myself.
   (a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

2. I brood a lot about my problems

and about the things people do to me.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

3. Whenever there's an argument about something, people always gang up unfairly against me.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

4. When I was a kid, I was usually punished more than others by my parents and/or teachers.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

5. I am often the victim of practical jokes.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

6. When I was a kid, I didn't get along well with other children. They didn't like me, and they showed it.
(a) __(b) __(c) __(d) __(e) __

7. As I've gotten older, I find that people still don't like me, and they show it.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

8. I always try to do things that will please my parents, but they don't appreciate my efforts.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

9. Women I get close to always end up being abusive and nasty toward me.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

10. At work, other people get away with murder and are never caught; yet every time I do the slightest thing wrong, I get jumped on by my superiors and sometimes by my co-workers.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

11. I seem to be more accident-prone than most people.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

12. I often go to places where I know I'm not wanted and where I won't fit in.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

13. I often do things I know are bad for me.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

14. I try to avoid confrontations and unpleasant run-ins with other people, yet they seem to happen to me more than to others.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

15. At work I always seem to end up with the lousy jobs nobody else wants.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

16. I remain in relationships even after they've gone completely sour and my lover has turned cold or vicious.
(a)__(b)__(c)__(d)__(e)__

SCORING

The two parts of this psychograph deal with different aspects of masochism. Part I focuses on outward acts of sexual masochism, Part II on the sometimes less obvious signs of psychological masochism. It's possible to score high on one point and low on the other. The two sections are scored independently, and a high score on *either* indicates possible masochistic tendencies.

Part I

All possible answers have been awarded point values, which are listed below. Find your score by adding up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 58; the lowest, 9.

1. a-1, b-5, c-2
2. a-10, b-6, c-4, d-1
3. a-8, b-4, c-1
4. a-5, b-1
5. a-7, b-3, c-1
6. a-6, b-3, c-1, d-3
7. a-7, b-1
8. a-5, b-2, c-1
9. a-5, b-1

Part II

Give yourself 5 points for each (a) answer; 4 points for each (b) answer; 3 points for each (c) answer; 2 points for each (d) answer; 1 point for each (e) answer. The highest possible score is 80; the lowest is 16.

INTERPRETATION

Part I. A score of 30 points or more indicates a pronounced streak of sexual masochism. If you scored in that range, you probably think of yourself as a cross between a human cesspool and a human punching bag, and your sex life shows it. Compared with most people's sexual activities, yours look weird indeed.

A score below 16 points indicates a relative absence of masochistic sexual tendencies. A score between the two extremes suggests that you have leanings toward sexual masochism but don't often indulge them.

If you chose any individual answers worth eight points or more, there's a strong chance you're a sexual masochist no matter what your overall score.

Masochistic sex fantasies. It's possible — even probable — that you fantasise about the activities listed in Part I, even though you may never actually engage in them. If you have a low score for Part I but fantasise *frequently* about such behaviors, it's possible that you are a secret sexual masochist. You may have a deep yearning to be treated like shit; but actually engaging in such behaviors would be too traumatic for you to handle.

Occasional fantasies about some of these activities are relatively normal; in their imaginations, most men explore kinky desires that they wouldn't generally carry out in real life. In fact, if you *never* fantasise about such activities, you may actually be a little odd.

Part II. This section explores generalised psychological masochism. If you scored 60 to 80 points:

You really like to be dumped on. You may see yourself as someone with a lousy life who never gets the breaks. You may also feel that you get what you deserve: zilch. You put yourself in situations where you're bound to get screwed, and you'd be downright edgy if you didn't have some suffering (real or imaginary) to deal with.

38 to 59 points:

You have a tendency toward psychological masochism, but you don't let it dominate your life, as people in the category above do. Many perfectly "normal" men fall into this category. Many of us harbor secret guilts and hang-ups that, unconsciously, we feel we deserve to suffer for.

16 to 37 points:

You are quite free of masochistic impulses and behaviors. Unlike many people, you realise there's already enough real suffering in life; one needn't go out of one's way to encounter any more of it than is necessary. You are likely to be a well adjusted, productive person.

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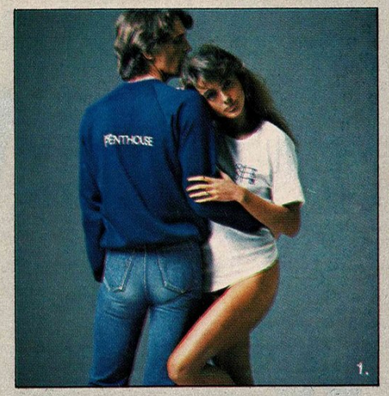

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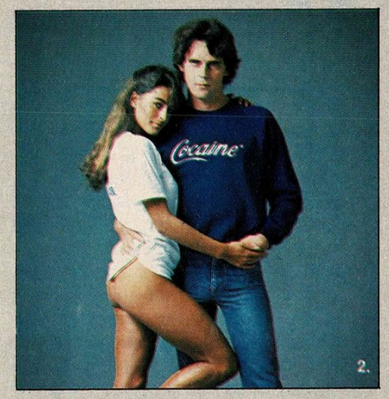

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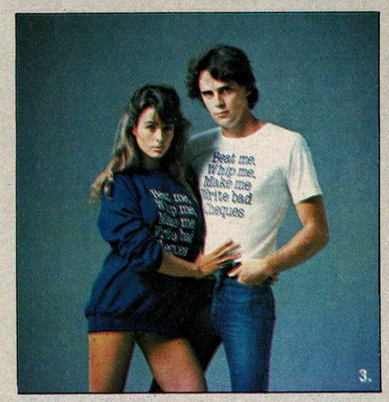

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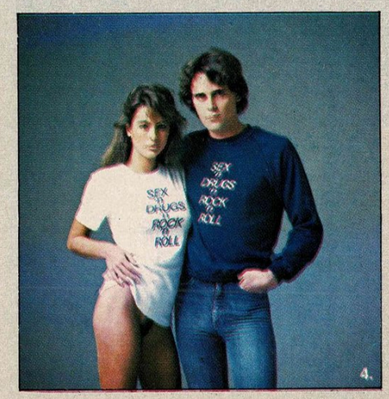

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Penthouse goes racing on two fronts — with mixed success

YOU WIN SOME...

BY PETER McKAY

Winners can laugh and losers can make their own arrangements. The Marantz-*Penthouse* Nissan 280ZX driver and crew have been making their own arrangements for most of the season. Until round four of the Amaroo Park production car series, sponsored by men's haircutters Stallions' Stable and Goodyear tyres. Then it was our turn to laugh.

There was that little matter of a lap three coming-together with David Seldon's Volvo as the Marantz-*Penthouse* car made its lunge for the lead. The incident left one team seething and the other wondering what the hell the fuss was about. A television replay a week later appeared to sink any suggestions that our car had given the Swedish safety capsule the old fashioned heave-ho at the crest of the Amaroo hill. Seldon, who may conceivably be still dizzy from a succession of smoky spins, probably thinks otherwise.

Seldon began his weekend in grand style, putting his heavy Volvo on pole during Saturday's wet-weather qualifying. Then came Brook, then our 280ZX and Gary Leggatt's Alfa Romeo GTV. Four different makes in the first four grid spots . . .

Photo by Mike Harding

Above: Penthouse's *McKay tries a dirt detour to avoid the gyrating David Seldon Volvo. Right: Production car scramble . . . John Giddings (Skyline) Garry Waldon (Triumph), Phil McDonell (Fiat), Gerry Murphy (Alfa) and Peter Fitzgerald (Mazda) in pursuit of the Marantz-*Penthouse *280ZX. Top right: Stephen Brook leads David Seldon, Gary Leggatt and Peter Granger at Amaroo.*

Race day. Seldon kept out Brook in the charge up the Amaroo hill into the first left-hander, with a similar skin-of-his-teeth margin back to the Marantz-*Penthouse* Nissan.

Brook, anxious for the lead, tried a long-shot near the end of the opening lap, probing for an ambitious outside pass. Instead, he found himself relegated to third and staring at the bulk of the big Z-car.

The Zed, for the first time in four race meetings, was showing competitive spirit. The input from suspension genius (and Formula 5000 ace) John Wright, old production sage Fred Gibson, and team spannerman Neil Venables was bearing fruit. Lap times had improved nearly a second since the last race. The car had never run as high as second place before . . . fourth was its previous best.

Two laps — and one crumpled fender — later, the Zed was up front, with Brook menacing just a metre away. Seldon, dizzy and mad as a result of his unscheduled series of rotations, was breathing fire as he stormed back from eighth place, where he'd been relegated.

The pressure came off when Brook sportingly missed a critical gearchange in the main straight to give the leader some breathing space. The leader, it must be said, failed to capitalise on his lucky break, instead indulging in a complacent snooze until lap seven, when Brook turned up the wick to set the fastest lap of the race.

The comfortable 30-metre buffer to the Mazda disappeared and Brook was winding himself up for a last lap shot at victory. The two sporty cars — stock standard except for beefier shock absorbers, modified exhaust system and competition brake pads — crested the hill into Amaroo's notorious Loop a mere handspan apart.

Back in pit row, the Marantz-*Penthouse* pit crew went for the smelling salts as Brook inched alongside with the finish line in sight. The Mazda nosed ahead as two right boots punched hard on to brake pedals. But the Z-car held the preferred inside alley and when the RX-7's rear brakes locked, Brook's slender last-ditch chance disappeared into blue radial-tyre smoke.

One corner to go. An unrushed, deliberate change from second to third gear — this wasn't the time to try a flashy shift which might lead to fifth instead — and there it was. The chequered flag.

How sweet it is.

There was the distraction of an agitated David Seldon vigorously shaking a threatening clenched fist on the slow-down lap. What could he be peeved about?

And back in pit row the driver forced himself to gracefully accept the enthusiastic hugging and smooching from excitement-crazed *Penthouse* Pets, Tracey and Amanda.

Winning can be tough. But it sure beats the hell out of losing.

Photo by Phillip Christensen

THE DRIVING FORCE

It's Australia's toughest ongoing motor vehicle road test. Called production car racing, it's the process of taking to the circuits using showroom stock motor cars. And it's booming. Racing is furious and unpredictable. Spectators can relate to the cars on the track, because under the gaudy paintwork they're almost identical to the cars they've paid hard cash for. Engine emission gear remains intact, the vehicles race on readily-available steel radials, and most competing vehicles boast rego labels on their windshields.

The treatment accorded an unmodified motor car in such a harsh environment as a racing circuit — the constant pounding of components like engine, brakes, clutch and transmission — cannot help but unearth any weaknesses. It makes reliability and track performance very relevant to the man in the street.

Competition is red hot. Last week's peacock can be next week's feather duster. Five different marques have tasted success since the prod-car category was revived last year . . . Nissan, Mazda, Alfa Romeo, Volvo and Rover.

Already the reborn category is spawning its own stars. Some are old faces lured by the lower cost of prod-car racing. Others are newcomers going all-out to demonstrate their talent without having to outlay $100,000 to dabble in touring car racing.

- There's Stephen Brook. Recently received a deserved call-up notice from the JPS BMW factory team to partner former world champion Denny Hulme at the wheel of a Bee Em 635 in the upcoming James Hardie 1000. One-time Formula Ford champ who has become the toughie to beat in production cars, the lean and hungry Brook drives and prepares his Perrier Mazda RX-7 with clinical efficiency.
- A defector from the speedway bullrings, Mazda driver Allen Fender spends part of his working week signwriting a few of his rivals' racecars, only to happily deface his handiwork on raceday. Quickly learning the ropes in his second season.
- Urbane Sydney solicitor Peter Granger is a smooth talker off the track and a charger on it, driving a powerful, yet ill-handling, Ford Cortina. Impossible to out-drag in the straights, but suspect on corners.
- Bearded Melbourne Mazda man Peter Fitzgerald has won several prod-car races in his Palcolor RX-7. Splits his racing between the rotary and his Porsche, which he campaigns in Australian Sports Car Championship events.
- A hidden talent of Australian motor racing is Alfa loyalist Gary Leggatt. He has co-driven with Le Mans winner Derek Bell at Bathurst and proved faster around Mount Panorama than the Englishman. Tries very, very hard in his Cinzano GTV and is capable of amazing recoveries from almost irretrievable situations.
- Gerry Murphy, dapper Sydney Alfa dealer who races the car he sells, learned his craft in the nip-and-tuck Formula Vees. Fast and tidy.
- Phil McDonell's Fiat SuperBrava is not in the same league as the faster Datsuns and Mazdas, so his talent goes largely unheralded. Wily and experienced, with many Hardie 1000s behind him. Prays for rain.
- Smiling veteran David Seldon has competed at Bathurst no less than seven times. Makes his Brayson Volvo do the impossible, mixing genuine speed with flair and exuberance. A crowd favorite.
- Unsponsored Garry Waldon won his Triumph TR7 in a contest of skill held at a rent-a-drive mini-car track in Sydney. Has made a fine transition to real racecars. Highly regarded up-and-comer.
- Dour Cam Worner of Moss Vale was the first man to show the true potential of Nissan's 280ZX. Is the driver the others get a kick out of beating. Mistake-free, smooth, fast and determined.

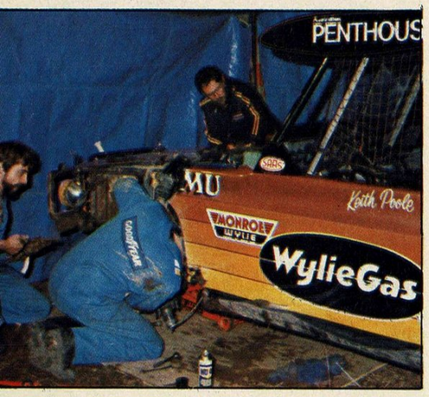
Photo by Jean-Pierre Zajac

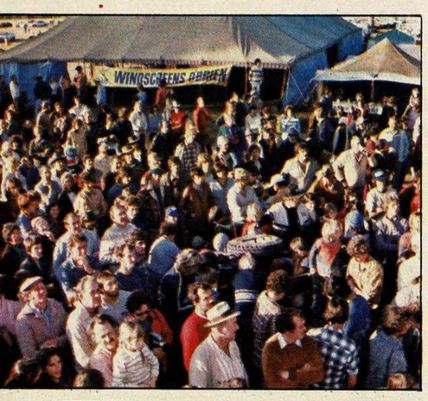
...YOU LOSE SOME

Two bucks bought some soggy fish and chips accompanied by an unsolicited tirade against the "blokes running the show." She was big and beefy and hot under the collar, despite miserably wet conditions outside her patched-up hire tent. "They promised us stall-holders unlimited electricity for our 50-buck fee and now we can't get enough power for our stoves . . . we had to spend another 30 bucks for a generator last night," she blustered, pushing across two bags of what was loosely masquerading as food.

It was the eve of the biggest and brassiest motor sporting attraction on the New South Wales mid-north coast, the second annual Kempsey-Macleay 1000 off-road race. And not everyone was bubbling over with good cheer, especially the big mama of the fish and chip stall. The rain didn't help. Sure, it was a drought-breaking fall, but it could have held off a couple of days. Even the cockies wouldn't have minded a 48-hour extension.

Photos by Jean-Pierre Zajac





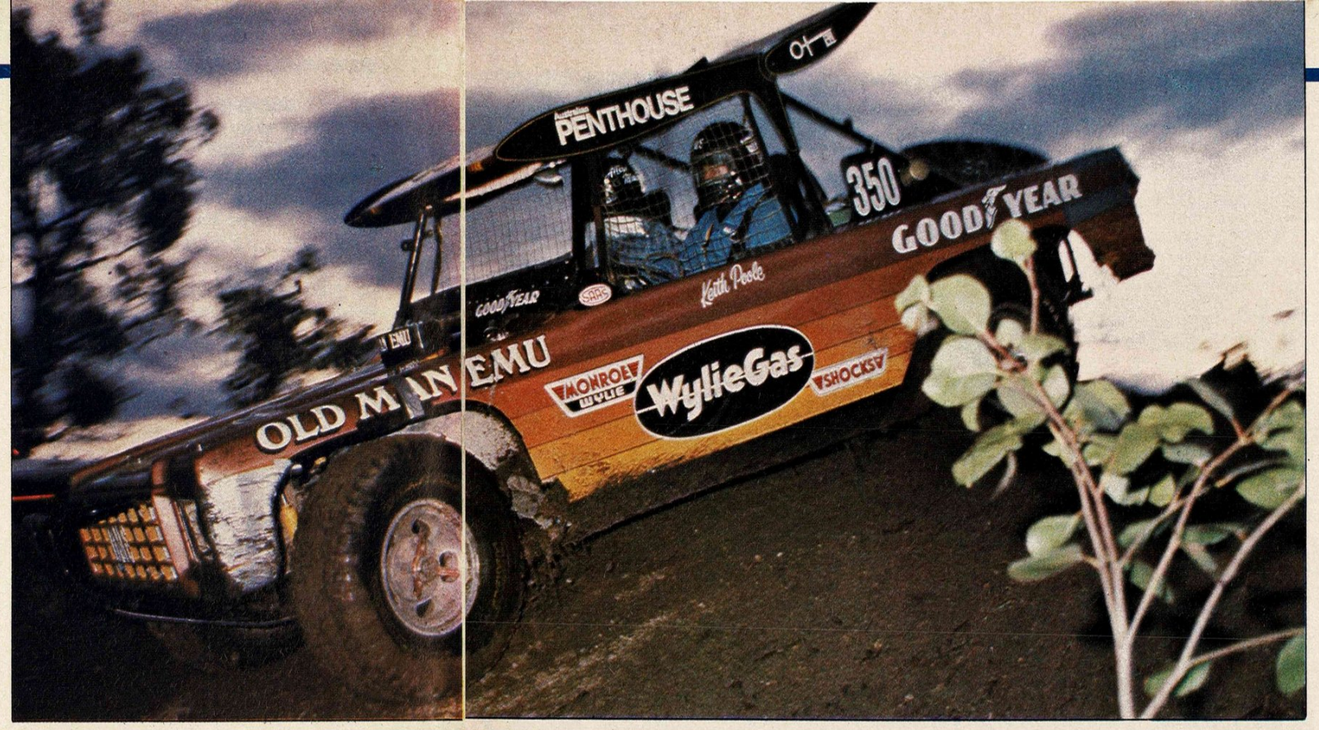
Seventy-nine teams had zeroed in on Kempsey for an event which the townsfolk themselves had been instrumental in providing for the off-road mob as far afield as Perth. Last year a group of locals banded together to conceive and draft a blueprint for Australia's longest, toughest, most spectacular and richest off-road race. It had everything going for it bar the weather. The course was a quagmire, drivers and machines unidentifiable in the mud.

Miraculously, a winner was found. But when the books were balanced at the end of the weekend, Kempsey had backed a loser. It took a whip-around among a handful of the town's finest to pay the bills.

It looked like this town was finished with the entrepreneurial business. One strike and you're out. But Kempsey is made of sterner stuff and this year it backed up for more. It imported a hot-shot rally director from Brisbane, Garry Connolly, and got the town's commercial people squarely on side. Over 100 businesses pledged support, either in money or kind. Frank Evill, the plumber, did his bit. So did the Kempsey-Macleay RSL. And the Central Cafe. And all the rest.

A few weeks before the appointed time, Connolly came down from Brisbane to recce the area. He liked what he saw. Permission was sought from the local farmers. Would they mind nearly 100 off-road machines tear-arsing through their properties? All except two acquiesced. One flatly rejected the idea. Another indicated he could be swayed by some folding green; eventually he capitulated and the course was laid down, carefully sidestepping the boundary of the odd man out.

The course was 105 kilometres around, over terrain that would give a mountain goat nightmares. Two-thirds of the run was trail-blazing stuff through virgin country on the side of hills. And there were some sketchy forest trails and a few kilometres of dirt track. Bloody tough stuff, mate!



Left: The Blazer, back together and running hard . . . temporarily. Far left. top: Burning the midnight oil, team mechanics repair the battered warrior. Far left, bottom: The town of Kempsey turned out to watch the action.

Race headquarters was a cow paddock about 10 kilometres from town. Ten kilometres from power. Ten kilometres from running water. Ten kilometres from a real WC. Big generators were trucked out. And water tanks. Holes were dug in the ground and hessian screens erected to preserve modesty. Among the cow patties, stall-holders erected tents to sell fairy floss, toffee apples, meat pies, coffee, Coke, hot doggies. Even crepes. The show was a goer. And then it pissed down on the Saturday morning, midway through the street parade in town and an hour before the first machine was to be flagged off on a six-kilometre qualifying run — the Prologue, as the off-roaders call it.

Rain is the off-roader's natural enemy. Rain turns a challenging course into an almost unplayable pain-in-the-arse. Average speeds fall away as the surface loses its traction. Vehicles are bogged. Give the off-roaders beautiful, dry, choking, blinding dust any day.

In the pit compound of the Old Man Emu-*Penthouse* Chevy Blazer, eyes looked anxiously to the clouds. It was a heavy black overcoat from horizon to horizon. The rain pelted down. Chevy Blazer country is open desert, where its awesome V8 power can best be employed. Treacherously slippery black clay, shiny and wet, suits no-one, least of all the thundering 500-horsepower Chevy.

The rain had everyone depressed. The monster under the canvas awning had been primed for an attack on the rough, tough conditions expected in the 1000. Now, it would be humbled by the weather. As graceful as an elephant at a disco.

Four people are entered to commandeer the Blazer during the enduro. Keith Poole, quiet-as-a-churchmouse veteran driving demon with a reputation for bringing 'em back in one piece; Allan Maloney, mechanical whiz who brings the Blazer to its pitch and then climbs into the passenger seat to handle the navigational chores; John Chapman, boss of the Old Man Emu operation and back-up navigator; and yours truly, in Kempsey to ride shotgun with Poole through the Prologue qualifying run for no good reason other than to discover what it's all about.

Poole tells me what he expects me to do. On the course there are a series of signs which the cars are to follow. Directional red arrows, caution and danger warnings. There is no intercom in my helmet; I will have to rely on sign language, pointing right or left or motioning to slow. Not too difficult, I think.

I slide into the well-padded Scheel bucket seat and Maloney helps tighten the five-point harness. I am sitting to Poole's right in the left-hand drive, American-built howler. There is a grab handle for my right hand; the left hand is our navigational aid.

Poole has called for the fitting of a detachable windscreen and wiper. I have a roof over my helmeted head, but otherwise I'm under attack from the elements. We move down the starting queue. Then it's our turn. An official counts down . . . ten, nine . . .

At go, all hell breaks loose. Poole has nailed the throttle and the big nobbly Goodyears bite through the layer of mud into solid dirt. In an instant we are across a bitumen road and through a fence opening and into a paddock. The Blazer is fish-tailing wildly and Poole's arms thrash first left and then right as he fights to keep the nose pointed roughly in the right direction. The swishing rear end clips a fence post and then sends a signpost flicking 10 metres skywards.

Rain is pelting my helmet visor. I spot an arrow pointing right and endeavor, through all the bumping and grinding, to telegraph the information to the busy man adjacent.

The Blazer slows to jogging pace as Poole eases it between two gateposts. And then on to a stretch of twisting dirt road. The Blazer is never pointed dead ahead for more than a split second. Always that wayward tail is meandering first left, then right, never tracking in a straight line.

Back into a paddock and along a makeshift track shadowing power lines. Leapfrogging bushes and troughs at a mere 140 km/h. And sliding from left to right and back again all the way. Out of the rough on to another section of smooth dirt road. A couple of bends, across a narrow wooden bridge and the finish is just a couple of hundred metres away.

But coming off the shiny boards on the bridge, the Chevy wags its tail too far and clips an earth bank. This whips the nose around and it gouges into the soil. A wheel and brake assembly is torn off in the impact and the throttle jams wide open. Poole dives for the kill switch as the Blazer three-wheels out of control off the bank across the road into a dtich. It digs in, hauls the two rightside wheels in the air and then, mercifully, flops down to earth.

We are just 100 metres from the flag and, until the fire went out, had clearly looked set to log the fastest time of the day.

Instead the Blazer is a cot case. Back in the Old Man Emu pits, mechanics swarm over the crippled beast. The decision is taken to shoot for a repair. Tradespeople in Kempsey offer to throw open their facilities for parts and by midnight the Blazer is mobile again. The scars of the afternoon's unscheduled flight are evident along the left flank. But underneath she's like new.

Before the crew head off for a few hours kip, one of them has a final request: "Fuck off, Huey," he shouts at the heavens before heading back to town. Huey duly obliges. Raceday dawns cold, but with clear skies.

The 79 vehicles depart every 60 seconds from 6.30 am onwards. Organisers have seeded the Blazer 11th and Poole and Maloney set forth full of fight.

After one loop, they are eighth. Chapman is delighted and cautiously optimistic, although still concerned about the hasty repair job to the left front ball joint.

Chapman wants the Blazer to do well for any number of reasons, commercial and personal. He has sponsors like Goodyear and Monroe-Wylie to please. But there's nothing like success to help team morale. Chapman doesn't skimp when he tackles a project. He has assembled no less than 30 helpers for the Kempsey-Macleay 1000. Some are put up at a local motel; others rough it in sleeping bags and tents out in the scrub, boiling billies and forgetting about a square meal and a bath for three days. For these people, Chapman desperately hopes for a good result.

An hour and a half later the Blazer rumbles into sight. It is up to fourth on the road and all is well as it comes and goes, and the crew prepares for the scheduled pit stop for fuel and rubber at the end of the third loop. The halfway mark.

They wait in vain. Midway through the third loop the patched-up left front ball joint breaks and the front end collapses . . .

Chapman doesn't seem too disappointed. After all, two and a half loops is better than none. And he's pleased that the event has been a success. When the organising committee get around to doing the sums, it seems the folksy impresarios will finish in the black. It's been a great weekend for just about everyone.

The exception is the big belle dispensing fish and chips. But one dissenter out of 25,000 isn't bad.

VHS or Betamax?
That's the dilemma at the heart of Australia's video revolution

What's Your Format?

BY RICHARD MORGAN

Photograph by Greg Slater

Video is the current "rage" product: a result of our advancing technology and the biggest thing to hit the home entertainment industry since television. It is estimated that the video market (both hardware and software) will gross about $500 million this year, and that video cassette recorder ownership in Australia will top the half-million mark. That puts us up among the world's top consumers, and way ahead of the US — even though that country had a two-year start on us.

The video "revolution" has created a lot of interest, particularly on a consumer level. The video recorder itself is seen as the catalyst in the expansion and diversification of the home entertainment industry, and if we accept the quoted figure of 97 percent TV ownership (on a domestic level) then it's plain to see that we have only tapped the tip of the proverbial video iceberg.

So, what is a video recorder?

Simply, a video recorder is a television without a screen, picture tube and associated electronics. It comprises two definite sections. One does the actual recording of the video information while the other is responsible for tuning requirements and programming functions.

In a normal domestic recorder these sections are integrated into a single chassis. But the sections can be split, with individual housings for each. This allows the machine to be used for in-the-field recording while still retaining the full functionality of the domestic machine via the tuner.

All video recorders do the same basic job, which differs markedly from film. In a video system an electronic equivalent of a light signal (or image) is "recorded" on a strip of magnetic tape (similar to audio sound recording). The video machine then replays that electronic signal as visual information on a screen. The result is instantaneous and you are not required to send anything away to be "developed". In film technology, light images are etched on to a piece of sensitised film. It is then necessary to have the film processed and the result is a permanent record — unlike video tape, which can be erased.

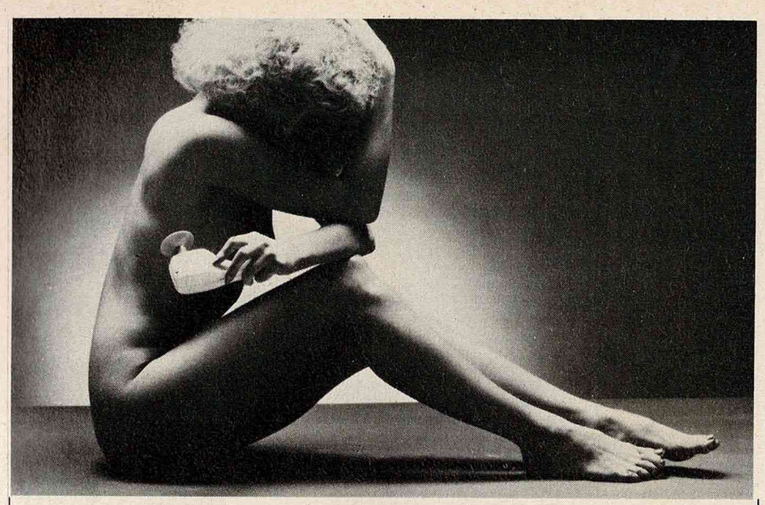
The video recorder frees the user from the frustrating confines of television programming. You can watch what you want, when you want.

All VCRs do the same basic job — that of recording and replaying a visual image on a TV screen. You can play pre-recorded tapes; record off-air as you watch the program; record one program while watching another and even record programs in your absence. The addition of a video camera means that another option is open — that of recording "live" events.

But it's the time-shifting capability that holds the most appeal. It means that programs that would previously have been missed can now be stored on tape until a more convenient viewing time can be arranged. No waiting up till the wee hours to catch a classic Bogart movie or Marx Brothers festival.

Time out for a message about copyright. Under current Australian law you will be infringing someone's copyright if you record almost anything off-air — regardless of the purpose. Therefore, nothing stated in this article can be taken as giving or implying permission or authority to record any program for any purpose. Yes, it's a ridiculous situation, but having now perfunctorily performed that duty, it's back to the subject at hand.

With copyright restrictions in mind it's encouraging to find that the video movie market is booming. Movie shops are mushrooming across the land and are offering video owners an unprecedented range of movies, documentaries and sports specials (among others). The release of "box office smashes" has contributed greatly to the market's fine state of health. The releases of *10, Superman,*



Don't Leave Her Happiness To Chance

Whether it's a special gift for the female friend who has everything, or a present for your lover, the Plus 5 vibrator is the perfect way of showing you really care.

This unique therapist-designed vibrator has enhanced the love life of thousands of Australian men and women.

Take the Labour out of Love

Many women need a great deal of lengthy, tender sex play to really enjoy lovemaking. When you haven't time for hours of pleasure, the Plus 5 vibrator can be man's best friend, the means of making sure your lady doesn't miss out on the enjoyment she deserves.

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Is she always too tired? Has a headache? It may be that lovemaking has never lived up to her expectations. If sex leaves her disappointed and frustrated, it's not surprising she tries to put you off.

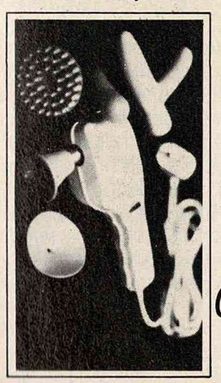
The Plus 5 vibrator has already helped many Australian women reach their first orgasm.

'Buying a vibrator was a pretty far-out thing for me to do. I was always hesitant about "unnatural" devices. Too kinky for me. But I was desperate . . .

'I was quite excited when it arrived in the mail, also a little surprised that it was not penis-shaped. There and then, in the middle of the day, I put the baby to bed and proceeded to experiment. And it all happened, wow, did it happen! It was unbelievable. My first orgasm. What had I been missing out on all these years? I was so ecstatic that I wanted to announce the news to the world, ring all my friends.'

The Plus 5 — A Pleasure Machine

The Plus 5 is a small electric vibrator with five attachments, some for body massage, others designed for clitoral and vaginal stimulation. It is light-weight, two-speed, easy to hold, virtually silent.



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Your Format

Mad Max and, most recently, *Star Wars* are prime examples. The good thing is, of course, that movies which you rent or buy from a shop are "legal".

Video is a visual medium, and that's what makes it so appealing. Since television has programmed us to accept visual entertainment (does anyone really read any more?) the video medium was miles ahead before it even started.

With all the fanfare about video of late, it's surprising to learn that the invention is a relatively new one. The first video-tape recording system was developed by the British (not, as some think, by the Americans). Their VERA machine (Vision Electronic Recording Apparatus) was actually used on-air. In 1953, the US company Ampex developed a recorder but was not rewarded with commercial success until two years later. Sony, developed the U-Matic recording system for professional application and, to this day, the system is still regarded as the broadcast industry standard.

Up to that point, all developments in video were aimed at the professional level. A domestic video cassette recorder was considered unfeasible until 1972, when Philips introduced it's model VCR 1500. The company did something hitherto regarded as impossible by obtaining one hour of recording time from a relatively small tape cassette. Since then the race has been for the longest possible playing time.

Sony released its Betamax format VCR in 1975. JVC followed with its VHS format VCR two years later. Philips, not to be outdone, released its model VCR 1700 in 1978, offering similar features and playing time at a competitive price. Developments have been made in both VHS and Beta camps, all aimed at improving their established formats. Philips, on the other hand, developed and released the V2000 in an effort to attract some of the video dollars up for grabs.

Here's the crunch. None of the machines from any of these formats is compatible with any other, and that even includes the three machines from Philips. That means a tape recorded on one machine cannot be replayed on a machine of a different format. To add fuel to the fire, at least one European firm is making a modified V2000 format machine and apparently it is also incompatible. There is even a small CVC standard which uses a cassette that is comparable in size to an audio cassette. And we musn't forget the planned camera/recorder unit. You can bet your bottom dollar that it's going to be different again.

So where does this leave the consumer? Confused, naturally, but along with that confusion there's a negative reaction to the product. People think it's all just too much trouble. This inevitably leads to counter-productivity in terms of machine sales and product acceptance. A deeper analysis confirms that had there not been so much confusion, the video "boom" could have measured much higher on the Richter scale.

Thankfully some sanity is returning to the industry. At present there are two main formats or systems — Beta and VHS (V2000 brings up the rear). Philips has dropped development and production of its V2000 system and plans to market a VHS format machine (the company has the production rights) in the not-too-distant future.

Now to the $64,000 question: Which format should you choose?

If there were any marked differences in performance this question would be a simple one. But the truth is that on a technical level there is not that much difference between the systems — despite what the manufacturers claim. The differences are even narrower on a subjective level. Unlike other electronic components, video performance (and thus picure quality) is not related to price. Picture quality is almost the same throughout the ranges.

What the extra cash does buy you is an increase in the sophistication of the machine — more features, sleeker styling, increased programming facilities, etc. Basically it boils down to how much you are prepared to pay for convenience features and the like.

It's best to work out your budget restrictions prior to beginning your shopping. If your needs dictate a machine with a slow motion capability, speed picture search or a good quality still frame mode then you must allocate additional funds to cater for this. Do some crystal ball-gazing and try to predict future requirements. They are likely to change and it would be prudent to spend the small additional amount now rather than have a redundant machine in a couple of years' time.

Perhaps the most important single piece of advice for the potential purchaser of a video recorder (or system) is: "Don't make yourself an island." If your friends, family or neighbors own a particular format it would be foolish to be the odd man out. By purchasing a machine with this "communal" business in mind you have the opportunity to swap tapes, dub your own recordings, enter partnership agreements with friends and make video movie rental a very attractive prospect.

It doesn't really matter whether you go for Beta or VHS (with the proviso noted earlier). Both systems (and indeed, it seems, the Grundig) are going to coexist for the duration; don't let anyone tell you otherwise. Statements that the Beta format will be made redundant in the near future are false. The format has, at present, an estimated 40 percent share of the market (a while ago it was as high as 60 percent because of the wholesale "dumping" of Beta machines on to the market). If a car manufacturer had a 40 percent share of the market, he would hardly be about to go out of business. If you strike a salesman who insists that one system or the other will "die" in the future, walk straight out of the store. Take your business elsewhere, because that person certainly doesn't have your well-being in mind.

A similar scene emerges in the software or pre-recorded tape market. Some stores don't even stock Beta tapes and, like the salesman, predict doom for that format. What most people don't realise is that there are enough Beta machines in circulation in this country to justify the duplication of tapes on a commercial level for well into the future.

Getting back to choosing a video machine. Like audio evaluation, selecting a video recorder relies to some extent on human acuity. In audio evaluation we have "musicality", or how the music sounds. In video we have, presumably, "videocality", or how the picture looks. Important things to look for in video quality: the picture should be steady, clean and free from "noise" (small white specks which resemble snow); the color should be true and not exaggerated (but check television set-up and adjustment here); and there should be no "bleeding" of the color at object extremities.

Make sure that when the recorder is demonstrated, it is used with a normal color television and not with a professional monitor which could give you a false impression of the recorder's capabilities in your home. And use pre-recorded material (good quality, of course) as a part of your evaluation, but you must also do some off-air recording. Only in this way will you get the complete performance picture of the machine under scrutiny. With regard to this, check for variations in color performance and if there are any gross variations check the point with the salesman. Don't forget to use the machine in all its operative modes and don't leave the store until you are completely satisfied with all the parameters outlined.

Do check cosmetic styling but, more importantly, check to see if the machine will actually work with your television. Some recorders are designed to work into UHF only and if you don't have a UHF tuner then the machine simply won't work.

For most of us, venturing into the world of video will be inevitable. Once you are exposed to the system, you're hooked. So the final question of when to buy arises. Do you take advantage of the many "deals" currently around in the stores? Or do you hold off and take a punt on new developments, or a machine with greater sophistication? While new technology will most certainly be available in the future, you will pay heavily for developments. Therefore, the time is right — buy now. ○

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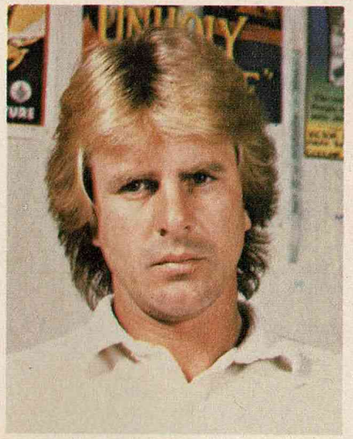
PENTHOUSE PEOPLE

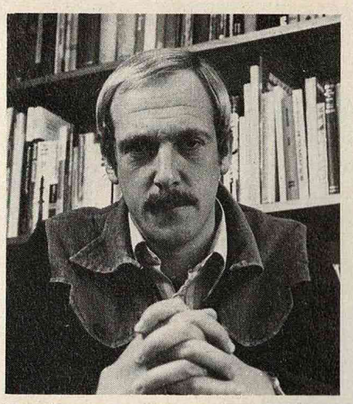
SARAH GRANT

What does a successful international model do when she decides to return home to Australia? Set up her own agency, move into acting, or marry a sugar-daddy? None of those options appealed to Sarah Grant when she flew back to Sydney after spending six years on the Continent flashing her glamorous features for a variety of the world's top fashion photographers and appearing in glossies like French *Vogue* and *Nova.* Instead, this live-wire lady has turned her talents to the world of theatre. With her husband Jeremy Gadd, Sarah is currently committed to the creation of Sydney's Off Broadway Theatre, an adventurous project aimed at offering avante-garde theatre groups a place to perform. After the Luna Park fire a few years ago, stringent new council regulations forced the closure of a number of Sydney venues, leaving a variety of fringe theatre groups homeless. Sarah and Jeremy are now busy trying to expand that area of Sydney's entertainment scene, with the renovation of an old Baptist church in Glebe, which is off Broadway in name and in location; the building is just down the road from that section of Sydney's George Street which goes by the same name as New York's famous theatre strip. The pair hope to see their 200-seat theatre open early next year, offering a forum for small-scale productions of dance, drama, puppetry and music. A $70,000 State Government grant has given them a start and they are currently trying to raise another $100,000. Sarah Grant belies the popular notion of the high-fashion model as a vacuous, star-struck clothes-horse. "The glamor is a myth," she says. "Modelling is a business, and that's how I've always treated it. If you don't, you go under." Sarah has carried over that commonsense approach in front of the camera to her behind-the-scenes work on this theatre project. She may be off stage at Off Broadway, but Sarah Grant isn't missing the limelight.



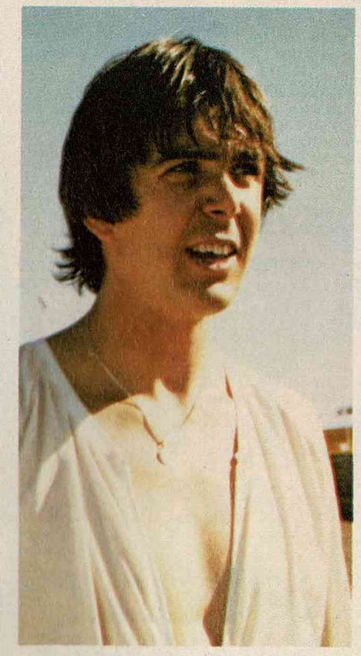
HARRY HODGE

Seven years ago Harry Hodge was a young Melbourne journalist with a home movie to his credit, a dream to chase and nothing to lose. A fanatical surfer, he wanted to bring to the screen the raw energy and excitement of the surfing experience and the romance of the ultimate search for the perfect wave. And he wanted to do it in a way that mums and dads and people who have never seen the ocean could understand. It was an ambitious project, requiring greater financial backing than any other surf movie in history. But Hodge found the money, put a team of surfers together and flew off around the world to shoot his film. The movie's scope expanded when Harry bought the rights to Paul McCartney's *Band On The Run*, the lyrics of which seemed to describe the surfing lifestyle Hodge wanted to portray. But at that point, the *Band On The Run* project went broke. One of Hodge's backers went bust and people started accusing him of ripping off others who put money into the film's final budget of $300,000. Hodge did a disappearing trick, spiriting his film off to the States and failing to get it on to the screen more than seven years after the project had been conceived. Rumors and accusations were rife. Then Harry bounced back, doing a deal with the Hoyts company, who will screen his film at their giant Sydney entertainment centre later this year. "I'd be lying if I said there weren't times when I wished the whole thing would just go away," says Hodge. "For a while there my credibility was pretty low. In fact, the only person I ever ripped off was myself. More than $120,000 of my own money is tied up in this project." Hodge's persistence and faith in his product and himself have paid off. "The fact that Hoyts have picked it up — a 16mm independent product — validates all my efforts," says a smiling Harry Hodge.



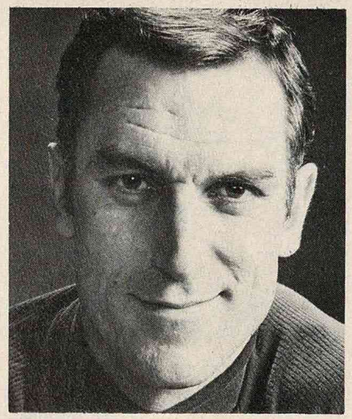
DR MAGNUS CLARKE

Few people could see any relation between nuclear war and nudism, but that's not so for social scientist and author Dr Magnus Clarke. The good doctor, who works at Deakin University in Geelong, wrote *The Nuclear Destruction of Great Britain* as an examination of the nature and probability of a Soviet attack on the Poms. His recently-released second book, *Nudism in Australia,* has a relationship of sorts, he says. "After counting those piles of dead bodies, I just had to do something completely different. That book was about death — this one is about being very much alive." Dr Clarke's next project is a case study of the Falkland Islands War for the university, and after that it'll be back to nuclear war, starting from where his first book left off. This one will be about the type of society likely to evolve after the holocaust. Dr Clarke isn't your usual academic; he's a livewire personality who worked in commerce and industry in London before setting off on a treasure hunt for antiques in India. His partner in that venture absconded with their money in Pakistan and Clarke returned to London, where he did a political science degree, followed by a job with Ford in England, before doing his MA and then his PhD. He then found part-time work in a library indexing old newspapers ("quite an interesting job, really") before choosing the position at Deakin University rather than a post with the British Foreign Office in the Arms Control and Disarmament Research Unit. "The colonies looked a lot more interesting and adventurous, so I came here." Dr Clarke now considers himself thoroughly Australian. He's also now a nudist, as are his wife and labrador dog, who "often goes without his collar. He doesn't go to nudist camps with us though; nudists, being bare-footed, have an aversion to squishy substances and are also wary of a dog's inclination to sniff things."



ALAN BLANCO

Production motorcycle racing has ousted grand prix as the big-money, glamor class in Australia, and one of its new stars is 24-year-old Matich Racing rider Alan Blanco. The youngster has emerged as one of the hottest prospects for October's annual Castrol Six Hour Race at Sydney's Amaroo Park. Blanco works for Frank Matich, the Australian importer of Pirelli motorcycle tyres and AGV helmets, and is also the tester who develops Pirelli's high-performance road bike tyres, which dominate production racing and road bike sales around the world. Blanco was given the chance of riding a Honda CB1100R in tyre testing at Amaroo Park, and in his first session he consistently bettered the lap record during a few days of testing experimental tyres. He then entered a lead-up race before the Six Hour and (after blitzing the established stars in practice) was hit by an out-of-control bike on the start line. The result was a cracked pelvis, a broken ankle and severe bruising, which put him off the track until September. Blanco was largely overlooked as a production rider until he started riding the Matich Honda 1100 — a situation which other riders find surprising considering his achievements over the last few years. Like knocking nearly three seconds off the 750cc production class lap record at Bathurst's Mount Panorama track — the toughest, most dangerous and challenging track for bikes in the country. Can he win the Castrol Six Hour race? "Oh yeah," says Blanco.



JOHN STANTON

It takes a lot of guts for an actor to step into the shoes of a man who was part of history, but to polish up the footwear of a person who is still making history deserves a Victoria Cross. More so when the man portrayed is the nation's leader, Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser, in a six-part television dramatisation of the events leading up to the sacking of Prime Minister Gough Whitlam. Taking it all in his stride, John Stanton, while intrigued by the challenge, is enough of a professional to approach his portrayal of the PM as if the latter were any one of the hundreds of other characters he has brought to life on stage, in television and in feature films. A former teacher *and* prawn fisherman, Stanton is blessed with a rugged, knock-about face that has held him in good stead along the Crawford conveyor belt of TV cop shows, including a 12-month stint as a *Homicide* regular. Earning his stripes on the Force in Melbourne, he graduated to lead status last year in the Sydney-based *Bellamy* series. Although short-lived, this photo-copy of *The Sweeney* gave producers a solid idea of his leading man qualities, prompting Tony Buckley and Donald Crombie (producer and director of *Caddie)* to cast him as yet another flatfoot (crooked this time) in the soon to be released *Kitty and The Bagman.* Taking centre stage is nothing new to Stanton, having been the Melbourne Thearte Company's man-to-the-fore during its 1977-1980 seasons. Married to actress Jill Forster, Stanton is due to attain a status in the public eye equal to that of the Prime Minister he portrays when the Whitlam series airs before year's end. It will be a rare opportunity for the politician and his electorate to appraise both a factual re-enactment of a crisis in Australia's history, and the actions of the man at the centre of it. And it will be one which is dependant on Stanton's ability to convince audiences he *is* Malcolm Fraser.

Sweet Chastity

I'M SORRY TO BOTHER YOU WITH TRIVIA, MY DEAR— BUT THERE ARE A FEW OUTSTANDING CHEQUES TO SIGN.....

DEAR UNCLE VINCENT— YOU WORK TOO HARD! COME AND ENJOY THE PARTY. WE CAN ATTEND TO ALL THAT DREARY BUSINESS STUFF LATER!

AN ATMOSPHERE OF GOODWILL HANGS OVER CASTLE DREER. VINCENT HAS FOUND THE PROVERBIAL POT OF GOLD IN CHASTITY'S PIGZASSO INHERITANCE AND A STRING OF PARTIES PROCLAIM HIS BENEVOLENT FEELINGS TO THE WORLD AT LARGE

WHOM SHALL I ANNOUNCE?

HE'S THE TRANSYLVANIAN MINISTER OF FINANCE — I'M ANYBODY'S!

I SEE THE BARONESS IS INTO A NEW SCENE!

COCKTAIL, SIR?

LOIS LANE WOULD NEVER BEHAVE LIKE THAT!

SHALL WE GO UPSTAIRS TO MY ROOMS FOR A SPOT OF HEAD BANGING?

YEAH! THIS IS A PRETTY FREAKY CROWD!

SHE'LL HAVE TO GO-ALTOGETHER TOO AMBITIOUS!

THAT'S VERY KIND OF YOU-BUT I'M NOT REALLY INTERESTED IN ETCHINGS!

IT'S A GOOD HAIRCUT, BUT TAKE MY TIP— GET YOURSELF A GOOD DENTIST!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

I'M NOT GETTING THE ATTENTION I SHOULD!

CHASTITY IS THE CENTRE OF ALL THE ADMIRATION!

ANYONE WOULD THINK I WAS JUST SOME HUMBLE RETAINER!

I'M THE REAL GENIUS BEHIND FRANKENSTEIN — WITHOUT ME HE'D BE NOTHING!

BEAT IT, YOU REPULSIVE LITTLE CREEP!

STOP THAT THIS MINUTE, YOU CRUEL BEAST!

YOU ARE BEASTLY AND HORRIBLE, JOHN VAIN! POOR LITTLE CREATURE — ALL HE WANTS IS A LITTLE AFFECTION!

YOU DARE TO CALL **ME** BEASTLY AND HORRIBLE? Y...YOU LITTLE **NOBODY!**

?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT THEY ARE? WHY THE HELL DO YOU THINK THEY FOLLOW YOU AROUND — MOONING OVER YOU?

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU MEAN! THEY'RE GENTLE AN' SWEET — THEY'RE FOND OF ME!

OH, NO!

ER... I WOULDN'T IF I WERE YOU!

KEEP OUT OF THIS, YOU GREAT OAF!

IT'S ABOUT TIME SOMEONE TOLD YOU THE FACTS OF LIFE, MISS HIGH 'N MIGHTY!

C'MON! COME WITH ME!

HE'S BLOWN HIS TOP! THE BARON WILL CASTRATE HIM!

HE'S GOING TO RUIN EVERYTHING!

DOWN INTO THE DRIPPING LABYRINTHS BENEATH THE CASTLE WHERE THE VERY AIR IS DANK AND MOULDY WITH DECAY

W... WHERE ARE YOU TAKING ME?

YOU ARE GOING TO MEET SOME OF YOUR RELATIVES!

THERE—YOUR LITTLE FRIENDS!

THEY ARE ALL THE RESULT OF THE EXPERIMENTS OF VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN AND **ME!** WE CREATED THEM!

NO! OH, NO!

YES! **HEY**—YOU CREEPS! TELL HER WHO SHE IS!

OUR LITTLE SISTER!

SISTER?

YES— **SISTER!**

YOU ARE ONE OF THEM! WE MADE **YOU** TOO!

NO!

THESE BEAUTIFUL AND SKILLED HANDS...

.... AND THIS BRILLIANT BRAIN CONCEIVED AND CREATED YOU!

WE MADE YOU —FROM **NOTHING!**

OH, NO!

AAAAH!

THAT WAS CHASTITY! IF HE'S HARMED HER—I'LL KILL HIM!

MY GOD! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO HER?

I DIDN'T LAY A FINGER ON HER! I JUST INTRODUCED HER TO SOME OF HER RELATIVES!

SO WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE TRUTH SUDDENLY?

I'LL TEAR YOU—LIMB FROM LIMB!

GET HER TO THE LABORATORY IGOR! HURRY!

LONG INTO THE NIGHT VINCENT WORKS FEVERISHLY. AT HIS SIDE, THE FAITHFUL IGOR, FIGHTING HIS OVERWHELMING DESIRE FOR A LIVER SAUSAGE SANDWICH, A GLASS OF MILK AND BED.....

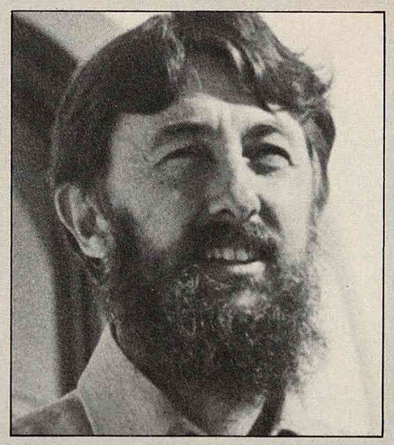
SEVERAL CIRCUITS COMPLETELY BURNED OUT... SHE'S SUFFERED A MASSIVE TRAUMA! THANK HEAVEN THERE'S NO TISSUE DAMAGE!

IF I CAN JUST ERASE THE MEMORY BANK...

SHE'S COMING ROUND, BARON!
THANK HEAVEN!
WHAT HAVE YOU DONE, UNCLE VINCENT?
W.... WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
I'M NOT A REAL PERSON =SOB= —YOU MADE ME!
OH MY GOD! THE COMPUTER ISN'T WORKING!
I'VE GOT TO HAVE ANOTHER GO AT IT!
JUST LIE BACK, MY DEAR— YOU AREN'T WELL!
NO! DON'T TOUCH ME! I'M JUST LIKE THOSE POOR CREATURES —A MONSTER!
DON'T BE SILLY ....YOU'RE HALLUCINATING! IT'S THE FEVER!
DON'T LIE TO ME =SOB= I'M NOT HUMAN!
I'M A MONSTER! =SOB=
A MONSTER!
WHAT HAVE WE DONE?
CHASTITY!
WHERE DID SHE GO?
WHERE IS SHE?
NOT OUT THERE — INTO THE SWAMP!
WOW—MAN! LOOK A' THAT! SHE CAN SHARE MY BOG HOLE ANY TIME!
AS CHASTITY DISAPPEARS INTO THE SWAMPS AND QUAGMIRES OF DESOLATE TRANSYLVANIA, WE MUST TURN OUR ATTENTION ELSE-WHERE. WAY OVER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WORLD THE CRUSADING ZEAL OF SUPER STAR EVANGELIST, BILLY GREYBLOOD, IS TRANSFORMING THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE....
IT IS NOT TOO LATE, BROTHERS AND SISTERS! AS YOU STAND ON THE BRINK STARING DOWN INTO THE FIRES OF HELL-SALVATION CAN STILL BE YOURS! ASK YOURSELF—AM I ONE OF THE GOOD GUYS? REPENT YE SINNERS...
...AND SEND ME YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS NOW!
HAROLD! DON'T YOU WANT TO BE SAVED? CAN'T YOU STOP THAT DISGUSTING, LUSTFUL, SINFUL BEHAVIOUR?
AND GET THAT BEER OFF THE TABLE! YOU'RE CORRUPTING THE CHILDREN!
WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OLD AMERICAN SATURDAY NIGHT?
I'LL NEVER THINK OF JOHN TRAVOLTA AGAIN!
I'M A GOOD GUY! I'M A GOOD GUY!
A DEAD CERT IN THE FIRST RACE—AND IT'S A SIN!
RACING
TOP RATED 'GOOD GUYS' HOUR PAUSES FOR A COMMERCIAL BREAK AND SOME RAPID ARITHMETIC FROM FINANCIAL ADVISER AND ROAD MANAGER, GERRY FOULWELL.....
HOW'M I DOING, FOULWELL?
YOU WERE GREAT, BILLY BABY! 3 MILLION BUCKS A PERFORMANCE—YOU'RE PULLIN' IN MORE GRAVY THAN THE STONES!
DON'T FORGET YOUR VOLUNTARY EMPLOYEE'S CONTRIBUTION!
THERE GOES MY POKER GAME!
....AND THE MASSAGE AT FAT ANNIE'S!
1907023
THEY MAY LOOK HARMLESS —BUT WATCH OUT, MAN!

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY MUNGO MACCALLUM

The author is a leading political commentator who burst into prominence through his work in the now-defunct Nation Review. Currently he is the Penthouse political correspondent

THE POLITICS OF CONCEALMENT

During a lunch at the National Press Club earlier this year, Prime Minister Malcolm Fraser was asked a fairly innocuous question about what passes for his government's economic policy. Pausing only to direct an outraged sneer at the questioner, the chief elected official of our popular democracy replied: "Obviously I can't make any comment on anything that may or may not come before the government as part of the budget discussions or for any other reason now or in the future and you wouldn't expect me to do so."

There was a rumble of approval from the real estate agents, tax accountants and conveyancing lawyers who make up the bulk of the audience at such functions. And so conditioned has the Australian press become to Fraser's contemptuous attitude to the provision of public information, there was not even a murmur of protest from the journalists present, but merely a sigh of resignation.

Fraser was right: we no longer expect him to answer anything at all, even on the rare occasions when he agrees (always under carefully controlled conditions) to be questioned. And if perchance he does give an answer, we need to hire cryptographers, semanticists, lie detectors and interpreters of dreams to work out what he really means, anyway. It's hardly worth making the effort.

But wait a minute. Why is it that we are prepared to accept this kind of patronising arrogance from the Prime Minister, or for that matter from anyone else? It is hardly as though our politicians are forever being asked to divulge the contents of the secret treaties with the outer moons of Saturn, or the ways in which they intend to manipulate the currency in the immediate future, or the phone numbers of their current mistresses. Usually, what is being requested is something which should be public knowledge in any democracy in which voters are expected — indeed, required — to make informed judgments.

In fact, it quite often turns out that information indignantly withheld by Australian politicians already is public knowledge in democracies rather more enlightened than our own. The most telling, and the most depressing, example of such information is that relating to what are euphemistically called "joint defence establishments" — the American bases on Australian soil.

For well over 10 years, Prime Ministers and Defence Ministers from both sides of politics have refused to tell us anything useful about these bases at all. There is no reason to suppose the situation will change: Opposition Leader Bill Hayden has already agreed to continue the secrecy in exchange for briefings of dubious worth about the bases' purposes. However, anyone interested in the subject, including regular readers of *Penthouse*, now has a good working knowledge of what the bases are about. This is not because of the activities of sinister communist spy-rings, but because a great deal of information on the bases is publicly available in the United States, if you know whom to ask and where to look. Washington has never had any deep objection to disclosing the general nature and function of the bases. The obsessive and largely pointless secrecy surrounding the subject is due entirely to our very own politicians.

Before his election in 1972, Gough Whitlam promised to lift at least a corner of the curtain. When he became Prime Minister he changed his mind: "These are not our secrets," he thundered. That statement would have been outrageous coming from a conservative Prime Minister; from Whitlam it was breathtaking. If they are not our secrets, what are they doing on our territory? But the official silence continued, and needless to say it has not been broken by Fraser, who seems to regard telling anyone outside Cabinet the day of the week as some kind of security risk.

"Security", of course, is a word invented by politicians to justify their own paranoid fear of being found out — not necessarily as rogues, but simply as fools. Any journalist working in Canberra knows the grotesque lengths to which ministers and their departments are prepared to go in classifying documents to varying degrees of secrecy. Almost everything is over-classified; the vast majority of the stuff should not, rationally, be classified at all. There is seldom any danger to national, as opposed to personal, security in people knowing what kind of information is being made available to our elected representatives, and how they react to it.

> "Security" is a word invented by politicians to justify their own paranoid fear of being found out — not necessarily as rogues, but simply as fools.

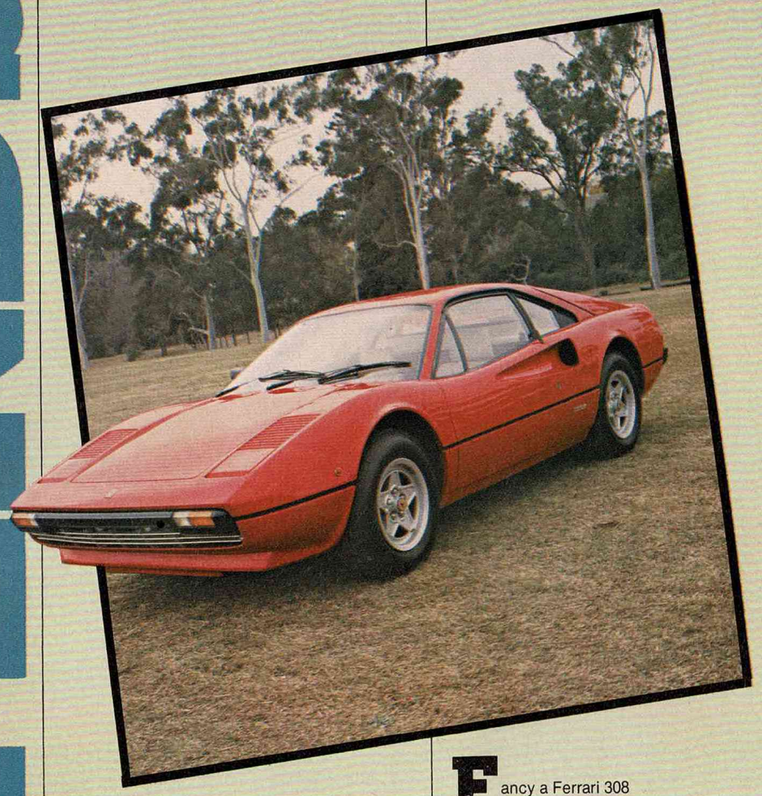
Of course, there are exceptions. At times such knowledge might advantage an economic, or even a military, rival. But such exceptions can very easily be discovered by a simple test: will the disclosure of the information please the parliamentary Opposition? If the answer is "yes" there is no real security problem, because despite what is said in the heat of debate, parliamentary Oppositions are not bands of traitors. To find that a minister has behaved like a dunderhead may be a matter of national embarrassment, but it can hardly be called a matter of national security.

The other usual excuse for imposing blanket secrecy on every phase of the decision-making process — that the people involved will not be able to talk freely if there is a risk they may be reported — simply does not bear examination. If our decision-makers are so unsure of themselves, so ashamed of their views or so politically gutless that they can only be honest when they are sure no-one is listening to them, they are just not fit to be making decisions, and the sooner people find this out the better.

Whenever I hear politicians saying things like: "It would be contrary to the public interest for me to reveal this information," I think of the last scene from one of those old-fashioned monster movies, where the green slime thing created by the mad scientist has finally succumbed to the clean-cut young mining engineer and his childhood sweetheart. As the music swells in the background and the closing titles start to roll, a simple but honest old country doctor shakes his head over the remains and intones sententiously: "There are some things we were not meant to know."

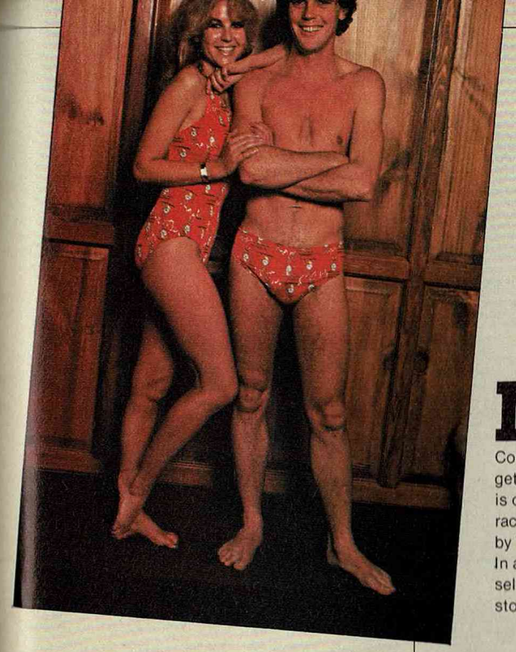
In the picture theatres of my youth, such irrational horseshit would produce screams of laughter and a shower of Jaffas. It is one of my lasting regrets that neither is permissible in the Federal parliamentary press gallery.

LOOSE ENDS



Fancy a Ferrari 308 GTBi? Just shell out between $390 and $20,000 for a Longine watch any time you feel like it up to December 31 and you're eligible to win a four-wheeled status symbol. The competition is on in all States but South Australia.

What is it about our racing team that seems to attract good sorts? In Melbourne the motor men swapped the dust of Calder and Amaroo for the luxury of The Chateau Melbourne in Lonsdale St. The motor men gave the hotel five stars for its five bars and restaurant.

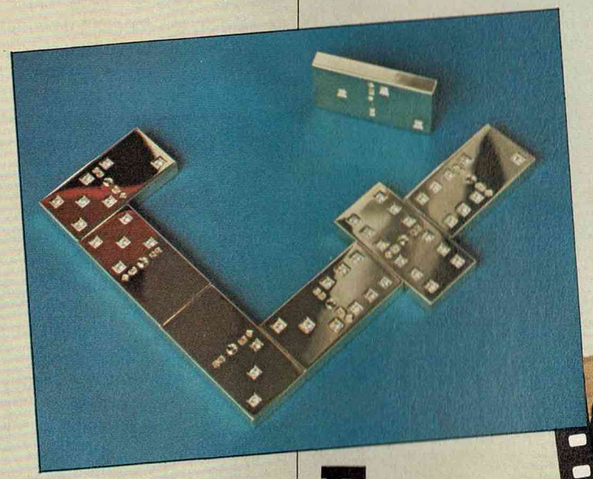


Matilda, the official mascot for the Commonwealth Games is getting about a bit. Here she is on the newest Speedo racing swimsuits, modelled by Tracey Wallace and friend. In all sizes, the suits are selling at major department stores nationally.

In accordance with laws regarding competition, here are the conditions of entry in our Pet Of The Year Competition.

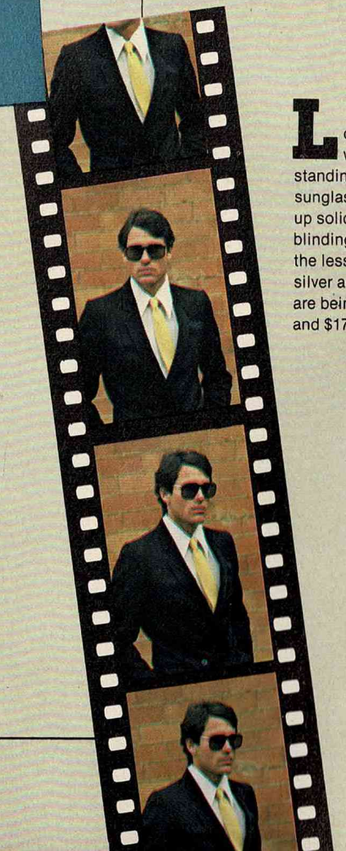
CONTEST CONDITIONS

1. Fill in entry coupon and mail to Australian Penthouse GPO Box 4084, SYDNEY, 2001.
2. Entries will close with the last mail received on September 2, 1981. Entries which do not fully comply with these conditions including those received after the closing time and date will be disqualified. All entries become the property of ADM Franchise Pty Ltd.
3. The competition winners will be notified by mail and will also be published nationally in *The Australian* Newspaper on Monday, September 7, 1981.
4. The judges' decision will be final and no correspondence will be entered into. All competitors taking part agree that as a condition of entry they will accept the judges' decision as final and binding.
5. More than one entry per person is permissible provided that the written part of the contest is not repeated.
6. Employees (or their relaitons) of ADM Franchise Pty Ltd, Australian Penthouse are not eligible.
7. The judges will use their best endeavor to see that every eligible entry is properly considered. The omission to consider any entry and/or any error by the judges shall not invalidate the contest or can rise to any proceedings against ADM Franchise Pty Ltd. Australian Penthouse, Sonic International or any of their employees at law or in equity on any account whatsoever. It is a basic condition of the sending in and acceptance of every entry that it is intended and agreed that the conduct of the competition and everything done in connection therewith and all arrangements resulting therefrom (whether mentioned in the contest conditions or implied), and that every entry or payment made by or under it shall not be attended by or given rise to any legal relationship, rights, duties or consequences or whatsoever or be legally enforceable or the subject of litigation to all such arrangements, agreements and transactions are binding in honor only.
8. The prize will consist of one Sonic International Craig car stereo and four-way speakers system. Prize includes installaiton.
9. Competitors are not eligible to enter this competition if it contravenes your State law.



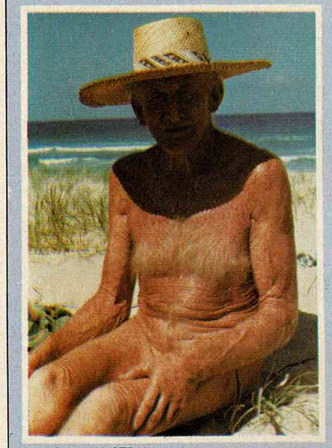
Finding Backgammon a trifle tedious, eh what? Dunhill may have the answer with its frightfully tasteful offering of a 28-piece solid silver domino set plated in gold. The sublimely understated addition of diamonds to make up the dots is a master touch. $37,500 from the Dunhill Shop, Sydney.

Old Ronnie Reagan doesn't have too much trouble putting the boot in, but when he wants to get the boot off he does it with the assistance of one of these dandy devices. This brass bootjack is a bottler for removing low-heeled boots. By Saywell Imports, it sells for around $17.95 at leading gift stores.



Look like you're moving when you're just standing still in Porsche sunglasses. They've whipped up solid gold sunnies for the blinding price of $2600. For the less fortunate individual, silver and gold plated shades are being given away for $110 and $175. Sit on that.

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE



NUDISM IN AUSTRALIA

PET OF THE MONTH

THE BULL RUN

TOMMY SMITH

Licensed To Kill? — The facts and figures surrounding the trucking industry add up to a formula for disaster. Owner-operators are forced to break every law in the book to keep their heads above water, leading to outright and unchecked carnage. We can't do without them, but can we continue to allow the truckies free rein on the highways of Australia?

Tommy Smith Interview — His horses have won more than 4000 races and $25 million. T.J. Smith probably knows more about horseflesh than anyone else on the planet. His views, aired with warmth and candor, are required reading for anyone who's going to be hanging around the TAB on the first Tuesday of November.

The Bull Run — There are people with enough guts and skill to make the capture of wild bulls in the far north of Queensland an extremely lucrative proposition. But these are not ordinary people, and the dangers they encounter in the course of an average day were enough to scare the writer of this article shitless.

The Trauma of Turning 40 — Bob Ellis was quietly cynical for the first 40 years of his life. But now the successful writer has decided he's old enough to open up his heart and let it bleed copiously. Patrick Cook illustrates this account of what turning 40 really means.

Nudism in Australia — Dr Magnus Clarke examines 40 years of organised nudism in Australia, shattering the myths of rampant sexuality and revealing how nudism is changing the face of sexual and social attitudes in this country.

Those Little White Lies — After all the noble sentiments expressed by the Fraser Government in the wake of the tax avoidance scandal, political pundit Mungo MacCallum decided it was time for an in-depth analysis of what passes for public morality in Australia. Fraser's attitude toward the little and big chisellers in Federal politics is revealed as protective and blatantly dishonest.

Pet of the Month — Bob Watson, one of the country's foremost fashion photographers, presents his first centrefold. It features the superb Suzanne Masters and proves to be an excitingly different pictorial. In addition, there are other naked ladies, other little glimpses of heaven . . .

COCAINE

Continued from page 58

reportedly in dire financial straits because of the precipitous decline in the peso and the far more competitive wages offered to peasants by coca growers.

"The military government has been a total disappointment," said Gasser in his downtown Santa Cruz office, a few hours before flying to Miami for his annual medical checkup. "They keep changing Cabinet ministers so quickly that by the time we can educate them about the country's economic problems, they are thrown out of office. And of course there is the corruption problem. What makes it different from other countries is that these guys steal more money than the government has."

Out of this economic and political swamp, an opportunity may eventually emerge for a rational, balanced and expensive program that would bring the Bolivian cocaine trade under control. According to American diplomats, a relatively stable and honest government leadership would have to take power, convinced that the drug traffic is bringing the country far more drawbacks than benefits. Enough US aid would then have to be offered to institute an effective crop-substitution program in the newer coca-growing regions like the Chapare. And drug enforcement activities would have to be stepped up.

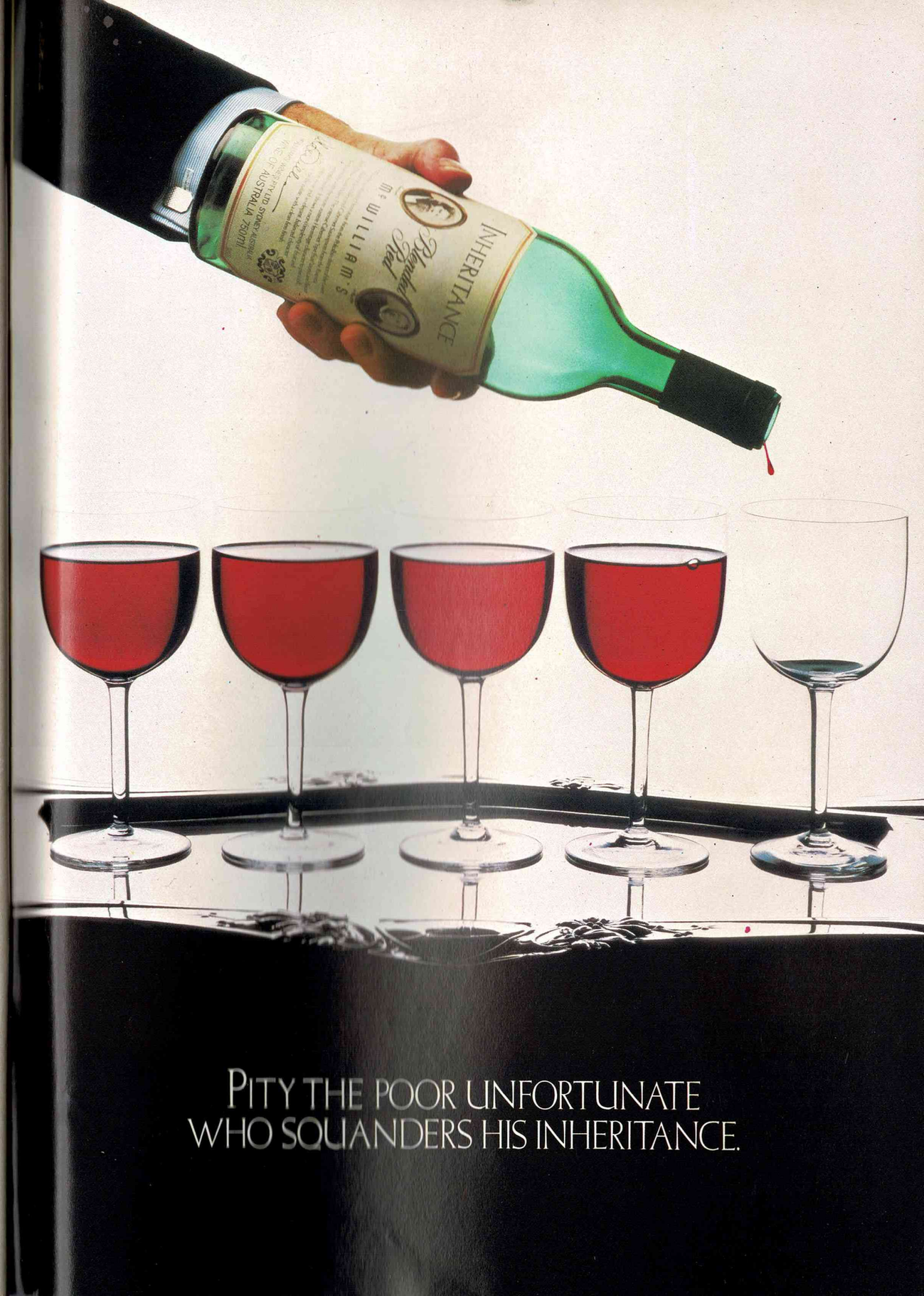
Roberto Suarez shows no signs of cutting back his huge smuggling operations. Some DEA agents entertain the slim hope that he might at some point want to give himself up if he could receive guarantees of protection, maybe even a light sentence in Miami, in exchange for his encyclopaedic knowledge of the cocaine trade.

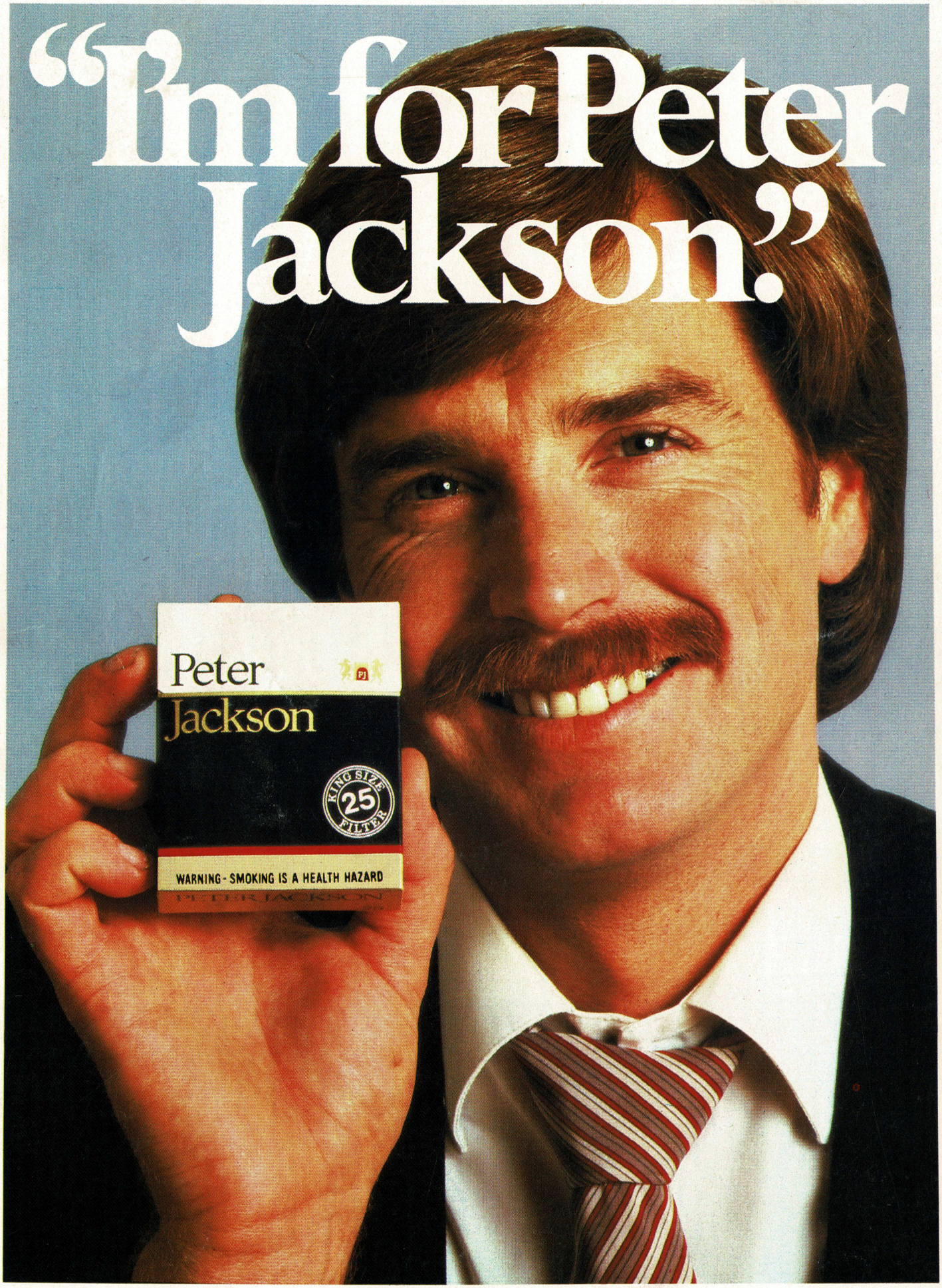
The incentive might be the fear that he is too great a political liability for any government that wants to tidy up the country's tarnished image abroad. It is also not inconceivable that military officials would accept Suarez's murder and replacement by one of his ambitious lieutenants, a man not so notorious overseas.

"Roberto Suarez is probably the best-known person in Bolivia," said a DEA agent. "His name is more recognisable on the streets of Santa Cruz than the current President. But there are so many pressures on him that he must be going nuts. Think of all those people he has to pay off, all those accounts he has to juggle, all those little and big things that could go wrong and explode in his face."

STOCKISTS

Centrefold: Shoes from Raymond Castles; Leotards and tights from Blochs, Sydney; Shirt from Kookaburra Kiosk, Sydney; Leather apparel from Game Birds, Sydney; Body stocking from Mary Quant.





"It's still the best cigarette value in Australia."

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